Collier's

OCTOBER 18, 1947

TEN CENTS

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KANSAS

"What do you want me to do? Get up on my hind legs and beg like Fala?"

CHURCHILL ASKED F. D. R.

—from the MORGENTHAU DIARIES

•

Football's Sky Pilot
by KYLE CRICHTON

•

First of a series of thrillers
by LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

t. 18, 1947

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That made-for-you look...

Smartest coats in the stadium this fall . . . the new topcoats by Hart Schaffner & Marx! Their all-wool warmth takes the sting out of autumn's chilliest day—their shoulder-lightness makes them comfortable when the weather switches to balmy. Long on wear—easy on the eyes . . . for topcoats with that made-for-you look, and for a pleasant price surprise . . . see your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer!

THE TRUMPETER LABEL
. . . A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR
. . . A BIG THING TO FIND

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

60TH YEAR OF MAKING CLOTHES WITH THAT MADE-FOR-YOU LOOK

Good-bye Whisk Broom
Hello Blue Suit!

FOR A LONG TIME he simply didn't dare chance it. Those telltale flakes and scales from infectious dandruff showed up all too plainly against the rich, dark background.

Then he read about Listerine Antiseptic and started using it regularly, with massage. And, Bro-ther, what a difference! Those distressing flakes and scales began to disappear like snow before the sun. His scalp felt wonderfully cool, fresh and healthy, and his hair looked the way it used to look.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

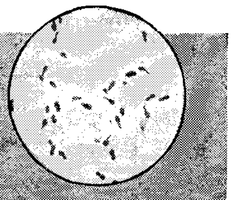
If you have ugly flakes and scales better get started quick with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. The flakes and scales may mean infectious dandruff. If they do, Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated . . . with germicidal action; kills millions of the stubborn "bottle bacillus" (Pityrosporum ovale) which many dermatologists say is a causative agent of the trouble. In clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

You simply douse it, full strength, then follow through with a vigorous massage. No messy salves. No smelly lotions. No fuss. No bother.

Make it a "Must" Every Week!

If you are smart, you won't wait until infectious dandruff gets a "head start"; you will make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of your regular hair-washing routine. It's a healthful precautionary measure that may spare you a nasty siege of trouble. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

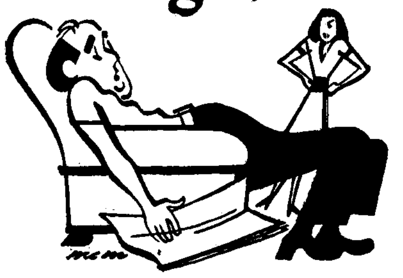
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF?
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!



The "Bottle Bacillus"
(PITYROSPORUM OVALE)

P.S. **Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that's been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene**

Worn OUT?
Getting STOUT?



Look and feel years younger with

"Bracer* Royal"

SUPPORTER BELT

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You're like a new man when you wear Bauer & Black "Bracer Royal." It gently tucks your tummy in, your chest goes up, shoulders back. Clothes fit smoother, you feel and look years younger. Many men say it gives real relief from fatigue.

Exclusive features: wider, cooler, more porous waistband with *genuine* 2-way stretch gives more supportive action; patented tubular, elastic leg band—no crease, no curl, no roll. Roomy self-adjusting fly-front pouch!

For all-day wear, "Bracer Royal" is extra comfortable, convenient. Ask for it at department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores . . . $5.00.

Regular "Bracer" has many of the same exclusive features but with slightly narrower waistband . . . $3.50.*

"Bracer Royal"
SUPPORTER BELT

BAUER & BLACK
Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16

COLLIER'S

October 18, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

THIS WEEK

FICTION PAGE

LOOK, STEPHANIE By NANCY RUTLEDGE 11
Stephanie, however, was pretty darned busy looking out for herself.

BUT THE PATIENT DIED By LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN 14
Her relatives were all terribly upset—but one of them was a murderer.

THE OUTCASTS By B. J. CHUTE 18
The wall was to be built not from bricks but from prejudice.

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY By WILLIAM SCHOEN 22
Leading two lives for the price of one was no bargain.

SWEET WATER By DICK PEARCE 34
The Serial Story. Conclusion.

LEASE ON LIFE By ELIZABETH METCALF 97
The Short Short Story.

ARTICLES

THE G.I. VILLAGERS By AMY PORTER 12
Student veterans are solving the problems of raising children.

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES By HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. 16
PART IV. THE STORY BEHIND LEND-LEASE.
Dramatic incidents that led to development of the formula that won the war.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHARLIE By KYLE CRICHTON 20
Compton of Alabama is a tackle with strong religious leanings.

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOME By MARCIA KENT DOUGLASS 24
A family of four lives well—and saves—on $2,400 a year.

HERE IS AMERICA By THOMAS H. WOLF 26
Conclusion. Completing the public-opinion poll gathered by the author on his coast-to-coast bus trip.

STALEMATE IN KOREA By WILLIAM L. CHENERY 76
Collier's publisher reports on conflicting forces in that country.

MEDICINE MAN By MARTHA SAWYERS 100
The artist uses the Indians of Peru as subjects for her paintings.

HIS HARD-ROCK HONOR By JIM MARSHALL 113
Meet George Watson, mayor and only citizen of Romantic Alta, Utah.

●

THE WEEK'S MAIL From OUR READERS 4

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

THE WEEK'S WORK By TED SHANE 8

EDITORIALS: *Don't Miss the Freedom Train • Better Than Bombs • It's Just Not Smart, Boys • Goodby, Please, "Mutt"* 118

COVER By *DAVID PESKIN*

THE WEEK'S MAIL

ONE OUT

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re How to Have Ancestors (Aug. 23d) about genealogy in general and the D.A.R. in particular—kindly advise me who James Dugan, the writer, is, and what is his background and authority to qualify him for writing this article which is neither amusing nor informative. Being justly proud of colonial and Revolutionary ancestors, I will not tolerate in our home a magazine which prints an article holding them up to such unwarrantable ridicule. Please cancel, at once, our paid-ahead subscription to Collier's magazine. I can assure you that it will never be renewed.
RUTH CHURCHILL AUSTIN, Spokane, Wash.

. . . This must be a true likeness of James Dugan, a liar and a fool, who in his ignorance wrote what he did about the Society of the Cincinnati. As a member of that society, I will not sign my name, not seeking publicity.

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

DEAR SIRS: I just read The Inspector Is Discreet (June 21st). The story's construction is phony and without interest, because from the first paragraph you know the murderer, in the person of the "Armenian." Myself being an Armenian I would like to point out that small nations' representatives need protection, not pestering, even if it comes from a second-rate inspector, way down in Iraq. "I'll deny what I said and Ellsworth will believe an Englishman before any damned Iraqi!" The answer to this: "But you're an Armenian." Please leave the small nations alone with their headaches, they have got enough trouble.
G. MANOUGUIAN, Cairo, Egypt

KEEPING UP WITH THE UNIVERSE

DEAR MR. FOSTER: You stated that Uranus was the sole planet discovered within modern times (Keeping Up With the World, Aug. 16th). This is not the case. Herschel discovered Uranus in 1781. Galle sighted Neptune on the twenty-third of September, 1846. There was still a very slight aberration in Uranus' path. Lowell, an American

(Continued on page 95)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

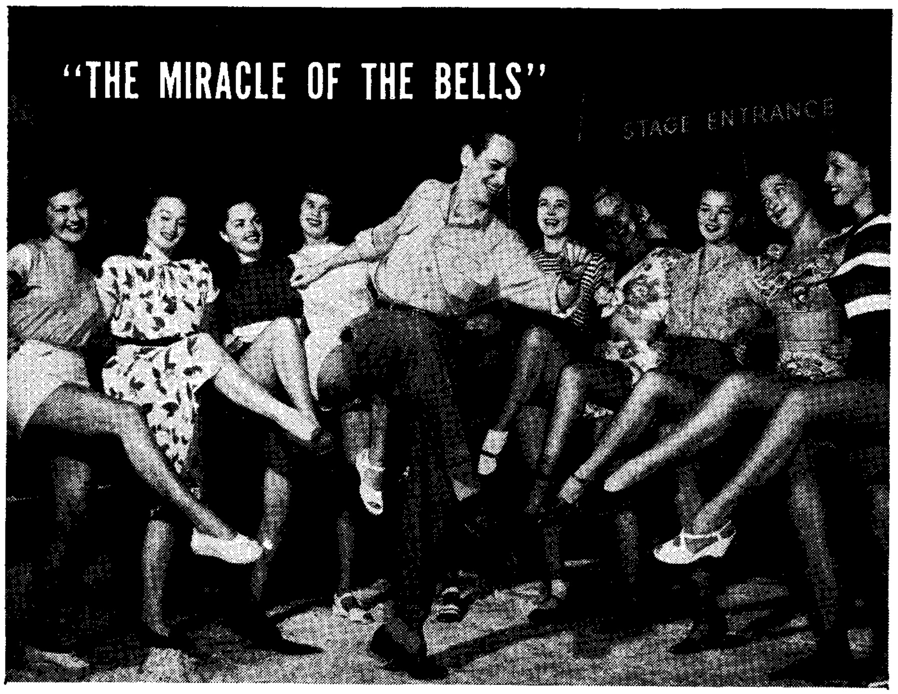
IT'S LOVE . . . but dare she follow her heart? Aristocrat beauty, LARAINE DAY pauses to reflect, as she listens to her roughshod lover, JOHN WAYNE, plead his cause. Scene from RKO's lusty *Tycoon,* Technicolor epic set against mighty splendor of the towering Andes.

"THE FUGITIVE"

IS THIS THE END, or can fugitive HENRY FONDA escape his persecutors' firing squad? Deeply moving scene from *The Fugitive,* directed by JOHN FORD. Co-stars: beautiful DOLORES DEL RIO, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ. A John Ford-Merian Cooper Argosy Production.

"MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA"

ROSALIND RUSSELL gives the greatest performance of her career in RKO's *Mourning Becomes Electra,* film version of Eugene O'Neill's Theatre Guild play. MICHAEL REDGRAVE, RAYMOND MASSEY, KATINA PAXINOU, LEO GENN, KIRK DOUGLAS are co-starred.


"THE MIRACLE OF THE BELLS"
STAGE ENTRANCE

CHORUS GIRLS rehearse scene for film version of Russell Janney's *The Miracle of the Bells,* starring FRED MacMURRAY as the press agent who keeps the bells tolling; VALLI as the actress; FRANK SINATRA as the priest, Father Paul. A Jesse L. Lasky-Walter MacEwen Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

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When quality counts most, count on Florsheim quality
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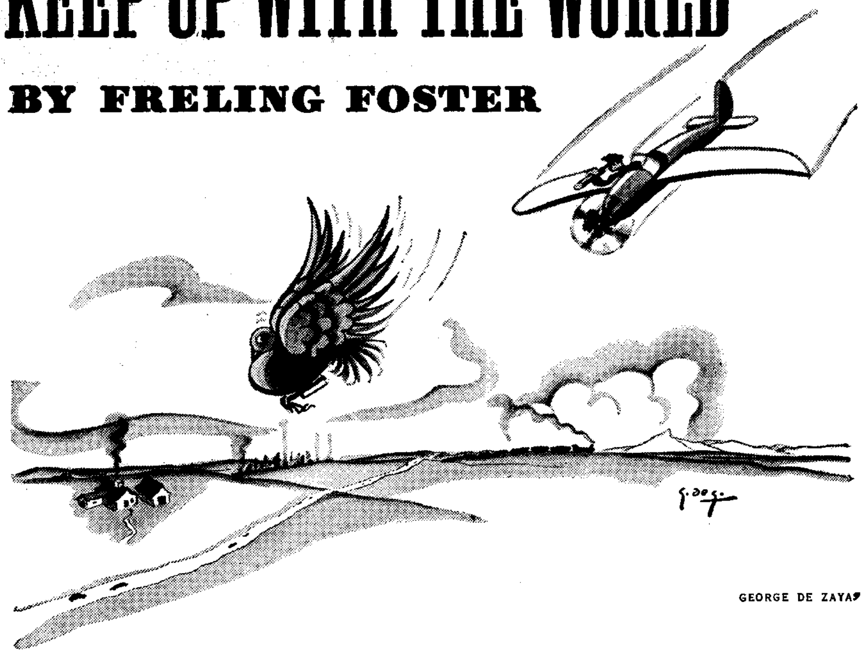
KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Not long ago, one of the four patrol planes of the Police Department of New York City located the hideout of extortionists by trailing a homing pigeon that was returning to them with a reply to their ransom note.

A baffling trick of magic that has been performed in Europe employs a man standing in a cabinet shown about the size and shape of a telephone booth that is open on the side facing the audience. The magician causes the man to fade away gradually until he becomes completely invisible to the audience. Anyone doubting that the man is still there may go up on the stage and touch him.

Of the some 400,000 Christian hymns that have been published, not more than 500 are in common use; and of this number, not more than 150 are known by the majority of churchgoers.

The report on arrests in the United States during 1946 shows that 93 women were arrested for drunkenness and 151 for disorderly conduct for every 1,000 men charged with these offenses.

Among the smallest insects known are the beetles of the family *Trichopterygidae.* They are virtually invisible to the unaided eye as they are only one quarter of a millimeter in length, or one quarter the thickness of an ordinary pin.

When the American end of the first transatlantic telegraph cable was landed in Newfoundland in 1858, the 20-mile piece of it left over was purchased by Tiffany & Company, the New York jewelry house, which cut it in more than 300,000 four-inch lengths and retailed them as souvenirs at 50 cents each.

At funerals in Sumatra, one of the most important participants is a life-sized wooden female doll, mounted on a low platform equipped with wheels, which is made to perform tricks by cords manipulated by an operator. To placate the spirits of the deceased, the doll first goes through a ritual dance and then, to sympathize with the mourners, she approaches and puts her arms around each one, bowing her head, closing her eyes and shedding tears during the embrace.

A short time ago, a victim of a holdup found that, in the scuffle, he had received a cut on his thumb. The next day, the thumb was so sore that the man consulted his physician who told him it was badly infected and should be amputated at once. But he ignored the doctor's advice and warning and died two weeks later of blood poisoning. Although the physician testified at the trial of the robber that the death of the victim was due to neglect of his condition, the defendant was found guilty of murder because the wound had resulted from the holdup.

Some shipments of radioisotopes require such thick lead shields to protect handlers from the radiation that the containers are incredibly heavy compared with the substances they carry. For example, a recent shipment of 25 grams of radioactive cobalt was made in a lead-lined box that weighed 1,617.5 pounds, or more than 29,300 times as much as its contents.

The Brooklyn-Battery Vehicular Tunnel, now under construction in New York Harbor, will have the world's largest ventilating system. It will deliver 4,200,000 cubic feet of fresh air a minute, or 12 per cent more than the system in the Holland Tunnel between Manhattan and Jersey City, and 68 per cent more than that in the Mersey Tunnel between Liverpool and Birkenhead, England.

A unique sight in London is an iron pipe, ten feet in diameter, that runs diagonally through the Sloane Square Underground Station midway between the tracks and the roof. Through it flows the Westbourne River, one of the city's many subterranean streams that, long ago, had to be confined to giant pipe lines so the valuable land above them could be used for building purposes.

An old but still prevalent unwritten law in China is that when a person commits suicide in the house or on the premises of another, the owner of the property is obliged to pay all costs of the funeral.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

CAN YOU NAME THEIR HUSBANDS?

Each of these women is the wife of a well-known man. Can you identify "hubby"?

1. Blonde Ann Harding, starring in Allied Artists' "IT HAPPENED ON FIFTH AVENUE," needs no introduction, nor does her famous husband. A graduate of Dartmouth College, he was the first native New Yorker to conduct the New York Philharmonic. At one time or another he has conducted every major orchestra in Europe and most of those in America. Since 1940 he has led a Los Angeles symphony orchestra bearing his name and has just been named head of the Portland Symphony.

He owns a 1946 car and uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "I'm as insistent on good performance in my car as I am from my musicians. I always get it with 'Ethyl' gasoline."

2. You've often seen and heard red-haired, green-eyed Jeanette MacDonald, now in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolor musical "THE BIRDS AND THE BEES," and you should be able to name her blond movie-star husband. He's a native New Yorker who began his career on the Broadway stage. "Cradle Snatchers" and "Young Sinners" were his hit shows before the movies grabbed him. He is presently engaged in the production "CLEMENTINE" at Eagle-Lion.

His hobby—aside from flying—is music. He is an accomplished pianist and song composer. He always stops at the "Ethyl" pump to fuel up his sleek green convertible because: "Every car I ever owned seemed to run better with 'Ethyl' gasoline in the tank!"

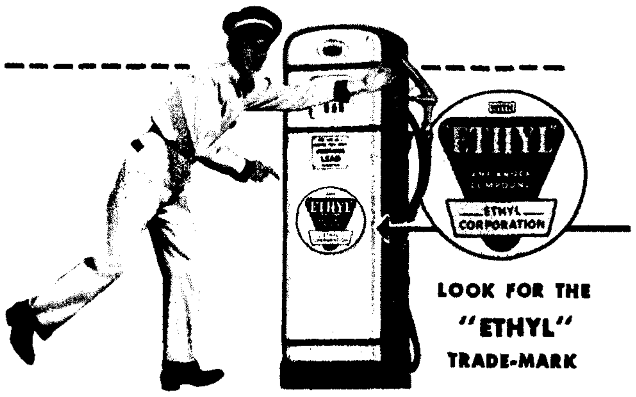
3. Yes, it's glamorous Jinx Falkenburg, the "All-American" girl. But do you also know the name of her author-husband who co-stars with her on the NBC morning program, "Hi Jinx," one network show, and two television programs weekly? A Yale man, he rose from copy boy to chief editorial writer on New York newspapers. After his stint as Lieutenant Colonel in the A.A.F., he edited a national magazine. His first name is John, but everybody calls him "Tex."

He, Jinx and their baby live in a hundred-year-old home on Long Island. They enjoy driving a black 1947 convertible and always use "Ethyl" gasoline because, they say: "Smooth performance is right down our alley."

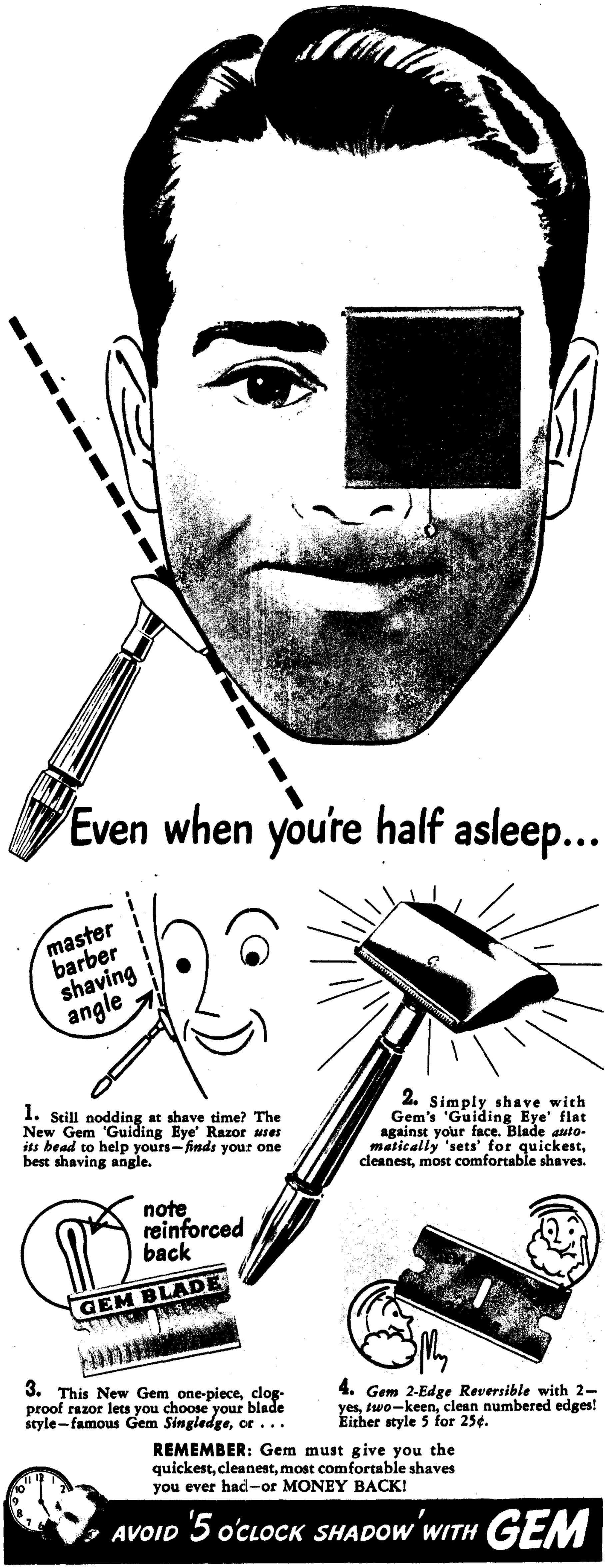
Read this to check your identification of their husbands

The fact that their husbands insist on using "Ethyl" gasoline in the family car is a pretty weak clue—millions of men everywhere know the value of "Ethyl" gasoline. But from the other hints we've given you, you've probably been able to guess that the husbands of the ladies pictured are: 1. Werner Janssen 2. Gene Raymond 3. Tex McCrary.

These men—and their wives—look for the "Ethyl" trade-mark when they buy gasoline. They want their cars to run their best. So they watch for the familiar yellow-and-black emblem on the pump. They know it marks the best gasoline in the service station, gasoline that has been improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound — the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. *Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.*



LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK



Even when you're half asleep...

1. Still nodding at shave time? The New Gem 'Guiding Eye' Razor *uses its head* to help yours—*finds* your one best shaving angle.

2. Simply shave with Gem's 'Guiding Eye' flat against your face. Blade *automatically* 'sets' for quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves.

3. This New Gem one-piece, clog-proof razor lets you choose your blade style—famous Gem *Singledge*, or . . .

4. *Gem 2-Edge Reversible* with 2—yes, *two*—keen, clean numbered edges! Either style 5 for 25¢.

REMEMBER: Gem must give you the quickest, cleanest, most comfortable shaves you ever had—or MONEY BACK!

AVOID '5 O'CLOCK SHADOW' WITH GEM

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn 1, N. Y.

THE WEEK'S WORK

Elizabeth Metcalf seems well entrenched with full support of U.S. Navy

ELIZABETH METCALF, a first-timer in these pages, with Lease on Life (p. 97), says, "My great-grandfather, my grandfather and my uncles owned, published and wrote the Des Moines Register for decades. The first two generations of them operated back in the days when politically powerful newspaper editors packed revolvers as a matter of course. We no longer own the paper, but I have been a columnist on the Des Moines Tribune and book editor of the Des Moines Sunday Register for so long, that within a few years I shall have earned a gold watch."

Defying us to make something out of it, Mrs. Metcalf admits to being born on Pleasant Street, Des Moines, on August 20, 1904, and being educated at a fancy "finishing school" near New York. Given a trial assignment by the late Louis Weitzenkorn of the late New York World, Weitzenkorn wired her: STORY TOO OBSCENE TO PRINT BUT YOU HAVE A JOB. "I didn't take it, though," confesses Mrs. Metcalf. "I decided to come home and get married instead."

A Navy wife during the war, Mrs. Metcalf feels she can never forgive whoever was to blame for the missing four years in her family life. "Nor will I ever get over being thankful for getting it all back again. Every day since has been like a glass of wine—when I've had the strength to hold it. My husband came home from an aircraft carrier unscratched, but I was something of a nervous casualty on the Home Front."

LOYALTY to my sex necessitates revealing that B. J. Chute, who debuts on p. 18 with The Outcasts, is a mere woman hiding behind men's pants. Her real name is Joy Chute, and since she writes lots of sports stories from the manly point of view, she thinks a prize-fight yarn would look funny by-lined Joy Chute. Joy's pen, however, is ambisextrous, for she does equally well for the women's magazines.

She has also published about 200 boys' stories and novels, mostly about sports, including Blocking Back (football), and Shattuck Cadet (military school).

Just before Pearl Harbor, Joy, her ma and two sisters emigrated from their native Minnesota to New York City. Sister Mary Grace is M. G. Chute, creator of the hard-hittin' Sheriff Olson yarns, and Sister Marchette has had seven books, including Geoffrey Chaucer of England, out last spring. "There is no accounting for three writers in the family," says Joy. "We were probably hit from behind by the law of averages." She doesn't explain why Ma Chute isn't wrestling sharks, and writing about it.

On the sissy side, Joy did volunteer work with the N. Y. Police Force during the war, now helps with the Police Athletic League (PAL), likes photography, cooking and New York. "It's a fine town," she marvels. "It's so full of people." By juggling six sublets, Joy and Marchette (M. J. is married, has two) have managed to get New York's most beautiful railroad flat: with chrysanthemums in the window box and cats on the back fence. "It makes for a balanced life," Joy observes.

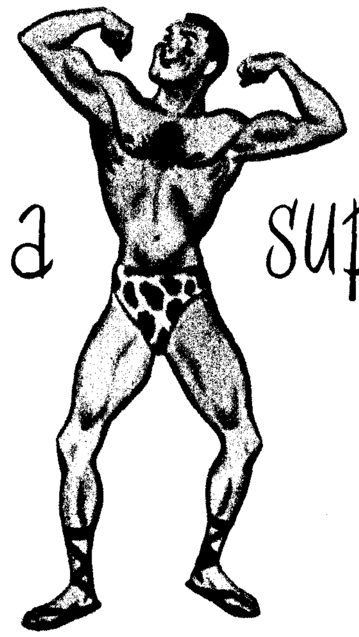
Ordinarily Joy's life in art consists of nine tenths glaring at her typewriter and one tenth pounding it. The Outcasts sprang from hearing some Jewish people discuss what hotels they could and could not go to when they traveled.

IT'S all whiskers with Marcia Kent Douglass, who gives with the sterling economic advice in How to Double Your Income, on p. 24. From eastern Mizzourah, she was whisked in her tender years to Colorado, where she promptly whisked through State U, emerging with a degree to teach English to high-school seniors, many of whom outaged her. A couple of years later she whisked through a three-week courtship into marriage, which, contrary to all statistics and psychologists, has been ecstatically successful.

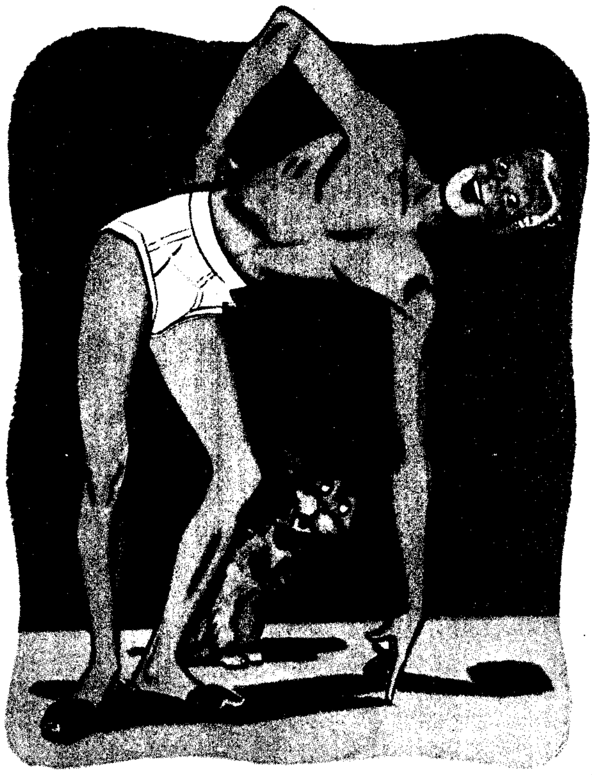
Marcia whisked into article writing characteristically. Overhearing a $40,000-a-year executive admit he was just "getting along" financially, and a woman at a meat market apologize to a friend for buying an inexpensive cut, she asked herself: "Has thrift become a disgrace?" Then letting her crusading spirit get the best of her, she poured her soul out into How to Double Your Income.

This week's cover: Notre Dame vs Illinois. At opening game last season, David Peskin was one of 84 press photographers who stood three deep along the side lines at Champaign, Illinois, and scrimmaged for openings to do their stuff. Notre Dame won 26-6, the Illini bounced back to go to the Rose Bowl and smack down UCLA, and Peskin got what he considers his finest colored action shot. Notre Dame's star fullback John Panelli holds the ball, is back this fall. . . . TED SHANE

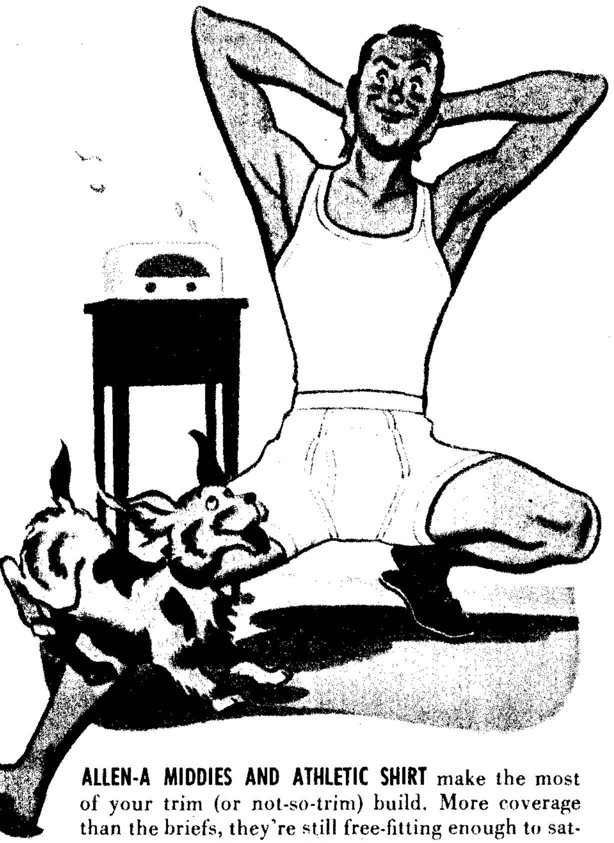
Allen-A's won't make you a super-man



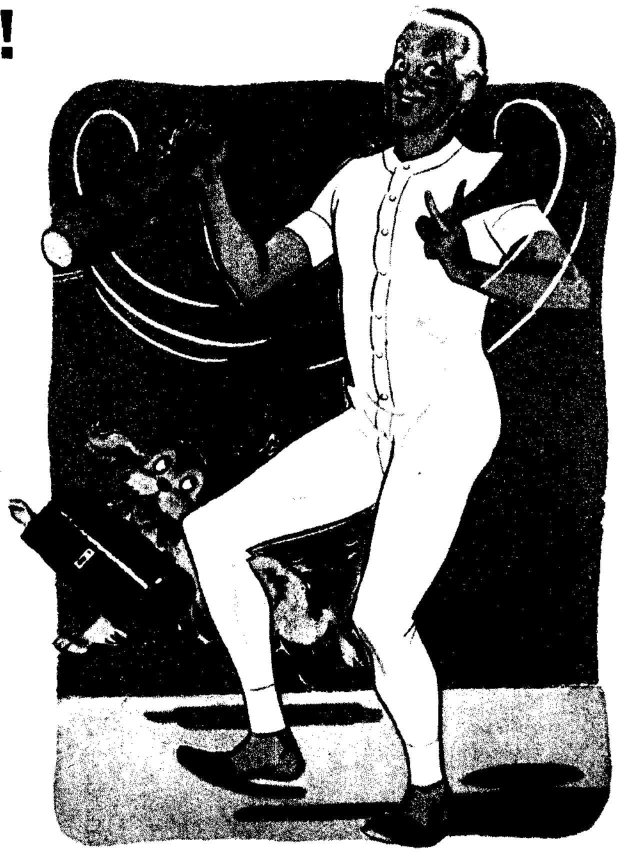
— but they'll make the most of what you've got!



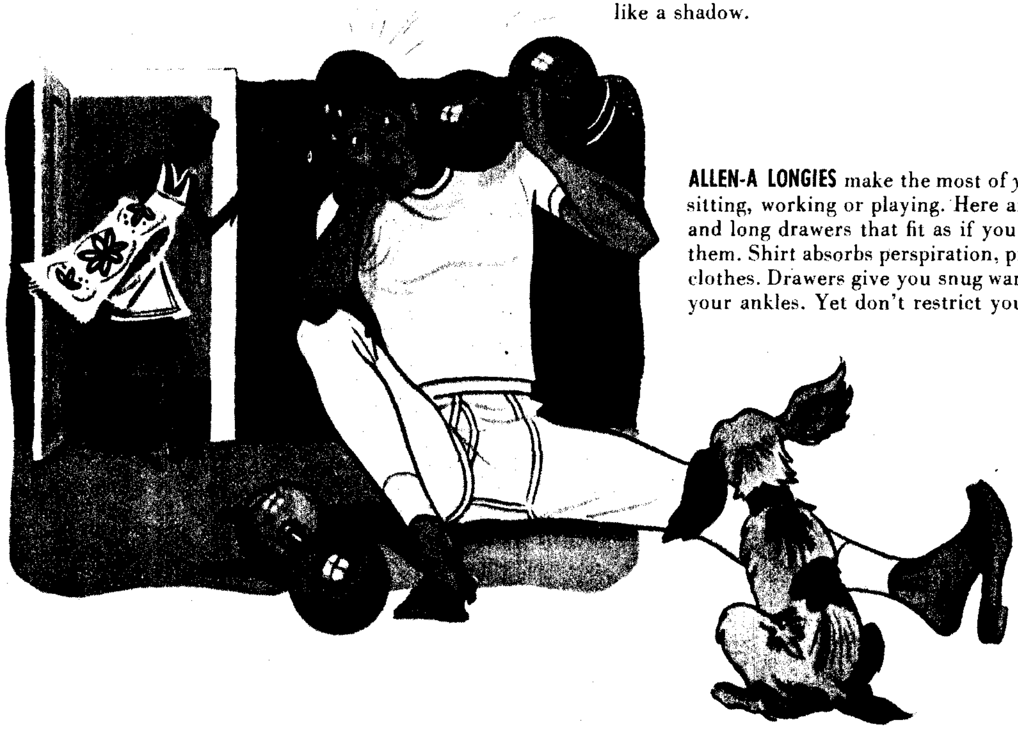
ALLEN-A BRIEFS make the most of your yen for streamlined comfort. Cut as brief as their name, they won't chafe or bind. Mild but important support. You feel as clean-limbed as if you weren't even wearing underwear at all. But you are . . . and the most comfortable pair of shorts ever knit.



ALLEN-A MIDDIES AND ATHLETIC SHIRT make the most of your trim (or not-so-trim) build. More coverage than the briefs, they're still free-fitting enough to satisfy a nudist. Knit to follow your every movement like a shadow.



ALLEN-A UNION SUITS make the most of keeping you warm without weighing you down. They won't bunch. They won't bind. They will give you day-long, unhampered movement, whatever your work. Work in one today.



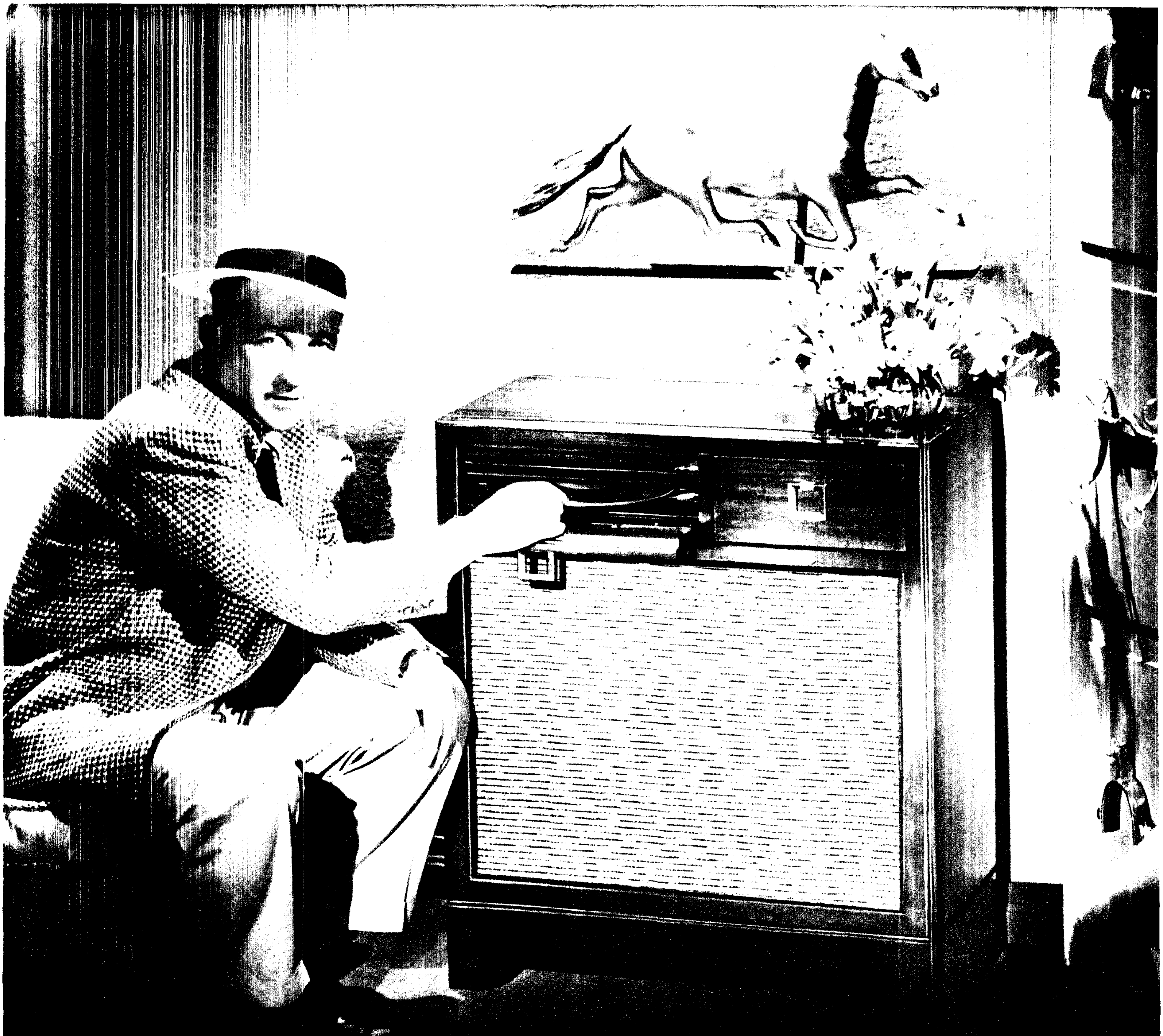
ALLEN-A LONGIES make the most of *you* . . . standing or sitting, working or playing. Here are cap-sleeve shirt and long drawers that fit as if you were poured into them. Shirt absorbs perspiration, protects your outer clothes. Drawers give you snug warmth right down to your ankles. Yet don't restrict your activity.

Allen A

underwear
hosiery
sportswear

ALLEN-A and top quality have been going around together for so long that people are talking. Talking about the way Allen-A's fit like a second skin. The way they keep you comfortable without bind, droop or creep. And the way you can get top quality in underwear, hosiery or sportswear . . . by asking for Allen-A.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, PIQUA, OHIO



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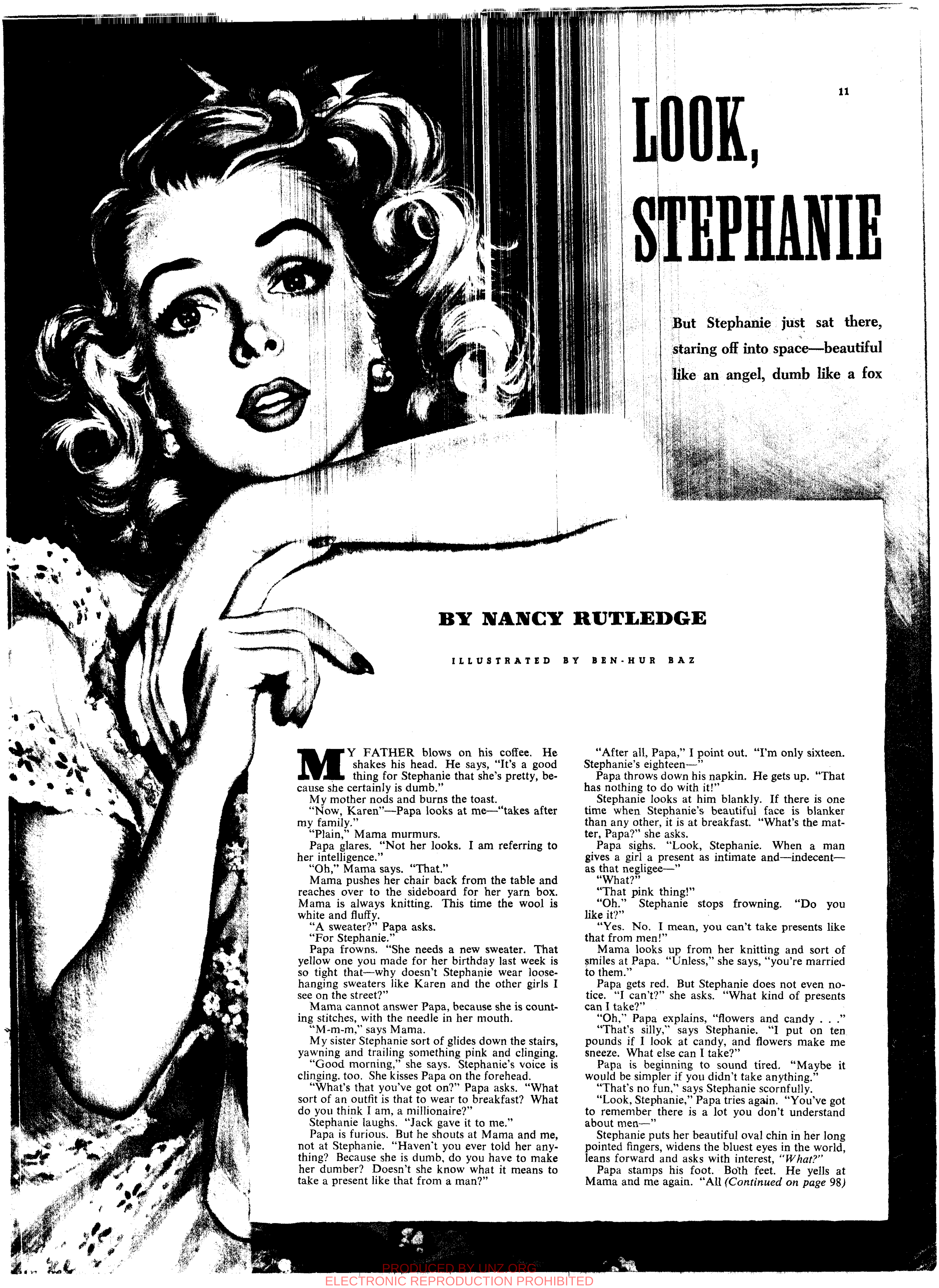


LOOK, STEPHANIE

But Stephanie just sat there, staring off into space—beautiful like an angel, dumb like a fox

BY NANCY RUTLEDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY BEN-HUR BAZ

MY FATHER blows on his coffee. He shakes his head. He says, "It's a good thing for Stephanie that she's pretty, because she certainly is dumb."

My mother nods and burns the toast.

"Now, Karen"—Papa looks at me—"takes after my family."

"Plain," Mama murmurs.

Papa glares. "Not her looks. I am referring to her intelligence."

"Oh," Mama says. "That."

Mama pushes her chair back from the table and reaches over to the sideboard for her yarn box. Mama is always knitting. This time the wool is white and fluffy.

"A sweater?" Papa asks.

"For Stephanie."

Papa frowns. "She needs a new sweater. That yellow one you made for her birthday last week is so tight that—why doesn't Stephanie wear loose-hanging sweaters like Karen and the other girls I see on the street?"

Mama cannot answer Papa, because she is counting stitches, with the needle in her mouth.

"M-m-m," says Mama.

My sister Stephanie sort of glides down the stairs, yawning and trailing something pink and clinging.

"Good morning," she says. Stephanie's voice is clinging. too. She kisses Papa on the forehead.

"What's that you've got on?" Papa asks. "What sort of an outfit is that to wear to breakfast? What do you think I am, a millionaire?"

Stephanie laughs. "Jack gave it to me."

Papa is furious. But he shouts at Mama and me, not at Stephanie. "Haven't you ever told her anything? Because she is dumb, do you have to make her dumber? Doesn't she know what it means to take a present like that from a man?"

"After all, Papa," I point out. "I'm only sixteen. Stephanie's eighteen—"

Papa throws down his napkin. He gets up. "That has nothing to do with it!"

Stephanie looks at him blankly. If there is one time when Stephanie's beautiful face is blanker than any other, it is at breakfast. "What's the matter, Papa?" she asks.

Papa sighs. "Look, Stephanie. When a man gives a girl a present as intimate and—indecent—as that negligee—"

"What?"

"That pink thing!"

"Oh." Stephanie stops frowning. "Do you like it?"

"Yes. No. I mean, you can't take presents like that from men!"

Mama looks up from her knitting and sort of smiles at Papa. "Unless," she says, "you're married to them."

Papa gets red. But Stephanie does not even notice. "I can't?" she asks. "What kind of presents can I take?"

"Oh," Papa explains, "flowers and candy . . ."

"That's silly," says Stephanie. "I put on ten pounds if I look at candy, and flowers make me sneeze. What else can I take?"

Papa is beginning to sound tired. "Maybe it would be simpler if you didn't take anything."

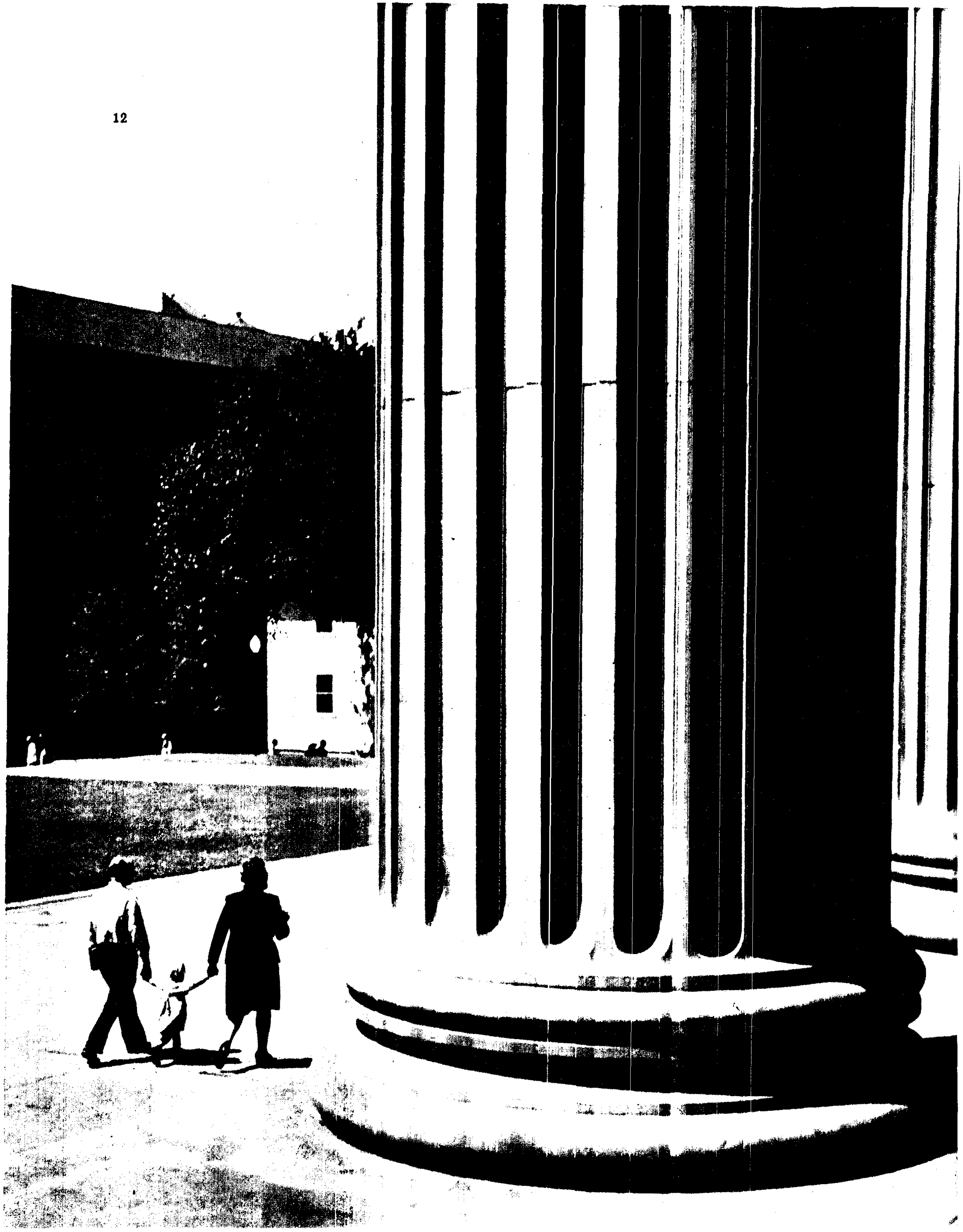
"That's no fun," says Stephanie scornfully.

"Look, Stephanie," Papa tries again. "You've got to remember there is a lot you don't understand about men—"

Stephanie puts her beautiful oval chin in her long pointed fingers, widens the bluest eyes in the world, leans forward and asks with interest, *"What?"*

Papa stamps his foot. Both feet. He yells at Mama and me again. "All

(Continued on page 98)



Students Einar Nelson and his wife Justina stroll on the Minnesota campus with baby Kathy

THE G.I. VILLAGERS

BY AMY PORTER

College authorities feared all sorts of troubles when the married veterans appeared on the scene. They needn't have. The vets have proved out fine

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE

THE eleven young women and one man who make up the Board of Aldermen of the veterans' village at the University of Minnesota recently passed the following resolution:

"Any resident who catches any child in the forbidden area of Como Avenue, is hereby authorized to administer an immediate spanking."

From an outsider's point of view, this is a startling sort of resolution. Whoever heard of a community where neighborliness went so far as to say, "You may spank my kid"?

But the G.I. villagers who unanimously approved the spanking edict know what they are about. They had to figure some way, even a rough way to prevent their numerous toddler-aged children from making suicidal mud pies on the main highway.

With so very many babies around —936 at the last count, distributed among 674 student-veteran families and 25 more due to be born within the month—practical baby problems must be promptly met with practical if unorthodox, measures.

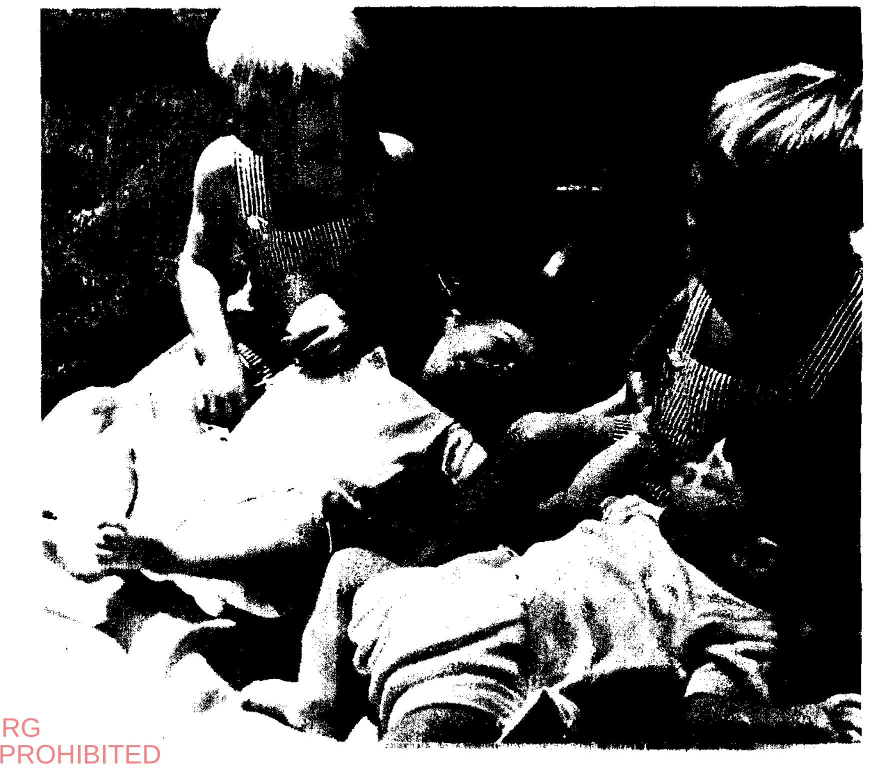
As with lost children. In the year and a half of its existence, the veterans' village has grown so fast, with row upon row of trailers and Quonsets sprouting up in multiplied uniformity, that it is hard for parents, let alone children, to figure out which trailer is whose.

One day Jim Rynning watched a five-year-old boy laboriously searching for his home. He scootered up to one trailer door after another—no luck, no luck. The lady at the door wasn't his mama. When Rynning approached him, the boy was still bravely trying, but he said, "Will you tell me where I live, please? I'm Andy. I live in *one* of these places, *know* I do."

Dog Tags for Children

Within a week Rynning, himself a $90-a-month, veteran-father-student had set up a business to supply dog tags for children. For 25 cents, a metal tag says, "Andy Sommers Quonset 6, Row F," and gives a parent a chance of catching up with a strayed infant before sundown. Now all the children wear the tags around their necks or pinned to their underwear.

The Carl N. Shusters have had two sets of twin boys since Carl came to Rutgers



Like dozens of similar trailer towns rected all over the country for arried veterans attending college nder the G.I. Bill of Rights, the innesota village isn't pretty. Trailers nd Quonsets and steel barracks look reary, paint them as they may. The ewly planted poplar trees are, as yet, st spindly little sticks, and the new rass has scarcely taken hold of the are ground. But the village's main rop—babies—is thriving, and the oung parents smile while they work. hey are rather pleased with their wn's nickname, Fertile Acres.

The good cheer around the vilge is gratifying to the university auorities, who were a little nervous, aturally, when the great experiment egan.

"We feared trouble," says J. C. oucher, the university executive ho is directly responsible for the vilge. "We feared all kinds of trouble -high infant mortality, divorces, oor work in classes, general disconnt. We needn't have worried. The eteran families have proved out ne."

In spite of remaining difficulties, e village now runs smoothly, largely nder the direction of its own resients; there has been only one separaon—no divorces, no scandals; and a student the veteran-father is ove average. The growing flock of ealthy babies is a source of pride to e community and the university oth.

The same sort of encouraging reort is made of G.I. student villages l over the country. Sometimes, it's ue, the colleges wish the veterans ouldn't have babies quite so fast. ou ask the Veterans Administration r the nation-wide figure on these innts, and they more or less suggest at you try to count them if you can. he last time they looked, they estiated 188,000 babies, but the figure anges faster than you can write it own. The number is increasing at e rate of several thousands a month, d if this keeps up, where in the orld are they going to put them all? till, things could be much worse.

The general happiness in Minneso's village is very evident. "Oh, it's onderful," sighed one trailer wife. After living with the family for a ar—you have no idea."

The village has four types of dwellings: In the order of desirability: trailers, expansible trailers (three times as big), Quonset hut and steel barracks apartments of three rooms each. But nobody worries about keeping up with the Joneses, because everybody is in about the same fix financially. Only families with incomes of less than $200 can live there, and rent is fixed at from $25 to $44, not according to the accommodations but according to the ability to pay. New families must live first in a trailer, and then they move onward and upward as vacancies occur. Moving is a daily affair, almost, and Harry the iceman is very obliging about renting his truck at a dollar to his perpetually moving customers.

Disadvantages of Trailers

The Quonset and barracks apartments are comparatively luxurious, with their own bathrooms and gas heat, but the trailers have no plumbing at all, and everybody shares the combination bathhouse and laundry.

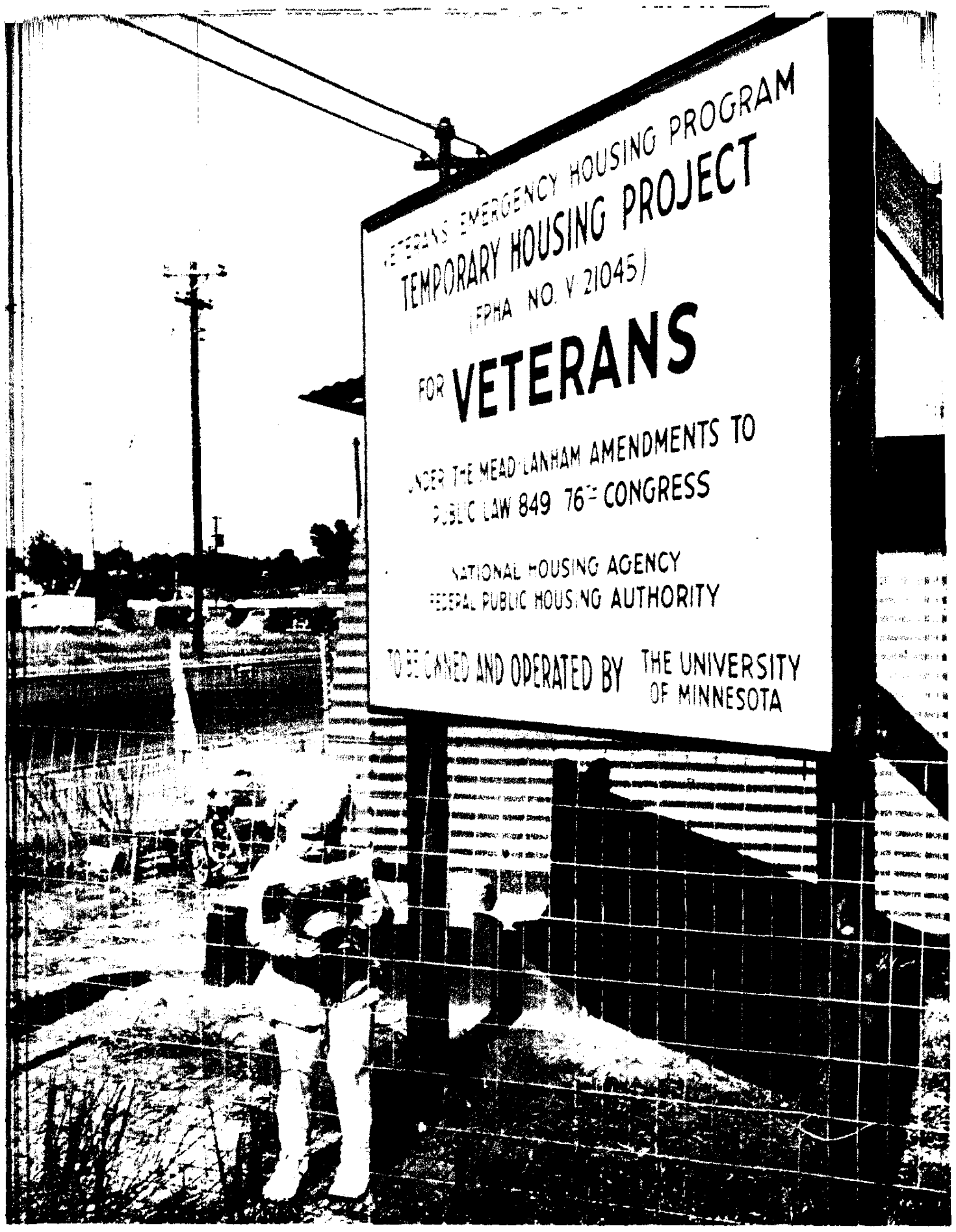
The trailer wives insist they don't mind about the plumbing except perhaps in Minnesota's coldest winter weather. One wife said she turned down a chance to get a city apartment in favor of a trailer, "because here it's not lonesome like in an apartment. You make friends here, and the baby can play outdoors." Friendships spring up quickly when two wives wash diapers side by side every day. And when a girl is in one shower stall and her neighbor is in the next one, and they chat back and forth, they can't emerge from the bathhouse as strangers.

The wives work up a lot of social activities among themselves, bridge and movies and so on in the evening when their husbands are studying. For afternoon trips to shops and dentists, they spell each other off taking care of the babies, or occasionally hire a sitter at 25 cents an hour.

There's a day nursery at the university, but few of the villagers use it, partly because it's about a half-hour streetcar trip away, and partly because most of their children are too young.

A very few of the wives who are veterans themselves attend college along with their husbands. This calls

(Continued on page 94)


VETERANS EMERGENCY HOUSING PROGRAM
TEMPORARY HOUSING PROJECT
(FPHA NO. V 21045)
FOR VETERANS
UNDER THE MEAD-LANHAM AMENDMENTS TO
PUBLIC LAW 849 76TH CONGRESS
NATIONAL HOUSING AGENCY
FEDERAL PUBLIC HOUSING AUTHORITY
TO BE OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Minnesota's Veterans' Temporary Housing Project has 674 completed units and more are under construction. Only fifty of the families here are childless

The kids play while their mothers do their family gardening in the G.I. garden plot at Rutgers. The university provides land for 32 garden plots

his baby sitter has her hands full with several families' babies on the wives' ght out at Minnesota. Frequently, the wives spell each other as baby sitters

IT WAS A PERFECT OPERATION...

BUT THE PATIENT DIED

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

A tense murder mystery, complete within the compass of a short story

THE surgeon hesitated in the doorway of the pathology laboratory as if he dreaded to cross the threshold. His hand trembled as he lighted a cigarette; he was waiting for the pathologist to look up from his microscope.

Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, however, continued to peer intently through the twin lenses. The handiwork of the staff surgeons of Pasteur Hospital was going through the daily wringer, and Dr. Coffee was busy handing out good and bad marks, according to what he found in the tissue of a score of tonsils, appendixes, and other discarded bits of human anatomy that came to him from the operating rooms.

"Appendix—normal," Dr. Coffee was dictating to his chief technician who sat beside him. "No inflammation, no congestion. Damn it, Doris, that's half a dozen normal appendix sections I've seen this week." He bent his mop of sandy hair closer to the microscope. His lower lip protruded indignantly. "Whose case is this, Doris? If it's that dollar-grabbing society butcher from the Heights again, I'll—"

Doris Hudson interrupted the pathologist. She nodded to the surgeon in the doorway as she said, "I think Dr. Andrews wants to speak to you."

Dr. Coffee uncurled his long legs from around the legs of the chair and stood up. He held out a big, fur-knuckled hand. "Hello, Andy," he said. "What's on your mind?"

There was obviously something very much on Dr. Andrews' mind. His young face was gray with worry and his lips were taut. "Could I see the preoperative lab reports on the Baron case again, Dan?" he asked. "That's Mrs. Harriet Baron."

"Why, sure. Doris will get them. Trouble?"

Dr. Andrews nodded. "She died," he said. "Just now. Went out like a light. I can't understand it."

"Too bad, Andy."

"She was a beautiful thing, Dan." Dr. Andrews seemed to be talking to himself reproachfully. "Young. Long golden hair. Married only a year. . . ."

"Harriet Grey Baron," announced Doris Hudson, handing a card to Dr. Coffee.

"You know I never send a patient to the operating table, Dan," said Dr. Andrews, "unless the lab says she's ready for surgery. I didn't overlook anything, did I? No mistake?"

Dr. Coffee scanned the report. Blood count . . . Kahn test . . . Urinalysis . . . Coagulation time . . . Vitamin K estimation. . . . The young surgeon was thorough, all right. He had asked for practically every test in the book.

"Looks okay to me, Andy. What happened?"

"I wish to God I knew." Dr. Andrews made a helpless gesture. "It was a simple operation—an old appendix. I've done dozens and dozens, and never lost a patient before."

"Did she die under the anesthetic?"

"No, she'd come out of it. Then she began to sink. She died while I was

Steve Forest stood anxiously behind Diana Price. She paused in the act of lighting her cigarette to stare hard at Jerry Baron across from her

giving her plasma. The incision was bleeding some, so I thought maybe I'd misread your report on coagulation time, or a vitamin K deficiency, but— I can't understand it."

"Will the relatives authorize an autopsy?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"The family's in the waiting room. I haven't told them yet. I wanted to get hold of myself first."

"We can send one of the interns," Dr. Coffee said.

"No, Dan. It's my case. I ought to face the family."

"I'll go with you," said Dan Coffee—and was immediately surprised at himself. He had always cherished the pathologist's insulation from difficult contact with bereaved relatives. Aside from the challenge of unexplained death, however, he liked Dr. Andrews a lot—and Dr. Andrews was in trouble.

It was always tough for a surgeon to lose a patient, and for Dr. Andrews, just out of the Army and established in Northbank only a few months, it was doubly tough. Not that Northbank was more intolerant or impulsive in its judgments than any other city of 100,000 population. Northbank rather prided itself on its culture and civic broad-mindedness. Northbank was proud of its fine modern school buildings, built by politically influential contractors whose profits would have guaranteed its underpaid teachers a living wage for a decade. Northbank was proud of its handsome residential district on its scenic Heights, and a little ashamed—every few years at floodtime—of its rickety slums on the river shore below the high-water mark. It was proud of its liberalism when the cannery workers elected a Socialist to the City Council, although slightly deaf to the new councilman's cry that the municipal hospital reeked of formaldehyde, graft and poverty. After all, Northbank had modern and progressive private hospitals which attracted skilled physicians and surgeons. Northbank, in a word, put great value on success, and might not take kindly to a young surgeon who had lost one of his first cases in a new town. . . .

"Come on, Andy," said Dr. Coffee. "Let's go."

THE waiting room in the surgical wing of Pasteur Hospital was very much like a hundred other waiting rooms in a hundred other hospitals in the American Middle West. The last cheerless light of the setting sun filtered through the many windows to scatter shadows over the impersonal neatness of the wicker furniture and the potted rubber plants. The false casualness of visitors awaiting word of life or death made subdued voices as hollow as the fierce efforts at concentration of those who pretended to read.

The surgeon and the pathologist approached a group of four people in the far corner of the room. All four were young, although one of the two women had managed, with the aid of cosmetics and smart clothing, an air of worldly wisdom beyond her years. The other woman was quite plain, but her unadorned freshness breathed pleasant, friendly candor. One of the men was brashly and blankly handsome, with an expensive, tweedy aura about the studied carelessness of his sport clothes. The other man wore a sailor's uniform; there was a petty officer's rating on his sleeve. They sat in pairs, separated by an empty chair on which the sailor had thrown his flat hat and pea jacket.

"Mr. Baron," said Dr. Andrews, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you."

The handsome, tweedy young man stood up. So did the plain-looking girl with the white scarf around her light brown hair. The girl said, "You can't mean, doctor, that my sister is—" She choked on the last word.

The tweedy young man merely looked blank.

"She's gone, Margery," said Dr. Andrews to the girl in the white scarf. "She went very quickly, just a few minutes ago."

The tweedy young man shook his head as though he did not understand. His expression did not change. He said, "My wife—?"

Margery sobbed. The sailor got awkwardly to his feet and put a timid hand on her shoulder.

The smartly dressed woman crossed her silken legs and opened her suède bag. The emerald-cut diamond on her right hand sketched an arc of cold fire as she raised a fragrant wisp of lace to dab at her dark eyes.

THERE was a moment of tense silence. It was a strange, unreal silence, yet the tenseness was almost tangible as it permeated the little group like a turgid cloud of noxious vapor. Dr. Coffee thought: This is not the dumb, incredulous silence of sudden grief. There is something more here—hate, or suspicion, or even some unnatural exultation masquerading as stunned, wordless sorrow.

". . . My sympathy . . . ," Dr. Andrews was saying softly, sincerely.

Dr. Coffee scarcely heard the surgeon's words. He was trying to analyze the uneasy currents of human emotion swirling around him. He did not like what he felt, but he could not tell why. He looked from face to face, from mask to mask. That was it; they *were* masks: The tragicomic mask of the husband, with its frozen handsomeness unable to comprehend the finality of death, unable to register anything except its own charm; the alabaster mask of sheer, abstract beauty of the well-dressed woman, a tragic mask as impersonal in its beauty as death itself; the bronzed mask of classic comedy that the sailor wore, a mask of clumsy tenderness; even little sister Margery was wearing a mask, a tear-stained mask of indecision which was neither stricken child nor bewildered woman.

"But you said it was such a simple operation," the husband mumbled. He bumped limply into the chair next to the woman in the fur jacket and sat down.

"Let me explain," said Dr. Coffee. "I'm pathologist at this hospital, and, in a way, just as much responsible for what has happened to Mrs. Baron as Dr. Andrews. You don't know me, but my laboratory has checked every phase of Mrs. Baron's condition. I'm sure you won't find much comfort in it now, but I think you should know

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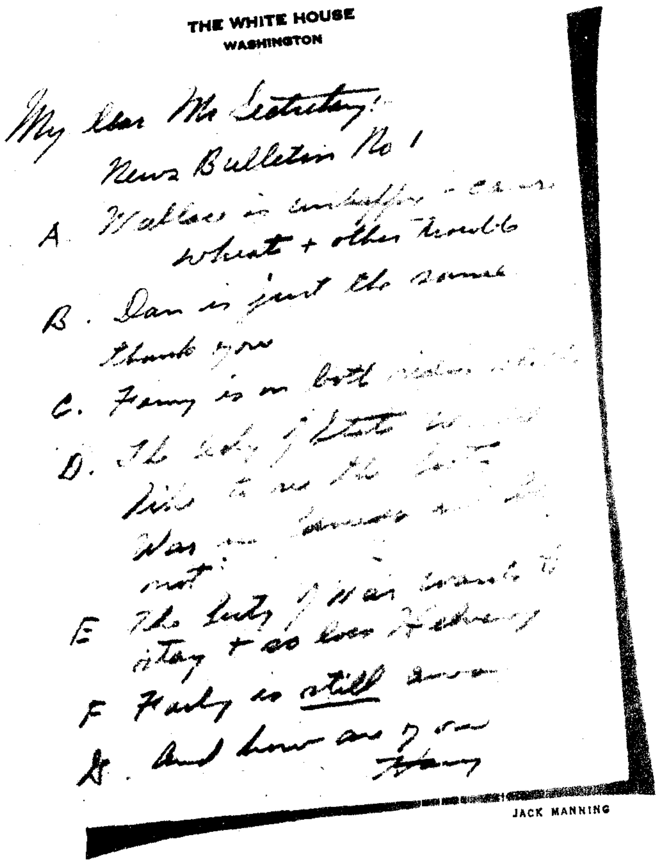


THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

My dear Mr Secretary:
News Bulletin No 1
A. Wallace is unhappy – cause
wheat + other trouble
B. Dan is just the same
thank you
C. Fanny is on both sides still
D. The Secy of State would
like to see the Secy of
War in Canada and why
not?
E The Secty of War wants to
stay + so does Helvering
F Farley is still away
G. And how are you
Harry

JACK MANNING

Memorandum passed by Harry Hopkins to Secretary Morgenthau during a tense Cabinet meeting

INTERNATIONAL

Winston Churchill met President Roosevelt in Quebec to plead for continuance of aid to Britain after V-E Day, for F.D.R. at first was noncommittal. They reached an agreement and Churchill thanked the President

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BY HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR.

IV-THE STORY BEHIND LEND LEASE

Here is revealed a war letter from Winston Churchill that led President Roosevelt to initiate Lend-Lease. And here are the Rooseveltian plans for peacetime Lend-Lease, completed after Churchill asked whether he should "get up on my hind legs and beg like Fala?"

WITH American foreign policy divided and weakened, the world advanced steadily toward war. In March, 1938, Hitler took Austria. In the summer he began his war of nerves against Czechoslovakia. In Britain our Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy went much further, I am certain, than Hull ever intended him to go in spreading the impression that the United States was *not* especially concerned about checking Nazi aggression. He submitted to the State Department a speech he wanted to deliver in Scotland. One sentence said in effect that he could not understand why anyone should want to go to war to save the Czechs. The State Department wisely struck this out.

The President's mood in the last days before Munich was one of discouragement. He became increasingly irritated at Kennedy. "Who would have thought that the English (the Cliveden set) could take into camp a redheaded Irishman?" he demanded at Hull and me in an anxious conference on September 1, 1938. "The young man needs his wrist slapped rather hard. No matter what you say about Bingham (whom Kennedy succeeded) he never became pro-British."

As for Chamberlain, the President called him "slippery" and added, with some bitterness, that he was "interested in peace at any price if he could get away with it and save his face." We sat, the three of us, with a couple of our assistants, the President serious, Hull's face drawn and weary, reading the cables from London and Paris and watching the reports and rumors which came in over the White House ticker. Roosevelt's prediction about Chamberlain, as so often, was appallingly accurate.

The Cabinet met the next day in an atmosphere of gathering tension. The only bright spot in the midst of that grim discussion was a note which Harry Hopkins passed me headed "News Bulletin No. 1."

A. Wallace is unhappy—cause, wheat and other troubles.

B. Dan (Roper, Secretary of Commerce) is just the same thank you.

C. Fanny (Perkins) is on both sides still.

D. The Secretary of State would like to see the Secretary of War (Woodring) in Canada and why not?

E. The Secretary of War wants to stay (in office) and so does Helvering (Commissioner of Internal Revenue).

F. Farley is still away.

G. And how are you? Harry

Two weeks later, as events rushed toward climax, Roosevelt told me that he thought Czechoslovakia would fight. He would like to get word to France, he went on, that in case of war she should not attack but stay behind the Maginot Line and fight a defensive war. "If the various countries should attack Germany," the President said, "they would have only a 40-60 chance of being successful."

Then came Munich.

The Treasury continued to explore the possibilities of economic pressure against Germany. The old issue of countervailing duties was up again, since the Nazi government was clearly giving its exporters financial aid in "dumping" goods on the American market. Hull, as usual, opposed such duties on the old ground that it would adversely affect German-American relations and continued to push his program of trade agreements to the bitter end.

I also tried, without much encouragement from the President, to help Herbert Feis get a program started for the stock-piling of vital war materials such as tin and manganese. The Treasury's preliminary studies led to the first development of a program of depriving the aggressor countries of strategic war materials through preclusive buying. Most important of all, we began to use foreign purchasing as a means of reviving the aircraft and munitions industries of our own country.

This brings me to the distressing day of January 23, 1939, when a new Douglas attack bomber went into a spin over Los Angeles municipal airport and crashed into a parking lot. The pilot's parachute failed to open and he fell to death. A foreigner was pulled from the flaming hulk by rescuers. His head was bleeding, his leg was broken and his back was injured. When reporters reached the scene an Army officer clumsily attempted to suppress information about the crash. But newspapermen soon discovered that the foreigner was Paul Chemidlin, representative of the French Air Ministry, and the

INTERNATIONAL

Neville Chamberlain (above, signing Munich pact) was called "slippery" by President Roosevelt

EUROPEAN

In August, 1939, Secretary Morgenthau cut his trip to Europe short when he heard of the Russo-German treaty. Before he got back Poland was invaded. Above, Nazi troops tearing down customs barrier

Associated Press described the plane as "America's most modern light bomber."

In an America that was then torn between hatred of Nazism and a passion to stay out of the inevitable war this was sensational news, especially to the isolationist press. It led to a brief Congressional investigation but was soon forgotten. Now it is time to tell the full story of Paul Chemidlin and what his visit produced.

You can point to a dozen events during the war and say, "If such and such had not happened, we would have lost . . ." You can say, "If American production had not armed the enemies of Fascism . . ." You can narrow it down and say, "If American aircraft had not blasted the enemy out of the skies and reduced his cities to rubble, where would we be today?"

This is where Paul Chemidlin and his colleagues of the French Air Ministry came in. For, at the end of 1938, a few short weeks after Munich, the American aviation industry was in a state of doldrums, limping along in a way you can hardly imagine now. Yet four years later this industry was outproducing the world. Think what this means: Suppose the Germans had had just six months' margin in which to begin mass production of jet-propelled planes. Many authorities believe it might have changed the whole course of the war in France. Well, the Germans missed out on that margin because our factories were six months ahead.

We were six months ahead because a French air mission, headed by Jean Monnet, came to the United States in December of 1938. Bill Bullitt, then our ambassador to France, ushered Monnet into my office. Polished, quick, highly intelligent, Monnet had spent most of his life behind the scenes of international finance. President Roosevelt had told Bullitt to bring him to me for two important reasons. One was that he knew the Treasury would take a less parochial view of national policy in the sale of aircraft than either War or Navy. The other was that the Procurement Division of the Treasury, which was the chief general purchasing agency of the government, had special facilities and experience for supervising such sales.

The Monnet mission, I learned, had come with full authority to buy approximately a thousand airplanes—and purchases on that scale, I well knew, would be to the American aviation industry like oxygen to a man dying of suffocation. But I wanted, in the first place, to make sure that American interests were fully protected—from the viewpoint of payment as well as of military security.

Then we wanted to make sure that all the business dealings were direct from one government to the other. I had something of a phobia about the role which private bankers had played during the first World War. I was determined to keep war profits to an absolute minimum.

On this basis the Treasury was prepared to operate fully with the French. But there were other obstacles. A big one was Harry Woodring, who was then Secretary of War. When he was told about the French mission at Cabinet meeting on December 21st, he manifested obvious disapproval.

F.D.R. Told About Proposal

I stayed behind after Cabinet meeting that day. Roosevelt was sitting behind his desk; he looked tired and haggard. I told him what we proposed—that the French inspect and test three models, P-40, the Douglas bomber and a Martin bomber model 166.

"Mr. President," I said with all the earnestness I could command, "if it's your theory that England and France are our first line of defense . . . let's either give them good stuff or tell them to go home, but don't give them some stuff which the minute it goes up in the air will be shot down. No sense in selling them that which we know is out of date."

The President told me to go ahead. But Woodring and General Hap Arnold dragged their feet. To Woodring's isolationism Arnold added a resentment at Treasury "interference" and an unwillingness to give any foreign nation—even if it was our first line of defense—a glimpse of a superior weapon.

First, Woodring claimed that French contracts would interfere with the United States program (for which Congress had not yet passed the appropriations). This claim was based on the contention that it would take "probably twenty-one months" to produce 300 bombers—an estimate that seemed screwy enough in 1938, and which events were to show to be preposterous.

Woodring then tried to make me guarantee that the French would order every plane inspected and that the French orders would not interfere with the new U. S. orders in the spring. This was, of course, a calculated attempt to put me on the spot. I could not guarantee the French orders; nor could I guarantee that there might not be interference in some details with the still undetermined Army orders—though I was sure that the main effect would be to invigorate the industry and promote the future filling of Army and Navy demands.

I took this Woodring memo to the President. The Secretary of War hastily backed down. In an apologetic telephone conversation on December 30, 1938, he told me he was under pressure from Army officers, meaning General Arnold; that he feared senators and representatives would raise hell over the sale of American planes; and that "all I wanted to do, Henry, was simply to protect you in the matter."

I responded a bit coldly, "I don't want to be protected."

Louis Johnson, the Assistant Secretary of War, was on our side. A peculiar law made him wholly responsible for Army procurement and thus independent of his chief; and he chafed visibly under Woodring's narrow leadership. But the War Department as a whole retreated to prepared positions, dug in and sought to delay the whole process of inspection and ordering. The war of conferences and memoranda dragged agonizingly on.

I was getting more fed up every day. Here was our aircraft industry desperately needing a shot in the arm; here was the hypodermic poised; and here were Woodring and Arnold standing in the way, while the patient languished and faded. Six of our largest plane factories were now practically closed—and the French were ready to pour in $65,000,000 so long as they would get planes as good or better than any made in Europe.

On the morning of January 16th, we all met at the White House to thresh out the whole business again. The President began by saying that he wished every effort made to give the French mission a view of all available planes. Then Bill Bullitt gave an eloquent and emotional speech: Time was running out, he said, and, if France were to be given effective help, she should have everything—particularly the new Douglas attack bomber.

Woodring bristled. "I fear that any move to release it to France will put the President in an embarrassing situation." He spoke meaningfully; he had many friends in Congress.

Louis Johnson cut through the argument. "Do you mean, sir," he asked the President, "that you wish the Douglas light bomber released to the French government?"

"I mean exactly that," Franklin Roosevelt said.

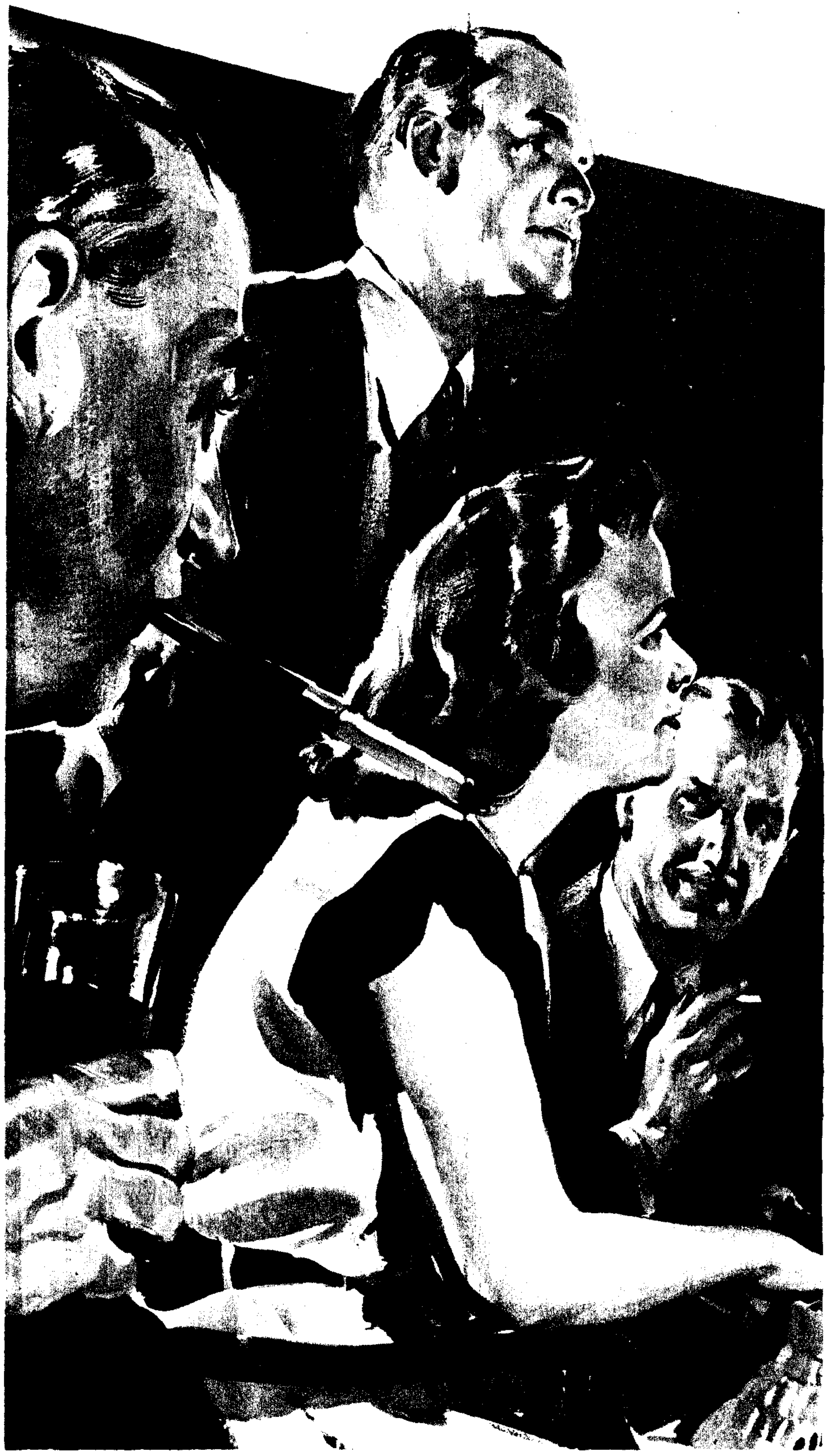
The log jam was broken. Letters were sent out authorizing the French mission to inspect certain new models. On January 20th, three French experts flew West to see the new Douglas attack bomber. And on January 23d, Paul Chemidlin climbed aboard the Douglas bomber at the Los Angeles municipal airport. . . .

The sensational newspaper stories were a windfall for the isolationists. Was (Continued on page 71)

THE OUTCASTS

BY B. J. CHUTE

It was the hardest thing he would ever have to do—but Wallace Adams knew that it was time to get off that fence



Newhouse looked at Madge. She stared back, then said: "I'm for letting them buy the place." There was a heavy silence

WALLACE ADAMS said he would walk the rest of the way, and his friend, his good friend Newhouse, nodded briskly and reached across him to open the car door.

Wallace said, "Thanks for the lift. It makes it easier for Helen when I can let her have the car."

"Oh, sure." Newhouse's voice was placid, and he lifted a hand from the wheel, absent and friendly.

Wallace said, "Well, thanks again," feeling the pleasant solidarity of neighbor and neighbor, then turned and started up his own driveway. Behind him, the big car murmured into gear and slid away.

The road curved up to his house, placid and dignified in its green tide of lawn. The spires of delphinium were too high for the design, and mad with loveliness. The roses spilled over from their regulated supports and choked the bees with sweetness. Wallace thought: Mine.

The front door of the house flew open with a bang and a shout, and a leggy, brown-skinned ten-year-old catapulted himself down the steps. Wallace braced for a welcome, and the young shooting star that was his son raced down the drive and flung himself at his father, his straw-thatched head boring devotedly into Wallace's midsection.

"Hey!" said Wallace protesting, but he hugged the fledgling body against him for a moment, feeling the bones and the lightness and the squirming, confident possessiveness. Then he undid Tommy from his belt and held him off for a look. There was an impression of sunshine and brown knees and unplanned nose.

"You're early," Tommy accused, leaping beside him.

"Mr. Newhouse gave me a lift."

"He's fat," said Tommy, a trifle unjustly.

"So're you," said his father, spreading the unjustness around.

Tommy gave a hoot of derision and hiked up his shorts. "Mother's in the living room, and Vee's still upstairs, putting her face on."

"Is Vee going out again?"

"She's going out with that Jim Hutchins." Tommy's voice mimicked soprano. "He's so-o-o handsome."

Wallace gave a half-hearted smack to the seat of the sailcloth shorts. "Don't tease your sister, son." He frowned, trying to place Jim Hutchins among the solemn, smooth young faces of Vee's friends. He must be Cliff Hutchins' son, so he was all right.

Tommy bounded ahead, opened the door and yelled, "Hey, Mother! Dad's home." Wallace followed him into the living room.

HELEN was standing by the mantelpiece, self-possessed and beautiful in apple-green linen. Her amber-blond hair was high on her head, accenting her cheekbones and the pretty, square line of her jaw. He kissed her and said, "Hello, darling."

Helen pulled away gently. "Wally dear, it's hot."

He said, "You look as cool as a cucumber," and then felt remorse at sounding so uninspired, but his tongue was always uneasy and shy. He caught a glimpse of himself in the glass above the mantel and thought penitently that, after all, his words fitted him. The face that looked back was ordinary and middle-aged, with its light brown hair receding from a narrow forehead.

Helen smiled at him. "You're early."

"John Newhouse gave me a lift."

"Oh? Katherine called up this afternoon."

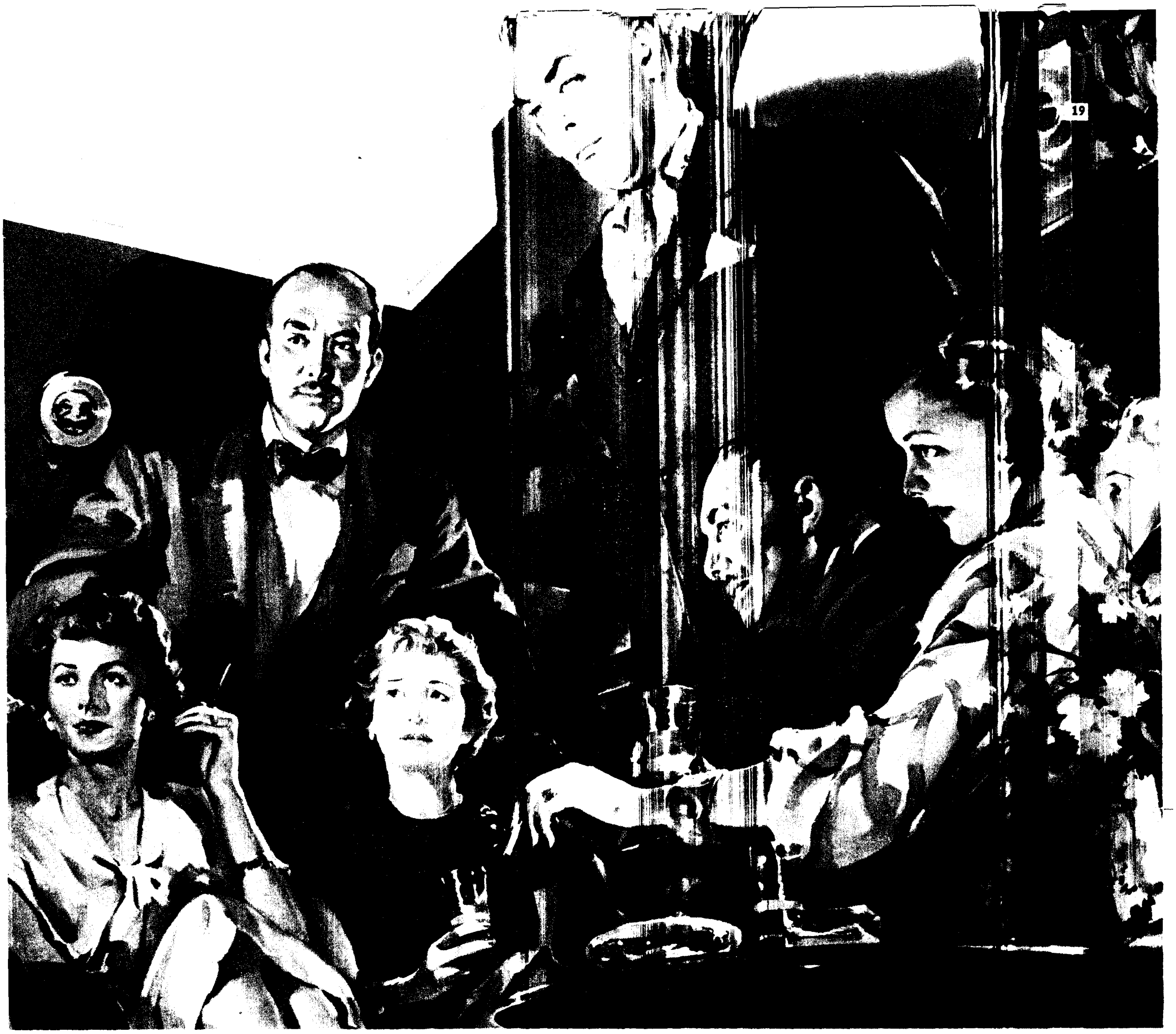
"Katherine Newhouse?" He was vaguely surprised. "Bridge party?"

"No. She wanted to talk to me about—something." There was the faintest shadow on her voice. "I'll tell you after dinner."

"I'll go and wash. Tommy says Vee's going out again."

She nodded and looked pleased. "That nice Hutchins boy." She walked across the room to pick up a magazine from the arm of a chair. "Wally, it's so nice to know the children are really meeting the right people. I love it here. I feel so—settled."

He did too. American roots went



down quickly. It must be the light, rich soil of the country that had turned so eagerly under the pioneer plow. Hey, thought Wallace, I'm getting poetic. But the idea pleased him, and he went upstairs playing with it. The roots really were as deep as in Europe, because the ground had welcomed them. *My country, 'tis of thee.* He looked out of his bedroom window. *My piece of country.* It was beautiful beyond words. Whistling, he went off to wash his hands. . . .

Vee came downstairs as they were finishing dinner, and Wallace looked up at his daughter with quick pleasure. Her honey-brown hair was soft on her shoulders, and she was wearing some sort of silky blue dress. She might have been painted by Renoir's sweet brush, and at seventeen she was any man's dream of springtime. He felt the quick jealous clutch of fatherhood, and eased it with the knowledge that Vee's escort was Cliff Hutchins' son. He grumbled. "Going out again?" meaning that Jim Hutchins was a lucky youngster.

Vee dropped a respectful kiss on his bald spot. Across the table, she said, "Mother, I've gone."

"Don't be too late. You look sweet."

Vee said, "Yes, don't I?" and left them in a fragrant, silky gust.

Helen stood up with her coffee cup in her hand. "Shall we go out on the veranda, Wally? It's cooler out there."

SHE had something she wanted to talk to him about. He followed obediently. The light was just beginning to leave the air; the color that had tipped the spikes of delphinium, the deep crimson of heavy-headed roses, the uninvited glow of dandelions in the lawn dimmed and mellowed.

He lighted Helen's cigarette, then his own, and sat back lazily in a white-slatted chair. Through half-closed eyes he could see the tiny claws of woodbine clutching at the stone pillars. The fading air just touched his cheek. His heart lit up with love, and he felt a strong, deep peace. A man needed his acres, and it was not altogether a sense of property. Vaguely and genuinely, he wished this for all men.

Helen said suddenly, "I told you Katherine Newhouse called this afternoon."

"M'mmm." He tried to sit up straighter in deference to the subject, but the chair had a lazy back.

"It was about Mr. Benson. He'd just been talking to her."

Wallace nodded. Benson was the local real-estate agent—a small, tubby man of great cheerfulness.

"He'd just gotten an offer on the Stiles place," said Helen.

"Oh." Wallace sat up straighter, charmed. New neighbors. He had considered buying the Stiles place himself, but it had been a little larger than their needs. "Thought of taking the place ourselves," Wallace's mind murmured complacently, speaking to other men, "but it didn't quite suit." He then ceased from wandering and paid attention to his wife. "That's fine. It'll be nice to have someone living there."

She stubbed out her cigarette. "It would be nice," she said, "but these people won't do."

"Why? Can't they finance it?"

"They're Jews."

"Oh." He sighed. He had been pleased when Helen spoke of new neighbors, and now they wouldn't do. It was too bad. After a moment, he said, "Why did Katherine call *you,* Helen?"

She got up and crossed to one of the stone pillars, leaning against it. "That was what I wanted to talk to you about, dear. Mr. Benson told Katherine that it's very hard to move such big properties, and he wanted to be sure he was doing what everyone wants him to, if he says no." She spread her pretty hands. "So Katherine thought that it shouldn't be just John and herself who told him. She thought we should get together somewhere, all the leading members of the community, and—well, actually what she said was that she thought our house would be a good place."

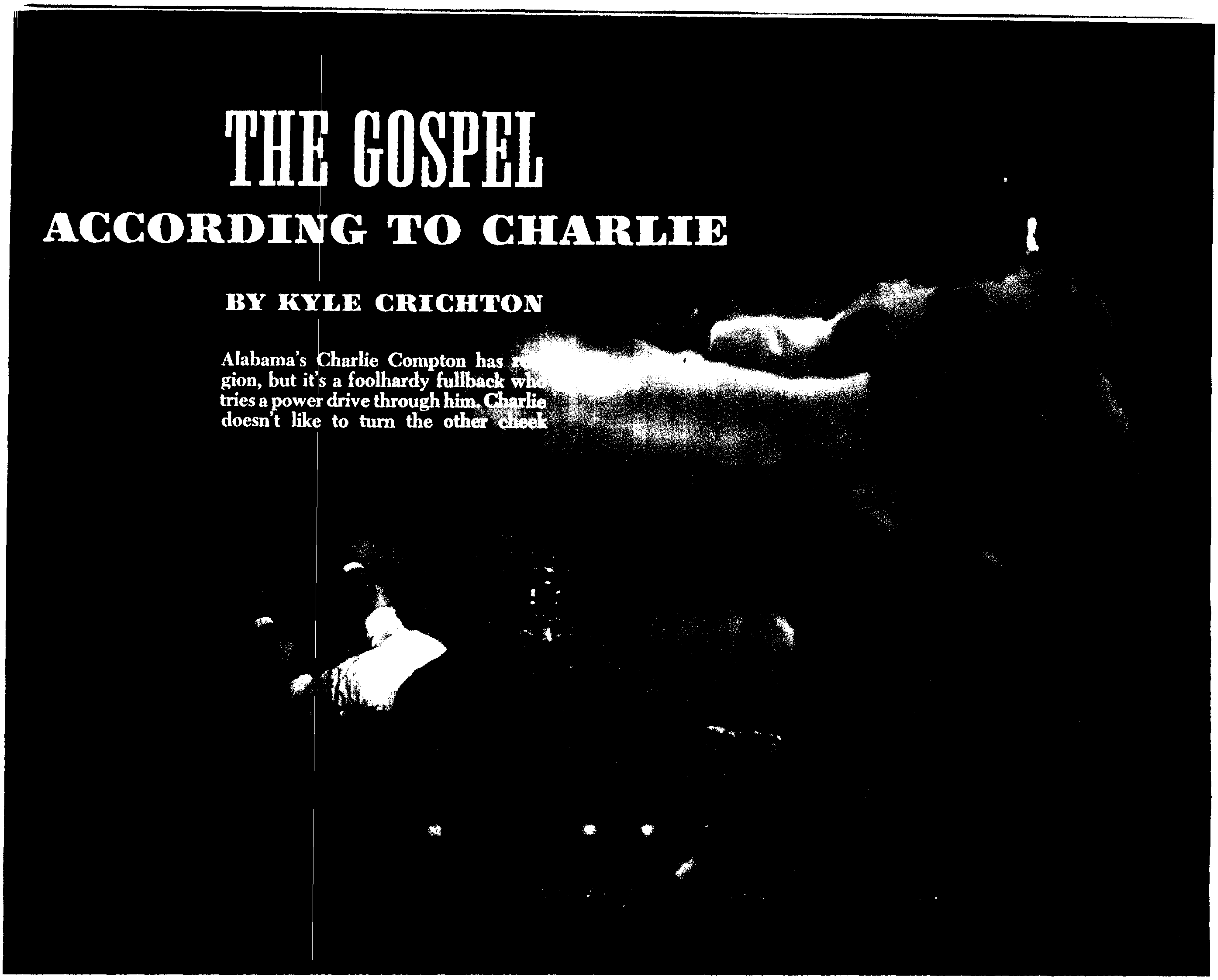
(Continued on page 87)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHARLIE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Alabama's Charlie Compton has religion, but it's a foolhardy fullback who tries a power drive through him. Charlie doesn't like to turn the other cheek



Charlie Compton nails the ball carrier with one of his typically vicious tackles, which have earned him the nickname of The Killer at the University of Alabama

AROUND Tuscaloosa they refer to Mr. Compton as The Killer or Superman but to his face they very politely call him Charlie and bore you endlessly with claims that Charlie is the best damned tackle in all America. They're careful in using such language when Charlie is around, however, because he is a religious man who preaches in church of a Sunday and does not cotton to strong talk.

Charlie is a Southern Baptist but it is difficult to determine whether the Old or the New Testament has had most influence on him. As a linesman for the University of Alabama football team he is reluctant to turn the other cheek; but on the other hand he is not vengeful in the eye-for-an-eye and tooth-for-a-tooth tradition. Perhaps he belongs to the Napoleonic branch of the church, which held that the Lord was on the side of the heavy artillery. Charlie is definitely a heavy weapon and there are people in Georgia and Tennessee who wish to heaven he would get on with his preaching and stop maiming their halfbacks when they try to go through the line.

Last year when Alabama played Georgia at Athens, Charlie broke through and blocked a quick kick by Charlie Trippi. The ball hit him smack in the face and bounced back forty yards as if it had been propelled from a mortar. The force of the blow knocked Charlie's helmet fifteen feet in the air, and Mike Cassidy, the other Alabama tackle, grabbed it and headed for the goal line, thinking he had the ball. Bob Hood, Alabama end, started at full speed for the real ball but Trippi beat him to it and recovered on his own five-yard line.

"I see Charlie coming toward the bench," says Frank Thomas, the Alabama coach, "but I pay no attention to him because I'm thinking Trippi has just made the greatest play I've ever seen in football. So I put in another tackle and then I look around and there is Charlie pulling out a loose tooth with pliers he's taken from Red Burdette's trainer's bag. The ball had busted out his bridge work and Charlie was extracting one of the teeth snagged in there. Pretty soon he comes up and gets my attention from the game again and says, 'Coacher, I'm ready; get me back in there.' "

Later in the game he strolled over the side line again and the press box wondered what was the matter. It seems a cleat had cut Charlie's leg above the knee as if a razor had done the job. Charlie pulled up the leg of his pants, took some tape from the trainer and wrapped it around the wound in big strips. This time he approached Tom Lieb, the line coach.

"Coachman," said Charlie, "don't fergit me; I'm here."

On the bench when he isn't playing, Charlie sits with all the relaxation of a sack of sawdust, his thoughts a million miles away. His eyes are deep-set and seem to hide in a cave protected by his bony, arched temples. Bald spots have receded on both sides of his head, leaving a tuft of hair in the middle front like a tonsure, but it is the eyes that fascinate and dominate the onlooker. They are serious except when Charlie lights them up with one of his jokes, and they could be taken as either spiritual or fanatical.

"I'm not fanatical," says Charlie. "I'm just dog-near blind. Measles when I was a kid. The pupils are warped. Every time I blink I got to focus them again. Got me some contact lenses when I was over there in Stuttgart with the Army and they fix me up. Shucks, I could shoot fine without 'em. Seven out of eight at five hundred yards. Perfect on the rapid-fire. Get your eye trained on that little old sight on the rifle and anybody can hit."

He hit so well during the war that he came out with the Distinguished Service Cross, the Bronze Medal, the Croix de Guerre and the Purple Heart with clusters. He was the particular hero of Company G of the 398th Infantry, 100th Division, and the officers of that division are still bombarding the War Department with demands that Sgt. Charles E. Compton, Jr., Sylacauga, Alabama, be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for heroic action while crossing the River Neckar in Germany on April 6, 1944.

Here is part of the evidence: "An enemy machine gun cut the water in wide arcs and sent the battalion, less one man, scurrying over a mound some thirty yards to the rear. That one man who refused to withdraw was Charlie Compton. For the following three hours when we were pinned behind the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

mound, Compton stayed on the river bank reorganizing the boats, calling encouragement and fire orders to the men on the opposite side and returning fire with his B.A.R. . . . the heaviest artillery barrage we ever had to sweat out rolled in on top of us. Again here on Sniper's Ridge, Charlie Compton was over the whole area. Compton directed mortar fire, Compton directed small-arms fire, Compton used our 300 radio to contact battalion, and, last but not least, Charlie went over the ridge unarmed and picked up men who were pinned down and started them on their way back."

But Charlie is firm about destroying military myths. His company was enamored of a tale that he had broken away from a group of Germans that captured him, by beating them over the head with his helmet.

"It never happened a-tall," blurts Charlie, now long after the event. "I never liked helmets because they gave me a headache, and I'm getting bald, so we're having inspection one day for some big generals and they see me without a helmet and eat our captain up. Captain Einsmann comes to me and says, 'Charlie, you wear the helmet or I kill you,' so I wear it and I'm down in this hole and the Krauts are across there and I'm playing with them a little, sticking the helmet up over the edge and they're firing at me and I'm firing at them and that's how the story got started."

Sunday is the Compton big day. He may hobble back from a tough game on Saturday, but from nine-forty-five till eleven he is leading a Bible class at the Baptist Student Union on the campus. From eleven till twelve he goes to church. After lunch he joins a group of faculty and students who hold services in the county jail, both for white and colored prisoners. Occasionally a chorus of co-eds goes along to sing the hymns.

"Some of the prisoners are bored and some resent the intrusion," reports a visitor at one of these meetings, "but nobody ever doubts Charlie's sincerity. That look comes in his eyes and he is so concentrated on his thoughts that he might just as well be in Mozambique. He speaks plainly and directly and much slower than he does in conversation."

Sunday night Charlie is generally out at one of the country churches filling a pulpit. He will speak anywhere at the drop of a hat and finds he is best at impromptu talks. For a time he tried writing his sermons and that almost proved fatal.

"If you can write 'em, you can say 'em," says Charlie. "If I write 'em and try reading 'em, I get all stopped up and can't say anything. A man once told me, 'Always talk so they can see your face.' I go on that theory."

In studying, Charlie finds that he does best when he reads aloud. He does three or four chapters of the Bible every day and gets his homework the same way. He spent his first two years in Alabama trying to be a radio engineer but has since changed to the Arts & Science Department. He once took up elocution, learned to speak in orotund phrases and only gave it up when his professor said, "Mr. Compton, I can hear everything you say but it doesn't have any meaning for me."

Charlie himself says sadly, "I can't write, can't spell, can't read my own writing." But he is undeniably a sensible and highly literate individual and will make his stage debut this winter in Molière's The Doctor in Spite of Himself.

"Talked me into it," reports Charlie glumly, "and now I got to do it."

How he speaks publicly at all is a mystery because his conversation is a series of rapid bursts in a low voice combined with a distinctive Sylacauga accent. "I feel like a fool, always asking him to repeat something," says Frank Thomas, "but I often don't get it the first time."

After Graduation—Missionary Work

Charlie will be graduated in January and will enter the Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in Fort Worth, Texas. Charlie was born in Fort Worth when his father had a church there. He will have three years of Greek, Latin and Hebrew and will graduate as a minister ready for missionary work.

"You settle in some place, maybe China, maybe Africa and then spend the rest of your life there. One year home for every five years' service."

While waiting for this Charlie keeps in shape for football. He entered Alabama in 1941 and was a letterman on the 1942 team that beat Boston College in the Sugar Bowl. He was lucky to get six or seven minutes in that game because he was spelling the great Whitmire, later All-America tackle at Navy. Last year he came into his own as one of the toughest linemen that ever played anywhere. He loves defensive work and finds the rest a bore. The way he goes after the man with the ball is a holy terror. He will leave his feet and dive through the air; he will use his face, his head; he will risk a leg or arm.

Last year in the Tulane game Charlie took out his man on an Alabama punt play and then started down to get the receiver. Just as he was about to tackle the ball carrier, the Tulane man who had been taken out now took Charlie out with a block that jarred him. Charlie got up, raised his fist and brought it down on his opponent's dome. It was a most flagrant offense, done in full view of 60,000 fans. When Charlie got back to the bench Tom Lieb reproached him for the deed.

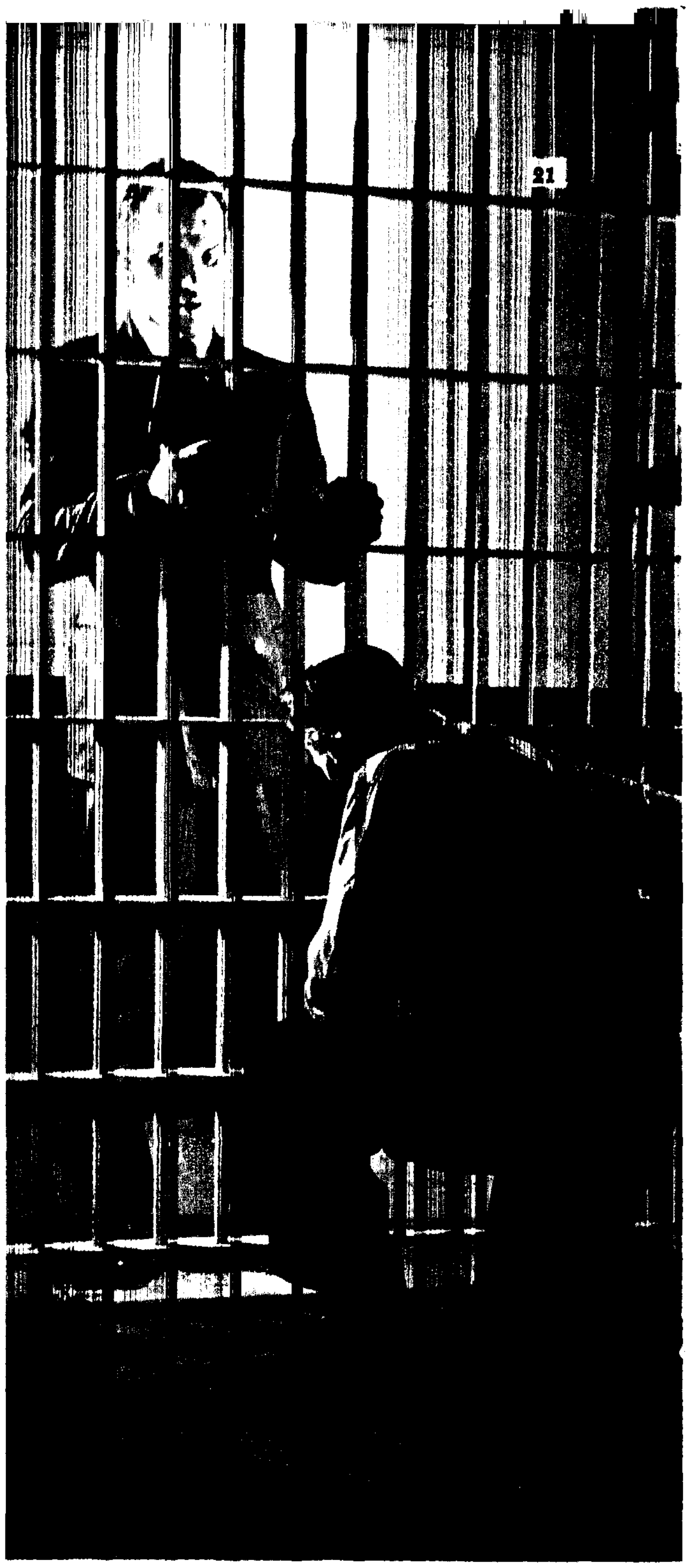
"Why did you do that?" he cried angrily.

"Why, Coacher," said Charlie in a hurt tone, "that man knocked me right down."

Compton is six feet two and weighs two hundred and five and naturally neither drinks, smokes nor chews ("Never started: don't see no use now") and worries because he doesn't gain ("Can't seem to eat like I should"). He has his own method of training and seems to thrive on it. When the rest of the squad was huddling in the gymnasium one cold rainy day last fall, Charlie was out on the track in a pair of shorts doing fifty laps.

"Fastest man on the squad," says Thomas in a voice of awe. "Does the quarter in 54 or 55."

He bought a car from Tom Lieb this spring and was soon going a hundred miles an hour around the county, as someone said, *(Continued on page 117)*

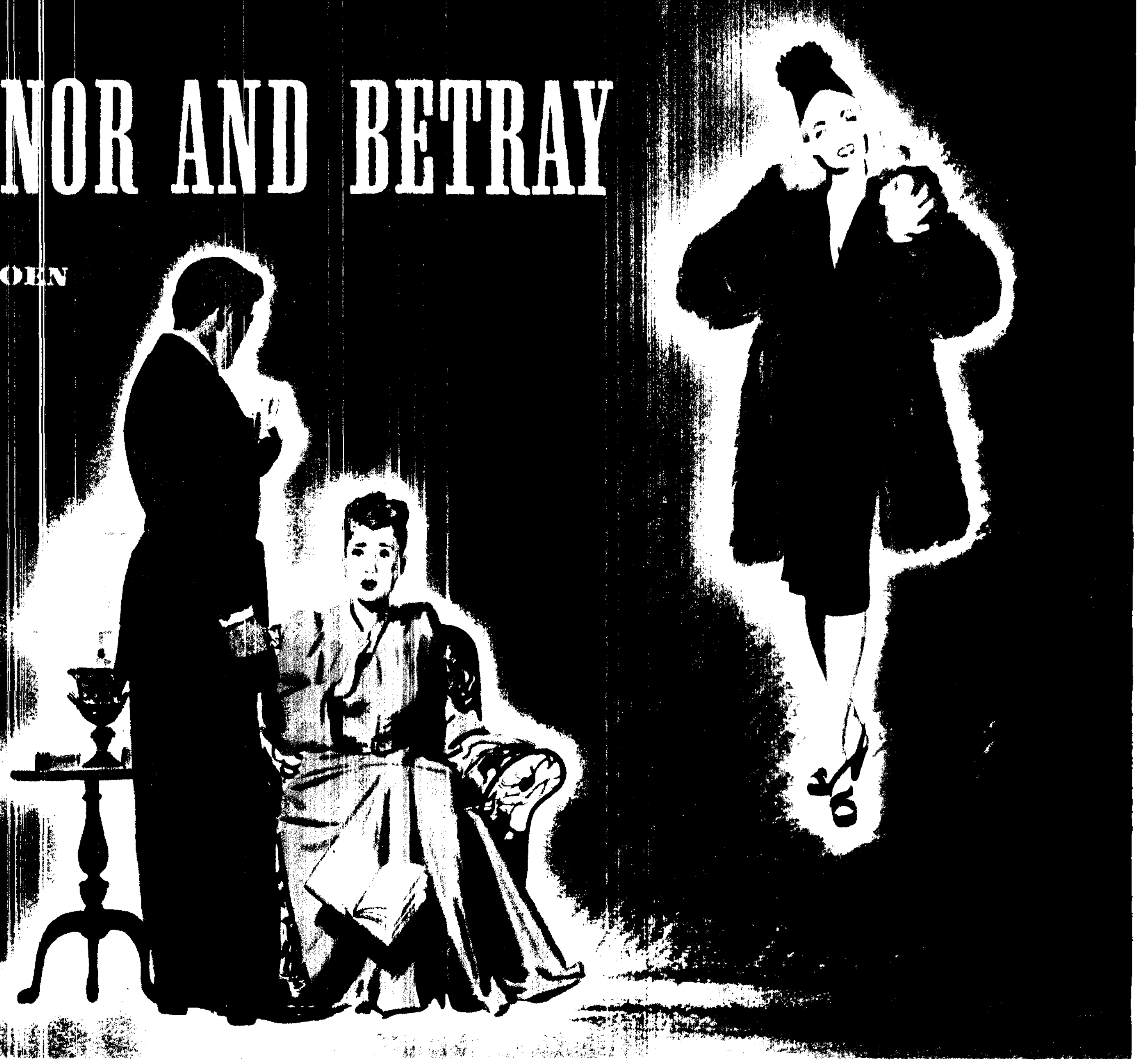


A county jail prisoner receives the solace of religion as Compton reads him Biblical passages

Charlie spends most of his Sunday nights filling the pulpit at one of the near-by country churches. Here he is leading the congregation in community singing at a small Baptist church just outside Tuscaloosa

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY

BY WILLIAM SCHOEN



Herb Parker could put up with his own sins, but the behavior of his wife was a distinct shock

HERB PARKER wished that Janie hadn't come to the station. He wished it with particular intensity when she kissed him right smack in the middle of that mob of commuters. She hung around his neck for a moment, all perfume and curves and fur that tickled his nose, and then she uncoiled.

"Goodby, honey. I'll be waiting."

"So long, sugar," he said hurriedly.

He glanced nervously across the platform; fortunately, there were no familiar faces.

He boarded the train for North Philly and found a seat in the club car. He eased his big frame into it and dropped his alligator suitcase on the floor beside it. Then he heard a faint tapping at the window. Janie again—tapping at the double pane with the handle of her handbag.

She patted her orchid corsage, leaned forward and blew a kiss at him. Under the sable neckpiece she had on a black dress. It was cut low in front and it sagged a little when she leaned forward. The little devil! he thought. Then the train gave a starting lunge and she turned away. Thoughtfully, he watched her lazy, hip-flaunting walk until she was lost in the crowd.

He settled back in his chair and stared blankly at the window opposite. It blacked out when the train dipped down into the tunnel, and he found himself wondering as usual what it would be like if the tunnel broke through and let the river in. He remained staring at the window until the train came up for air in the murky sunlight of Jersey. And then he began to look about him.

He was a handsome man in his late forties. His hair was black and sleek; eyes restless, snapping and dark; he had a square jaw and clear, ruddy skin. He wore a soft gray flannel suit—conservative enough—but his exuberant vitality came out in the accessories: in the creamy flannel vest, the red-and-blue-striped tie, and the three inches of starched white handkerchief sticking out of his breast pocket. Somehow, his face picked up the richness of his clothes, giving him a look of wealth and assurance.

His eyes roved the car, looking for a waiter. Oh-oh, he thought. There was Andy Wales three seats up and across from him, his nose stuck in a paper. At the same moment, Andy looked up at him and smiled with surprise.

"Hello, Herb. When did you get on?" he said. And then went back to his paper.

Herb let his breath out slowly. Then Andy hadn't seen the blonde. They were, Herb reflected suddenly, all blondes. Janie was New York; Alison was Cleveland; Verne was Chicago—ah, Chicago! And Franny was, or rather, had been, Cincinnati. Even Louise was a blonde. But of course that was different. Louise was sort of washed-out and besides, well—Herb had to laugh at the idea that anyone would think of Louise as a blonde.

"Your order, sir?"

The waiter was standing over him. Herb eyed him narrowly and named a brand.

"I'm sorry, sir, we . . ."

"I know, I know. You never have anything but rotgut on this lousy line." He waited until he could see the waiter's jaw begin to tighten. Then he laughed, loudly and easily. "That's okay, son. Just bring me the best you've got."

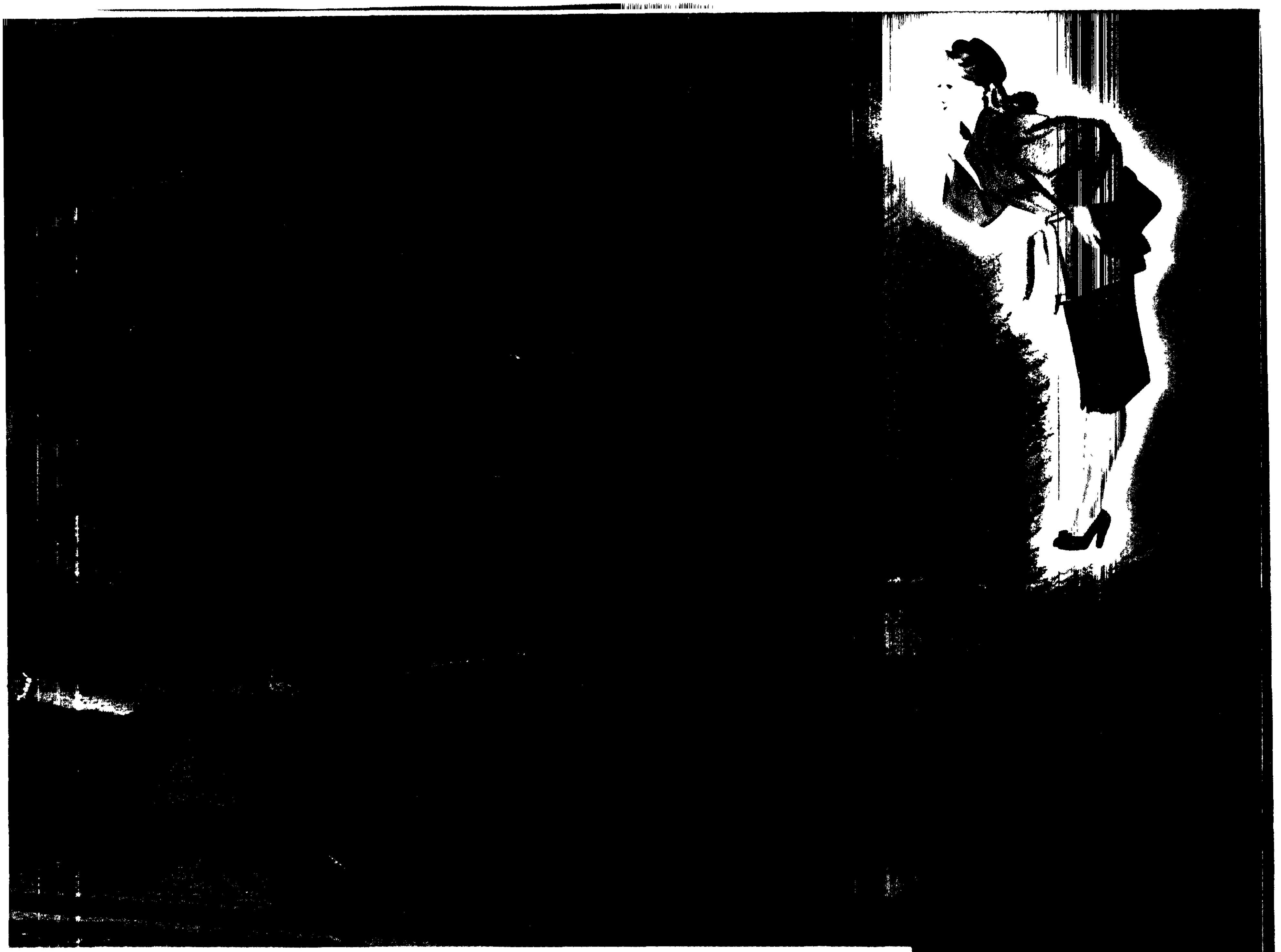
He could see that the other people in the car were smiling slightly at his little game. That was Herb's great accomplishment; he could needle people until they were about ready to blow up, and then he would slip them the old smile—and make 'em love it. As Louise often said, he had a really contagious smile.

Herb jerked his feet back suddenly, not quite in time to get out of the way of a man in a brown suit who had been thrown off balance by a sudden lurch of the train. The damn' clod, he thought, rubbing his shoe against his trouser leg. The man looked familiar; Herb tried to place him. Then he remembered it was only somebody he had seen in the lobby of the Plaza or somewhere. He cut off the man's apology with a smile.

THE waiter brought him the drink and the check. He pulled a lizard wallet from his hip pocket, extracted a wad of bills, and flipped one on the metal tray. "Keep the change, son." The waiter flashed a smile that told him they were pals again.

He rolled the heavy green stuff between his fingers before he slipped it back into his wallet. The wonderful green.

The man beside him got off at Newark. Herb motioned to Andy Wales to come over and sit in the empty chair. He liked Andy. Andy always was a nice quiet fellow, but he never had had much drive. He was looking pretty



eedy now, since he lost his shirt on he market. Old Herb would buy him drink and cheer him up a little.

"Well, Andy, how's the boy?"

Andy seemed a little tired. "Oh, not ad, Herb. You look as if you're do ng okay."

"Can't complain. Sa-ay—I'm glad I an into you, Andy. I ran across a retty good thing back in the city, and thought maybe you'd like to get in n it—" Of course Andy didn't have a ed cent to invest, but it ought to buck im up, make him feel he was back in he running. "I've cleared five thou and on it already. Mixed Metals. ot it?"

Andy was silent for a moment. Then is mouth creased into an uncertain mile, and he spoke without looking t Herb. "Say, Herb—I don't suppose ou—"

Good Lord, Herb thought, he's go g to put the bite on me. I had to go nd open my big mouth. "—Just a ninute, Andy," he said. The steward vas standing at the entrance to the car. erb called out to him. "Pete! Hey, ome here a minute."

The steward turned, his face light ng in a wide grin when he saw Herb. Well! Good afternoon, Mr. Parker. ood to see you again."

"Likewise, Pete. How's the wife and ids?" The steward said they couldn't omplain. "Look, Pete, how about having a little drink with me and Mr. Wales here?"

"Sorry, sir, but it's against the rules. I'll see that you get served right away, though."

Herb took a quick side glance at Andy's face. He could tell by the funny, resigned smile that the danger was past.

"What were you about to say, Andy?"

ANDY shook his head. "I've forgotten," he said slowly. "Boy, Herb, they all know you, don't they?"

Herb smiled modestly. "Well, you know, in my business I do a lot of traveling, and I've discovered it doesn't do any harm to make people remember you. You can never tell when it'll come in handy."

"Away from home a lot, aren't you? I guess it's kind of tough on Louise and the kids. How are they, by the way?"

"Grand, Andy. Grand. Those two girls—" he chuckled. The waiter had brought drinks. Andy flipped two singles on the tray. "Of course, Louise doesn't like it—my being away so much, but you know what a swell sport she is. I've never once heard her complain about it."

No, Louise never complained. Anything he did was okay with her. It always made Herb a little sad to think how dependent she was on him. Herb guessed that most people wouldn't realize it. She was quiet, dignified—but Herb knew. And sometimes he wondered what would happen if she ever suspected that, as far as he was concerned, it was all over.

He hoped she never would find out, because he knew that if she did, her world would cave right smack in on her. It would be pitiful. Well, if he had anything to say about it, she would never find out. Unless—that is—unless something came along that would be too big for him to handle. Unless he really fell hard for a girl. That was a possibility that always had to be faced.

"Well," Herb said, "how about another little libation?"

"No, thanks, Herb. I'll be getting off in a few minutes. You know," Andy said, tossing off the rest of his Scotch, "I had some tough luck a while back. Well, Sarah and I decided that the old house in Philadelphia would be a little too much of a financial burden. So we took this place in Elizabeth. It's really a fine little place, Herb. I want you and Louise to come down and see us soon."

"Sure thing, Andy. You know, I was sorry as hell to hear about that other business. But I guess it can happen to any of us." His voice became

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOME

BY MARCIA KENT DOUGLASS

Their garden helps take the pressure off the Douglasses' food budget. They store and can the surpl

BUDGET WITHOUT WORRY

This is how we deal with the monthly check from our $2,400-a-year income. During the past year we have divided it into:

Rent (including utilities and garage)	$ 50
Food	40
Life Insurance	18
Car and Medical Insurance	10
Investments	10
Floating Fund	72
Total	$200

Of the Floating Fund we figure $22 to be spent immediately for clothes, recreation, donations to charity and incidentals. The remaining $50 goes into a savings account to provide us the big items like furniture, a car, a home, travel. We don't always manage to save the whole $50. But we believe it is a good mark to shoot at, and sometimes we hit it.

Performing all the services possible for themselves—like shining their shoes and washing the car (belo right)—allows the Douglass family to take vacation trips where they often eat and camp out (below, le

This family has two children, a house, car, many electrical appliances, books, records and vacation trips, all on $2,400 a year. Here's how they do it

MY HUSBAND earns $2,400 a year—just about the average for all workers in private industry—and that's the highest it has been in our 15 years of married life. Yet we have lived as well and got as much enjoyment out of life as people with incomes two or three times greater than ours. When we were first married, my husband got $900 a year as a music teacher in a prairie town of 600 population. Only in the last five years has he earned over $2,000.

Yet in that time we have acquired a couple of children, a home, a new car on an average of every five years, good food, attractive clothes, vacation trips to both coasts and many parts of the country in between, and what we feel is our share of the good things of life: season concert tickets, a library of good books, a phonograph record collection, an electric organ, a piano, radio-phonograph, power tools for my husband's woodworking hobby, an electric refrigerator, range and washing machine. We have paid all our doctor bills and have substantial savings in life insurance and investments.

Because our friends often have asked how we do it, I would like to pass along the answers.

We can take no credit for any new or startling discoveries. Any American grandmother used the same principles that we use. Chief among them, I should say, is that we have not scorned to make small savings and that we have been willing to work.

Performing all the services for ourselves that we can is one of our secrets. We have saved literally hundreds of dollars in this way. Shoe shining, washing and waxing the car, gardening, the details of taking care of the yard, house cleaning and laundry, dry cleaning and pressing are all in the day's work with us. I give myself shampoos, waves, manicures, and a friend and I give each other permanents.

And haircuts! Once haircutting seemed to me a most mysterious art—far beyond the knowledge of ordinary mortals. Several years after we were married we dropped in at George and Esther's home one Saturday night and found George on the kitchen stool getting a first-class haircut from his wife. Right then I decided that if Esther could do it, I could too, and a twenty-five-dollar investment in equipment has paid dividends ever since.

When you are learning to barber, it is a good idea to start practicing on Junior, especially if he is of very tender years and not too critical. But don't let him get away from you in the midst of the process, as Mary Landrum did with her Kenny.

Mary is a friend of ours who lives on a ranch. She has five boys whom she runs through the barbering mill in the morning before Sunday school. One morning she was about halfway through with Kenny when they heard a great to-do outside. The cows had broken into the cane field, and the whole family rushed to help chase them out. Kenny's lopsided state was completely forgotten in the scurry that followed to get off to Sunday school, and it was only when Mary saw him, smiling at her from one of the rows of youngsters performing for Children's Day, with one half of his hair short and the other half long, that the horrible truth dawned upon her.

The item in most family budgets that lets the money leak out like a sieve is the grocery bill. That is where we save a lot. We believe that a lot of fancy groceries make for a lot of fancy ailments which take a lot of fancy doctoring. So we eat plain, wholesome food and save both ways.

Edible food is rarely thrown out at our house. Frequently the family refer to the refrigerator as "the museum" (because there is so much old stuff in it), but eventually the contents go into stews and hash, salads and soups and ragouts which they eat with relish. A pox upon those who will not eat leftovers! Anyone who cannot appreciate the goodness of hash made with creamy potatoes, minced onion and meat fried to a golden brown crispness and served with chilled sauerkraut is lacking in all sensitiveness to good eating.

To save on the food bills further, we purchase the bulk of our groceries at chain stores and pay cash. We seldom dine at restaurants, grow many of our vegetables in a small, back-yard garden, and store such as carrots and parsnips in big stone jars in the basement for winter use. We practically live out of the garden (without having to live in it, by the way) from June to November. And I can fruits and jams and pickles. Half the milk we get is skimmed milk. It has all the nutritional value of whole milk, except for the fat in the cream, and costs half as much. We get cracked eggs from a hatchery, saving from one third to one half the regular price.

Serving things that take long, slow cooking is the secret of feeding a family well on less money. (Incidentally, pressure saucepans come to the housewife's rescue in this regard.) Such foods as lima beans in cream (from the tops of the milk bottles), fluffy rice and raisins baked in custard, spaghetti and meat balls, chili, baked macaroni and cheese—there are dozens of similar dishes that cost very little and yet make wonderfully appetizing and nourishing meals. Here are some recipes:

LIMA BEANS

Soak one cup of dry lima beans overnight. Add one tablespoon of salt, two stalks of celery, two tablespoons of bacon drippings or ham fat and enough water to cover. Cook until beans are tender and until very little liquid is left on them (about two hours). Five minutes before serving add one cup of sweet (or sour) cream. Do not let the beans boil after the addition of the cream or the consistency will not be smooth.

SPAGHETTI

Brown one pound of ground beef, then pour off the excess fat. Add two large onions that have been minced, one clove of garlic and one cup of diced celery. When the onion and the celery are limp, add one pint of tomato juice and one teaspoon of chili powder. Simmer for a half hour or longer, adding water if the mixture becomes too thick. Cook one-half package of spaghetti until tender. Add to the meat mixture and cook one-half hour longer.

Clothing is a major item in any family—no less in ours. When I was a child it was a common practice among our neighbors to pass clothing around. It was no disgrace to wear a dress that a little neighbor girl had outgrown. Fortunately we have old-fashioned neighbors who believe in the good old practice, and it helps immeasurably in clothing our youngsters. Similarly we pass on our children's outgrown shoes and snow suits, coats and play clothes. Also we are believers in "making over" and "making do."

Then there is the old-fashioned habit of Sunday clothes. We do not wear our best clothing for everyday. Hence there is always a decent outfit to put on in case of emergency.

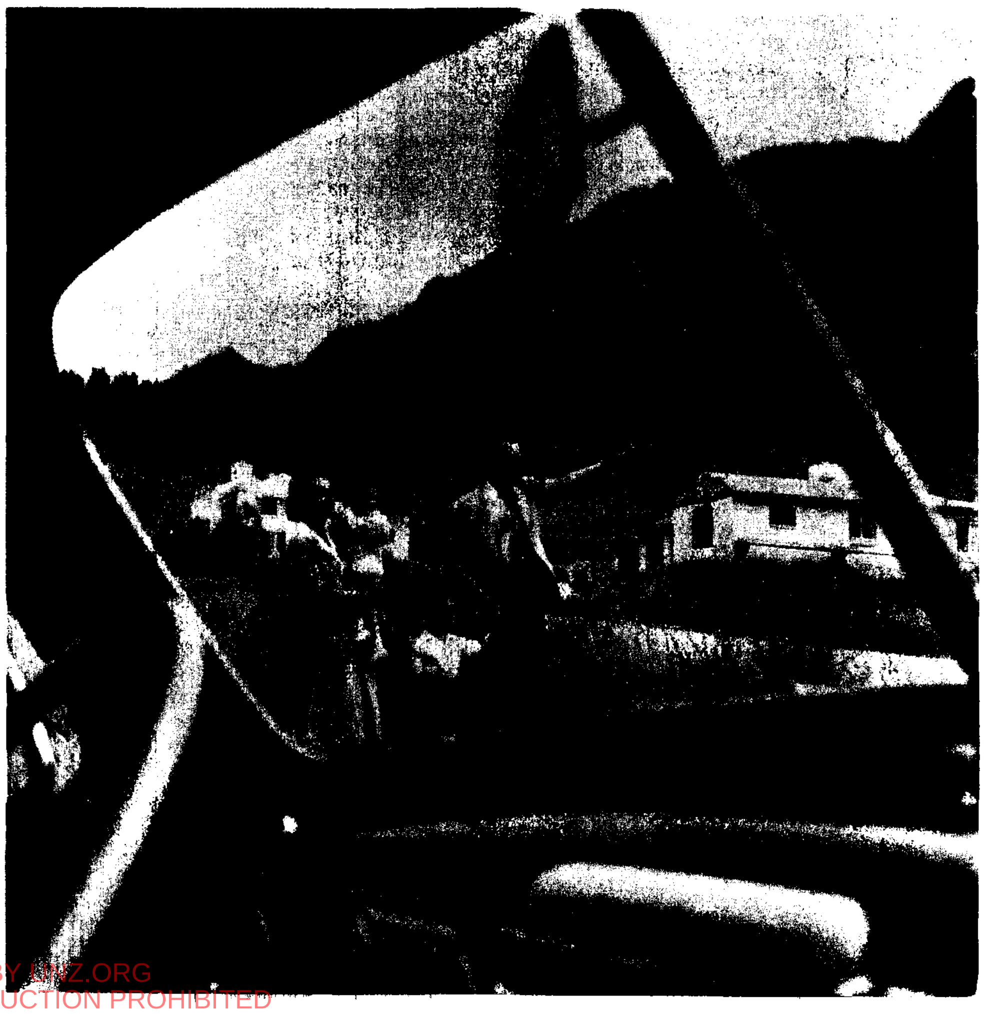
Other people might not want to save on the items we do. Perhaps they would prefer to spend their money in other ways. But the main point, it seems to us, is to decide how you want to spend your money and then manage other things so that you can spend it that way. It gives us a lot of satisfaction to have a good home in a well-improved section of town, furnished beautifully, and surrounded by a big yard where we can play and grow our favorite flowers.

(Continued on page 102)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

Mrs. Douglass has now mastered the very difficult art of cutting her children's hair. When she first started, some of her results could charitably be called piebald

The Douglasses look over the site on which they will build their house—normal cost $12,000. But barter, job swapping will cut cost way down



HERE IS AMERICA

Across the nation by bus, a reporter talks to Americans about their troubles. Domestic problems are not their only concern. They're also worried about our relations with Russia, about foreign loans—and about a new war

BY THOMAS H. WOLF

PART II

Communism, war and the atom bomb are always talked about, but few seem to worry

CONFUSION and dissatisfaction on the domestic front: That is the outstanding impression of America's feelings that I brought back from my transcontinental bus tour. Housing, the high cost of living and juvenile delinquency were the chief local concerns of the ordinary Americans with whom I talked. On the international front the outstanding impression I got was one of overwhelming interest in foreign affairs.

The great majority of my fellow bus travelers volunteered comments on international affairs. All I had to ask was: "What are people in your community thinking about?" Almost everyone answered that his home town is more interested in foreign affairs today than before the war. Only the barest handful agreed with the middle-aged saleslady from Portland, Indiana, who said, "There's less talk of Europe in my home town. People are plain tired of hearing about it."

By contrast, literally hundreds concurred with Mrs. George Hall, wife of a trolley repairman in Carmel, Indiana: "I believe that talk about Europe is in every household now." Or with a lean, overalled corn farmer from Clarence, Missouri: "These days you can whip up a good argument over them loans to Europe. You sure couldn't have before the war." And I could have been drunk twice every day had I accepted the bet of a sailor I met as our bus labored through the coal hills of Pennsylvania: "I'll buy you a drink for every sailor, soldier or Marine who follows what they put in the newspapers."

My traveling companions gave a wide variety of reasons for the increased current interest in foreign affairs. A Wyoming rancher's wife said, "During the war we got used to listening to the radio news, and I guess the habit stuck." A seed and nursery salesman from St. Joseph: "Today I find that I read articles on Germany and Russia where I never did before the war, because I figure that what they're planning to do has a whole lot to do with us."

I found that people were keeping up with foreign news "because we've been there" (a vet from Missoula, Montana); "because it concerns our children" (a Nebraska grandmother); "because the burdens of the world will fall on us" (a McMinnville, Oregon, college student); "because since that other experience [World War II] we've got to keep our eyes open" (a Seattle patrolman whose beat is the Navy docks).

The recent war brought a continuing interest in other ways. As a housewife from Terre Haute, Indiana, said, "The plants which the government built during the war are working on foreign orders now. For the first time a lot of people see that local industry has interests in what's happening abroad. So they're just naturally interested, too."

Above all, I found that people everywhere in America were following foreign news because of their concern with Russia. It was not until I reached the Mountain States that I found an appreciable number of people who said there wasn't much talk about Russia in their home towns.

Unquestionably the greatest number of people I met were simply talking and wondering. A very small minority, however, believed that war was not only imminent, but desirable. I first heard this opinion expressed somewhere near Easton, Pennsylvania (from a sailor who had joined the Navy in 1943): "There isn't a man aboard who doesn't want to see Russia knocked to hell and back."

VIOLENCE
U S PUZZLE
PEACE IS
RUSSIA VETOS
EUROPE DIVIDED
SOVIET
COMMUNISTS
STALIN AND MOLOTOV

Americans are confused by the news they get: "Some say one thing, some another"

A gaunt young veteran, now employed by Du Pont in New Jersey, said, "My motto is get Russia before she gets us." A youthful St. Louis cabbie: "All I know is that we've got an ace in the hole with that atomic bomb," he said. And I'm ashamed to report that he laughed as he added: "If I was running the government, I'd use it before Russia gets it." And a logger from Helena, Montana, said, "Most people seem to think that since it's inevitable, we might as well get it out of the way right now. I agree."

By the time I reached the West Coast I found that the war talk had reached the rumor stage in some cases. A young air force G.I. confided that we are building up our troop strength in the E.T.O. again. A Spokane cabdriver told me he "had seen the orders" calling a fellow driver, a reserve officer, to active duty again. And a Seattle policeman said he had just met a fellow whose 60-day furlough was canceled on an emergency basis after seven days.

The minority which welcomed a showdown of arms with Russia was tiny. But the group which believed that war was inevitable, however undesirable, was disconcertingly large. This feeling seemed to be particularly strong in the East. A New York patent attorney said, "Just read Stalin and Lenin the way you read Hitler's Mein Kampf and you'll see that there will be war if Stalin and his crew stay in power." A girl from a Brooklyn dress factory: "People I know have been talking about war with Russia ever since V-E Day." A bus driver from Ohio: "I was playing penny ante poker the other night with six veterans and they all think that sooner or later someone has to be top dog."

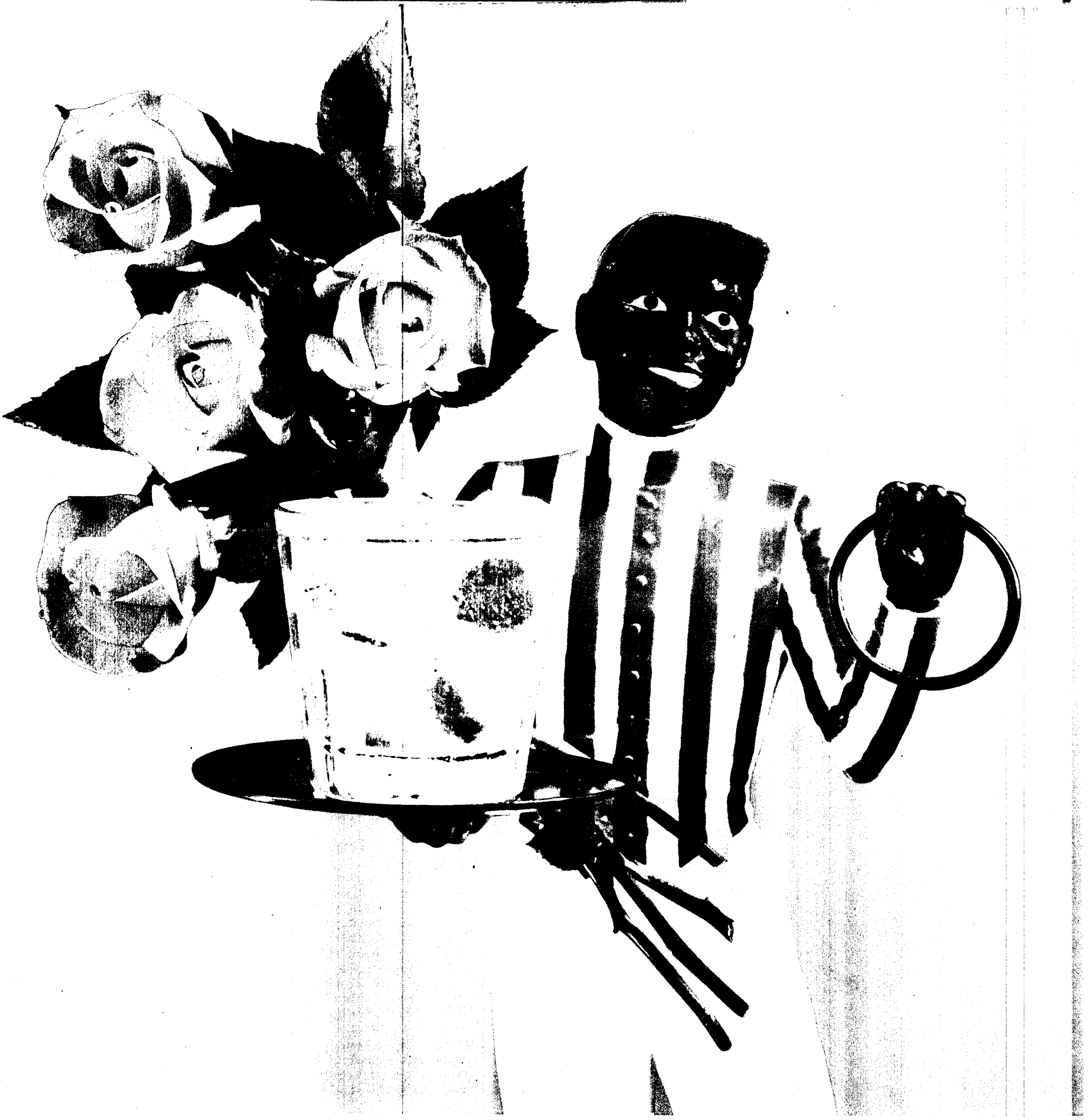
In looking over my notes I find that while most people who talked of war did so in terms of Russia, there was an appreciable number who simply believed that there will always be wars. Their reasons run from religious to economic. A pretty young Billings salesman's wife believed that "it's all foretold in the Bible and Armageddon will surely come." A Seattle sheet-metal worker had it figured this way: "They're teaching the young to hate Russia because historically war buys prosperity, and they think that we may be needing our share of that one day soon."

In between these two extremes are views like those of the Maple River, Iowa, language student: "There will always be war just the way a husband and wife will always fight." And numbers of people simply dismissed the whole subject with a fatalistic: "I believe that history repeats."

Happily I discovered, particularly as I got farther and farther West, that for everyone I met who thought that war was surely coming there was another who was angry at the talk of war. As Jerry Weir, a student at the University of Montana, said, "Most of the fellows who've come back wonder why the hell the big shots don't shut up about another war." A Missouri businessman: "Hate Russia is the order of the day. How can we make a better world when we teach our children to hate?" A Montana truck driver, a regular Navy flier until he cracked up just before the war: "The G.I.s aren't talking war. It's just the civilians." And an elderly corn farmer from Kenton, Ohio: "I think that we would be a lot better (Continued on page 28)

"Europeans look to us for help," said most of those interviewed. "We can't fail them"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI



A real old-fashioned hitching post

We put the four red roses and the cocktail on this old-fashioned hitching post to make it an even more delightful symbol of welcome for arriving guests.

For there's nothing quite so heart-warming as a real Old Fashioned cocktail made with that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

That's because Four Roses has a special, distinctive flavor all its own—rich, velvety-smooth, and satisfying—a flavor that's *different* from that of any whiskey you've ever tasted.

We wish you'd try Four Roses—today. At the very first sip, you'll see what we mean.

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Fine Blended Whiskey—90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Perfect Approach!
. . . FOR DISTINCTIVE STYLING AND FINE PERFORMANCE
SKYWAY
$8.50 to $11.50
DISTANT POINTS SLIGHTLY HIGHER
American Gentleman Shoes
Write for Name of Nearest Dealer
AMERICAN GENTLEMAN DIVISION
Craddock Terry Shoe Corp., Lynchburg, Va.

HERE IS AMERICA

Continued from page 26

off if all this war talk died down."

All in all, despite an alarming amount of talk, I felt that most Americans do not really expect another war—certainly not for many years. I arrived at this conclusion by a not-very-complicated process of deduction, not simply by totaling the opinions pro and con. It happened this way:

Even before I reached Youngstown I was struck by the fact that those who talked most positively about the immediacy of war were often the least worried about the future. (Here again was the inconsistency of opinion which I found so marked on so many subjects.) I repeatedly asked how these people could talk of war and yet be so complacent. No one of them gave a thoroughly satisfactory answer. I realized that our atomic superiority must have been behind much of the confidence which I encountered—though less than a dozen people mentioned it specifically.

In the Middle West, especially, I found some people who refused to worry for religious reasons: "Thy will be done," or "certain things are predestined to happen and nothing is going to stop them." Much of the lack of worry seemed to stem from the native American feeling that, in the words of a handsome, gray-haired Washington lumberman, "If we've got to lick 'em, we'll lick 'em, that's all."

But I suspect that an electrician from Oakland, California, came closest to revealing the real reason for the general lack of worry. First he explained it by saying, "I worked on the Russian ships when they came in for repairs during the war. I saw them. That's why I'm not afraid." But then he added, almost as an afterthought, "And, anyway, I don't think they'll come over here."

Many Expect War

In that afterthought, I believe, he expressed the real feeling of most of his fellow Americans. Many said they did expect war. But because so few were at all worried I deduced that in their heart of hearts they secretly didn't think war was as inevitable as they pretended.

Whatever their thoughts on the future of world peace, I found almost no one who had much faith in the United Nations. I got all the way to Spokane before I heard anyone (she was a waitress) say flatly: "I think the U.N. will pull us out eventually." Only a very small minority was even hopeful.

The biggest specific complaint against the U.N. was summed up by an ex-serviceman from Pennsylvania who asked why the United Nations insisted on unanimity, "when that way Russia can balk the will of the rest of the world." And many a passenger agreed with Joe Wells, publisher of the Troy, Missouri, Free Press, that "we ought to go ahead in the U.N. without Russia."

Most of the people who told me that they were discouraged with the proceedings at Lake Success simply let it go at that. But one middle-aged housewife from Greybull, Wyoming, added, "Why, even the League of Nations done better than they are." And a construction engineer from Lexington, Kentucky, went the whole hog: "They ought to send the U.N. out to some Pacific island and use all that construction in New York for housing."

This does not mean that America is returning to isolationism. Of the hundreds of people I talked to between New York and Seattle, only one—a salesman from Kansas City—thought that his community was drifting back toward isolation. And he personally disapproved of such a trend.

Though I found many who wished that isolation were possible, almost none thought that it was. In the words of a Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Diesel mechanic: "If isolation were a solution, I'd certainly favor it. But instead of making things better, it makes them worse."

In reading the opinions that follow, bear in mind that they come for the most part from average Americans—Americans who travel by bus. Remember too that at the time I rode across America every community's legionnaires—of two world wars—were preparing to go to New York for their annual convention.

Here, then, is America on the subject of isolation: The wife of a King City, Missouri, farmer: "In talking about war we used to say, 'Let them fight it out over there.' But we've gotten over that. We realize that we don't have to be an aggressor these days to get into war." The young wife of an Omaha bus driver: "Everyone realizes that what happens over there affects us over here." A middle-aged stenographer from Salt Lake City: "Whether we like it or not, we can't cut ourselves off from Europe." A farmer from Ellensburg, Washington: "Leaving Europe alone would suit me fine. But how do you propose to do it?" The wife of an R.E.A. trouble shooter in Tekamah, Nebraska: "People who are smart know that we can't isolate ourselves." A migratory harvest hand from Wyoming: "Isolation is like sitting next to a bear and throwing your stick away." A clerk in Casper, Wyoming: "Things that happen abroad is like they was happening in your own back yard." An elderly housewife from Bedford, Iowa: "Well, here's how we feel about it: We've adopted a Dutch family." And a gray-haired minister from Billings: "Isolation? That's what beat Senator Wheeler."

PATIENCE WILL BE WORN THIS YEAR, TOO

Dear gents, we do apologize
For the longer skirt, the altered size
Of waist and hip and slanted shoulder,
For modes that make us odd or older
Than we seemed in recent seasons:
New York and Paris rule our reasons.
And, though you rant and frown and smile
We must obey and be in style.
We like the change no more than you do
But it's no catastrophe voodoo.

The Trojan lines, when Helen flirted,
Were long on yardage, ankle-skirted.
Dubarry's padded hips were phony
And Cleo's drapery still made Tony
(Not to mention her pal Caesar)
Anxious to befriend and please her.
Romeo's heart was quite up-bolstered
Though Juliet was much upholstered.
Nell Gwyn's hemlines didn't cool
King Charles' wish to roost and rule,
And Adam probably didn't leer
Till Eve wore shrubbery here and here.

So, boys, don't think your passion blinded
Because the girls are fashion-minded.
Style trends are mental thorns and thistles
But woman still winks—and man still whistles.

—Phyllis Wright

Opinions like these, and I could cite scores more, leave no doubt as to where the country stands on isolation. When the first passengers with whom I talked spoke in this vein, I jumped to the corollary conclusion that the country must overwhelmingly favor loans to Europe—as a concrete rejection of isolation.

I quickly discovered, however, that this conclusion does not necessarily follow. For on the related subjects of isolation and aid for Europe, as on so many others, I often found complete inconsistency between the several opinions of one individual. A typical example was a young nurse from Scottsbluff, Nebraska. "The trend in my community, especially among the younger generation, is to say that world affairs are our affairs," she said. But a moment later she added, "It seems to me like now that the war is over we should get back to peace and keep our money here."

At the end of nine days of bus travel from coast to coast my strong impression was that most Americans do in fact favor loans. But the reason they do so is not that they have rejected isolationism, but because helping people in need is the Christian or humanitarian thing to do. The wife of a salesman from Deaver, Wyoming, put into words the feeling I sensed from one end of America to the other: "It's awful to have to loan all that money," she said. "But what'cha going to do? They're starving!"

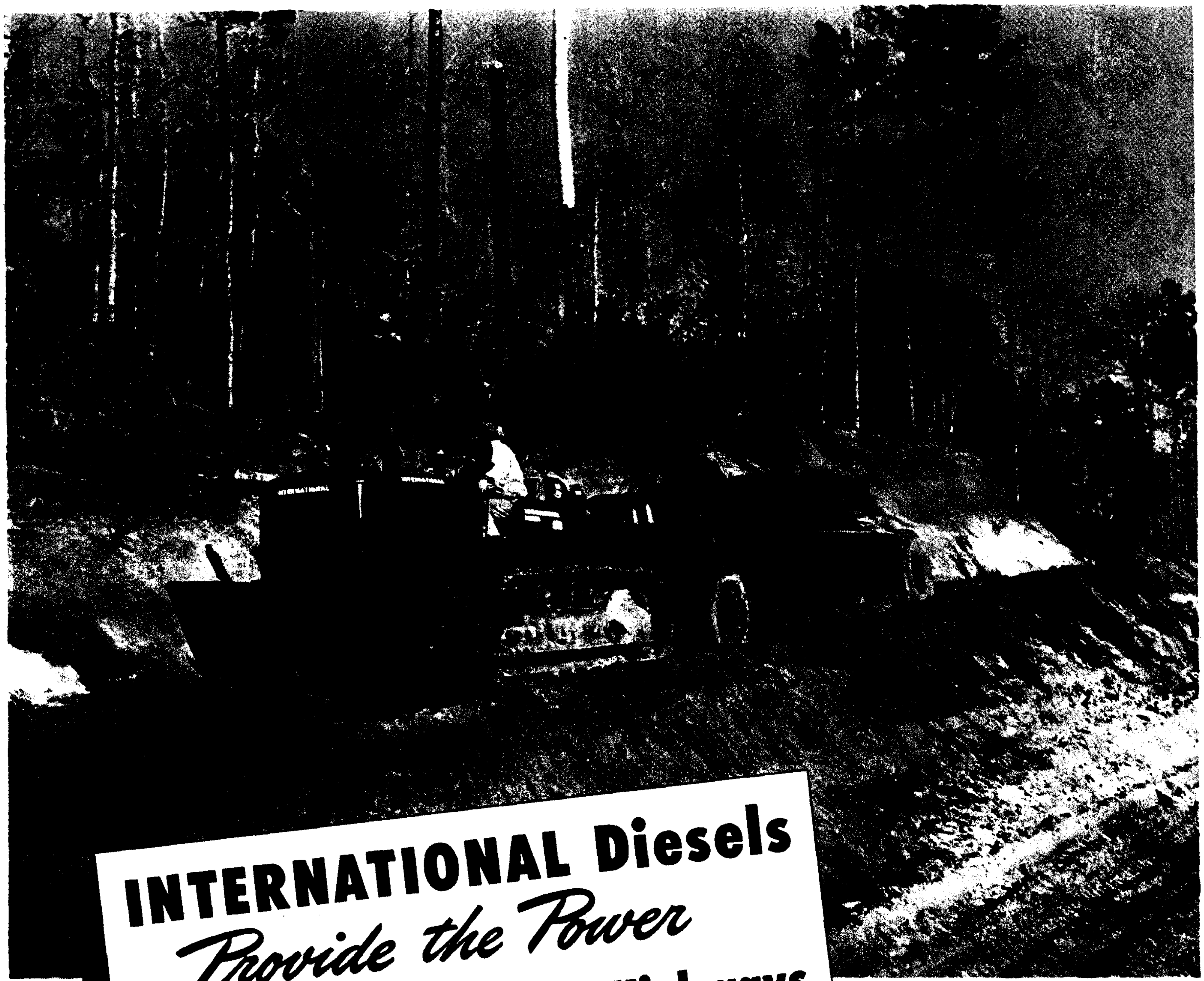
Realizing Europe's Need

Each person expressed it somewhat differently, but it all added up to the same reasoning. A Pennsylvania cook: "We're supposed to be the leaders of Christianity. Well, it's plain un-Christian to let the rest of the world down." A working preacher from Youngstown: "We must help Europe for the principles of freedom and our duty to humanity." An Iowa butcher: "I suppose you can't let them starve as long as we have money." A Cheyenne oil-field hand: "I don't feel you accomplish anything by whipping a man after he's been whipped." And a Missouri truck driver: "I know they've got to have it. I was there."

While I am convinced that the majority of the people I met did favor loans, it is also unquestionably true that most did so with an important reservation—which was summed up time and again with the adage: "Charity begins at home." Some, like a widow from Salina, Kansas, who worked in a tent factory put it on a very personal basis: "Help Europe get on its feet? I guess that's all right, but my first problem is getting on my own feet."

Others, like M. T. Hayes, a retired Perry, Missouri, farmer, stated the case in more general terms: "I believe in taking care of our own first and then sharing out what's left. That's Americanism." And a blond, overalled Omaha mill worker put it on still a more practical basis: "I think we should lend a per cent of our surplus, but we ought to get ourselves in shape first. We can't help them much if we're in bad shape here at home."

When people were specific about how we should go about "getting ourselves into shape first," they invariably suggested stopping the shipment of cars, refrigerators and construction materials. Many people were certain that these items were going to Europe wholesale



INTERNATIONAL Diesels
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to Pioneer Tomorrow's Highways

Tomorrow's highways are being cut through wilderness, through swamp, across the mountains and the limitless plains. *Pioneering* is the word for it.

Pioneering takes power—bulldogged *power.* International Diesel Crawlers provide it. In the hands of skilled operators they move vast quantities of earth, cutting through hills and filling the valleys to give you highways that are direct, smooth, broad and *safe!*

Pioneering these roads is only one of the many jobs which International Diesels do. They log the forests, work the mines, quarry the useful rocks and excavate for all kinds of construction—at minimum cost. They serve industry *everywhere.*

More and bigger International Diesel Crawlers are being built to meet the demands of contractors and construction men who prefer the advantages which International Diesels provide.

Industrial Power Division
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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars"—NBC Sunday!

INTERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

You Haven't Got a Ghost of a Chance!
WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT MY CHANCES WITH SUE? ARE YOU A MIND READER OR SOMETHING?
IT DOESN'T TAKE A MIND READER TO KNOW HOW SUE FEELS ABOUT BAD BREATH! SO—BETTER SEE YOUR DENTIST, JOE!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
JOE'S SURE IN LUCK SINCE I SET HIM RIGHT! NOW SUE LETS HIM HAUNT HER HOUSE EACH NIGHT!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!

on a relief basis. This idea was particularly galling to Steve Reed, a well-built construction worker from New York City, because "those Frenchmen have more dollars than they know what to do with. Why, every French workingman is driving around right now in a new American car."

In looking back over my notes I find relatively few people who favored loans on the hardheaded basis of enlightened self-interest. Those who did said such things as, "We have to lend to Europe because otherwise Rooshia will squeeze us out" (the wife of a retired Missouri farmer); or "The Marshall plan postpones the spread of Communism" (a New York lawyer).

A husky welder who has spent the last 30 years roaming around the country put it on a slightly different basis: "If Europe doesn't prosper, we don't either." And a number of people combined the idea of self-interest with duty to humanity, like the young Chicago home economist who said, "We can't have true friendship without helping." Or the Seattle cop who thought that "it's better to have the good will of other nations than their anger."

Americans Need Help, Too

So much for the majority of the bus-riding Americans whom I met. They favor loans, most of them on an "after us" basis. The same reasoning was given by the biggest group which opposed loans—the difference being that they believed that "after us" there would be nothing left. Jack Clark, a bookkeeper in a Dayton, Wyoming, sugar beet factory, perfectly summarized this feeling: "We could make a wonderful country out of this for the money we're spending over there." Or, in the words of an Indianapolis warehouseman: "Tennessee needs it as bad as Europe."

I found that those who opposed loans on grounds of hate, prejudice or what was termed "good, common sense" were very much in the minority. One Ohio bus driver explained the "common sense" theory by saying, "This damn' country is nuts to think it can feed, clothe and house the rest of the world."

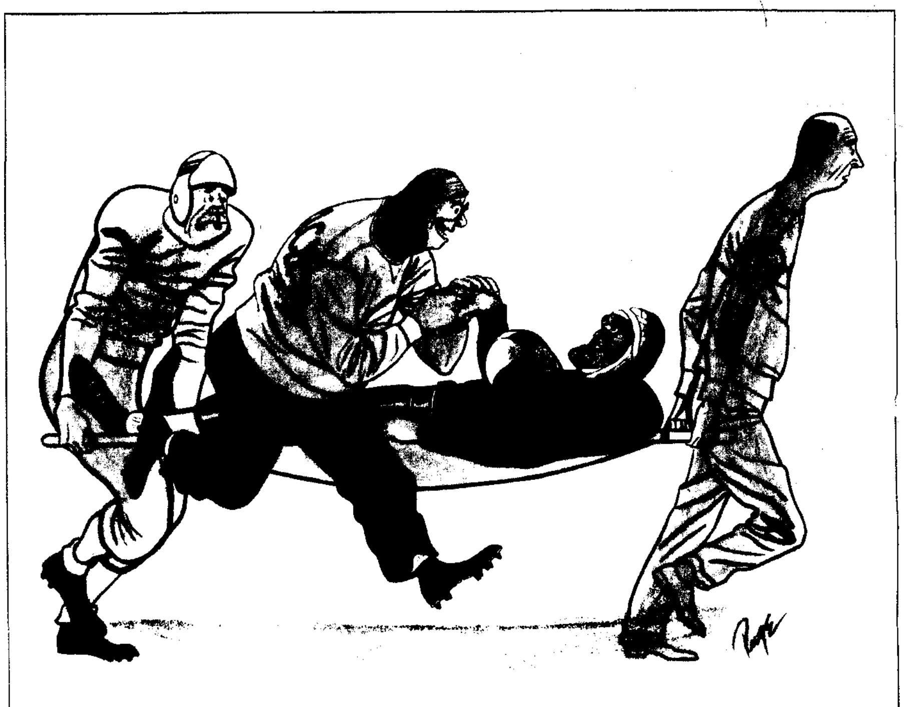
A considerable number of those opposed to foreign loans were influenced by America's past experiences in the matter of repayment. A sunken-cheeked Canton, Ohio, saleswoman complained: "They're going to bleed our country something terrible to provide for those countries. They'll never repay it, and that will mean big taxes for those of us who work." And an Indiana businessman went one step further: "Experience shows that we pay in two ways. They buy with our money on our market, and that raises prices here at home. And then they don't bother to pay back what they borrowed."

I ran into several people who were specifically against loans to England "because she's fifty years behind the times" or "because she's all washed up." One ex-soldier was especially vehement on the subject of aid to Britain "because they misused Lend-Lease so badly. Why, I saw it rotting all over the fields." And one big, middle-aged harvest hand from Iola, Kansas, didn't trust England because "they're all over there across the water and it's more or less human nature for them to click together." But despite these opinions, and a few others like them, I found much less anti-British sentiment than I would have expected.

I did, however, find a big section of opinion against loans to either Russia or Germany. The line of reasoning in both cases was simple and direct: Remember what happened when we gave scrap to Japan. (Almost no one, incidentally, even on the West Coast, was paying much attention to events in the Far East.) Only the tiniest minority were against aid to Europe on the over-all basis that, as a Clarence, Missouri, farmer said, "They started it, and they ought to suffer for it."

I did find a number of people who would be willing to lend even to our former enemies if we have some guarantee, as a St. Louis bus driver put it, that "if we feed them up we won't have to go back and whip them all over again." This feeling of the need for supervision of loans extended also to our allies. "I'll tell you straight from the collar," an old, American-born carpenter of Finnish extraction and accent confided. "Loans are okay if the money helps the people." And a young merchant seaman from Sharon, Pennsylvania, explained what this Finnish-American had in mind by saying, "I think that all our money is going straight into the black markets over there, making the rich richer, instead of helping the people who need it."

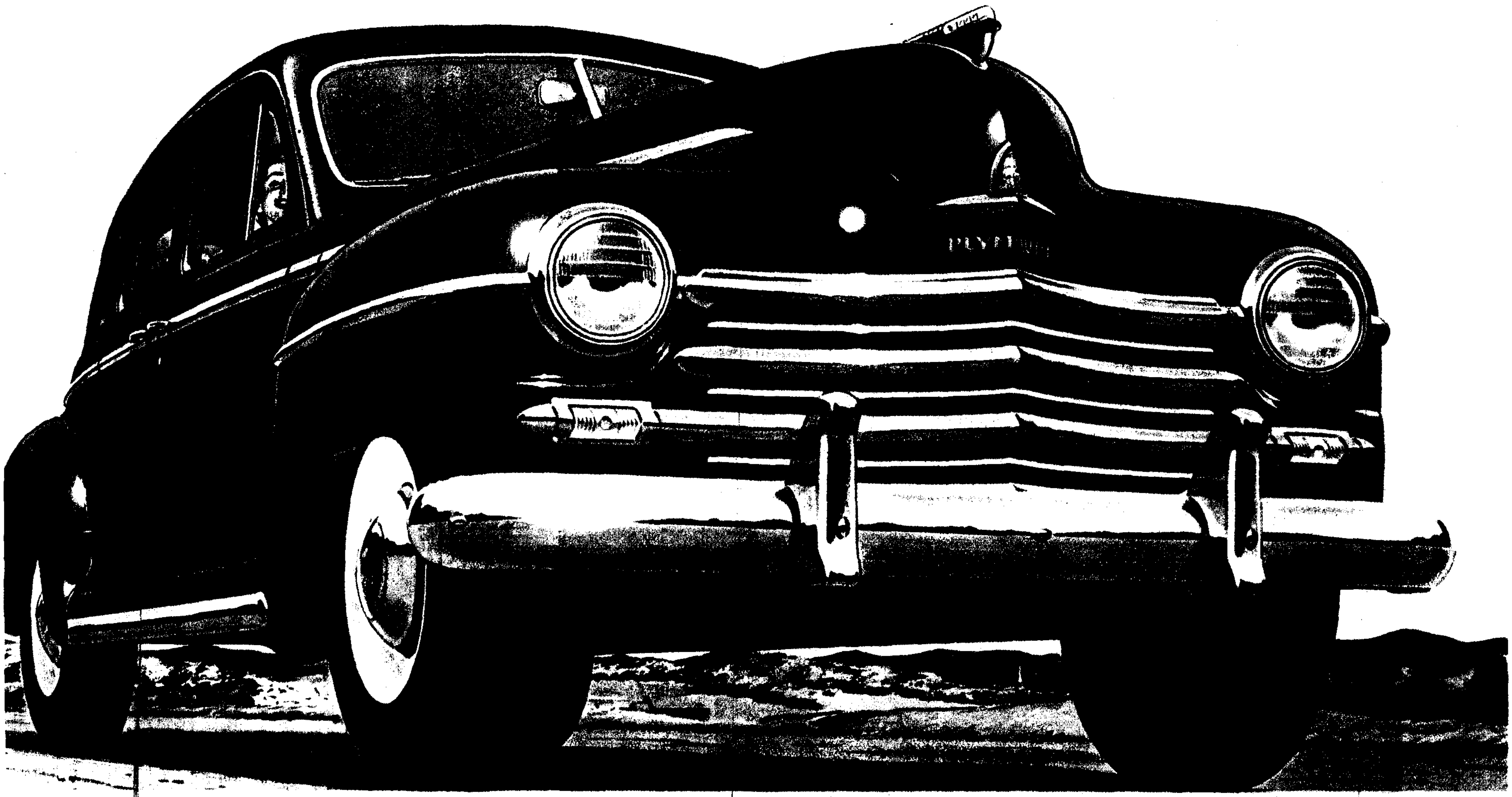
One aspect of my fellow travelers' opinions on the subject of loans seems worth underlining. A young Ohio theological student told me, "In my community most people seem to be against loans. But personally, I'm for them." And I discovered that time and again the people who said that they thought their home towns were against aid to Europe



"Cznsmanski, I'm proud of you! That was using the old bean!"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

This Box Score Shows Your No.1 Car Buy



Your nearby Plymouth dealer will accept your order. And he'll provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

It's fair to compare—and the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's makes it easy. It shows you the 21 quality features found in most high-priced cars. It shows you how the three leading low-priced cars stack up in number of high-priced car features.

The results are summarized right on this page—a 20-9-8 score, with Plymouth rolling up the 20. But don't take our word for it. See for yourself the complete "play-by-play" account in the detailed Quality Chart.

You'll find that Plymouth is the one car in the lowest-priced field that's most like high-priced cars—the big value buy for performance, flawless riding comfort, safety, economy.

However you look at it, Plymouth is the car that gives you more for your money.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

If it's VALUE you want it's PLYMOUTH you want

Autumn time is football time... action and excitement fill the air. But LEAF Gum time is all the time...'cause LEAF's delicious minty flavor is longer lasting.
Stay Sweet with
LEAF SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM
LEAF LEAFMINT PEPPERMINT GUM
LEAF CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LINGERS LONGER

went on to add that they did not share that feeling. Since most people do not wander into the corner drugstore and hail a friend, "Hello, Pete, what do you think of foreign loans?" I could not help wondering whether personal opinions were not more valid than estimates of community feelings. If they are, and I have no way of telling, then America is even more strongly in favor of aid to Europe than I have indicated.

Of all the people I met, I believe that a middle-aged truck driver most closely expressed the majority opinion: "It looks to me like we ought to take care of our own first and then help them others." And he added, "*If* they need it."

"If . . ." Over and over again I found Americans saying "if"—seeking information, yet doubtful and confused by the information they are getting. This confusion extends to all phases of life, not only foreign affairs. Sue Taliga, who gets up at 5 A.M. every day to reach her Hazleton, Pennsylvania, knitting mill at 7 o'clock, is pretty typical. She follows the news carefully, but, she complains, "Some of the leaders says one thing and some another. If they're confused, what am I supposed to think?"

Confusion of the leaders. That's one reason for the confusion of the people. A Missouri businessman gave another: "Most people here are of the opinion that the government isn't giving us enough information to form an opinion intelligently." And A. E. Halferty, manager of the bus terminal in Youngstown, expressed still another doubt: "We just don't know who is telling the truth," he said. "I sure would like to know what our high command thinks."

A great, great many people put the responsibility for their confusion directly on the doorstep of the nation's press. Time and again I heard opinions which jibed perfectly with the statement made by May Haneley, an international representative of the I.L.G.W.U. in Vandalia, Missouri: "It's hard to know what to think when one paper says one thing and another something else and the radio still a third thing."

As for myself, at the end of more than 3,000 miles of bus travel, I am not confused about certain basic patterns of current American thought.

America's first interests were in personal, purely local events. Everywhere this included a deep concern about prices and housing.

Few people were worrying about a depression, but many were confused and dissatisfied.

Almost nothing else on the national domestic scene was attracting much attention or interest—neither politics nor taxes nor labor.

But everywhere I went I found all eyes were focused on international problems. And the international subject America was talking about most was our relations with Russia.

There seemed to be more talk of war in the East. It died down sharply by the time I reached the western plains. Though many said that war was inevitable—estimates ranging from six months to 25 years—I felt that nothing like a majority really thinks that war is coming.

In any case, and whatever the reasons (faith in the United Nations is not one of them), I found almost no one worrying about war.

Majority Favors Foreign Loans

Nowhere did I find anyone talking or thinking of isolation, but it did not follow that everyone who was nonisolationist was by the same token in favor of loans to Europe. I found that a majority did favor such loans, but for humanitarian reasons and on a "charity begins at home" basis.

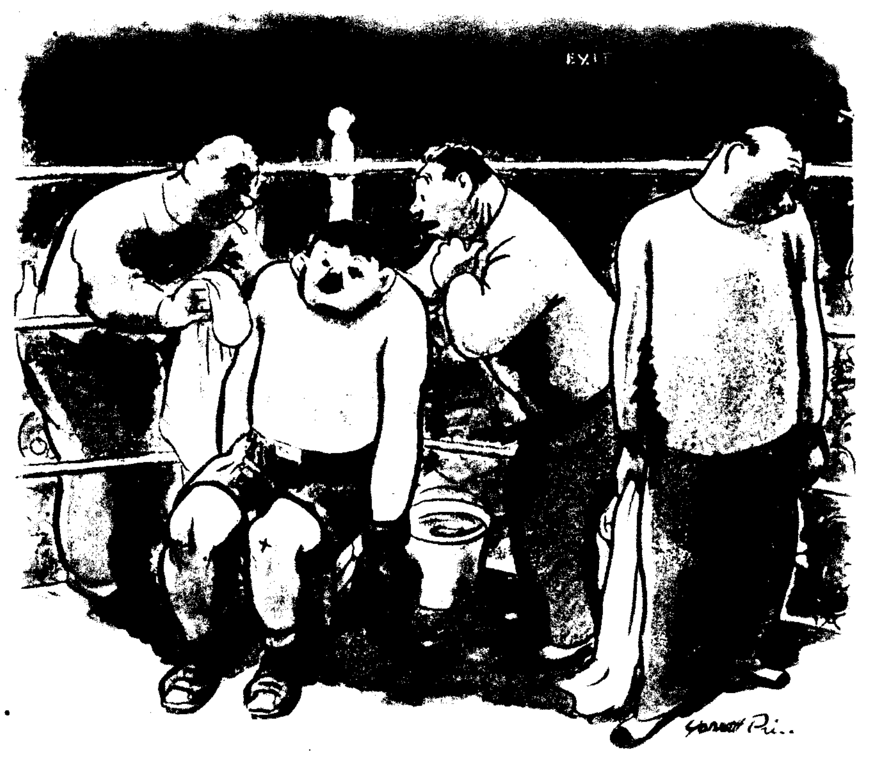
Over and above all, I found Americans seeking information on foreign affairs as never before in peacetime. They were listening more carefully to their radios, reading more newspapers and more magazines than ever before.

Yet for all of this I found widespread confusion. And who can deny that there are reasons for it on all sides? I ended my transcontinental bus trip with a visit to friends in Tacoma, only an hour's drive from Seattle.

On the way we passed the big Todd Shipyards, and my host pointed to a fleet of baby aircraft carriers lying at anchor. It was night, so I couldn't count them. But my friend told me that there were more than a dozen of them, just rotting there.

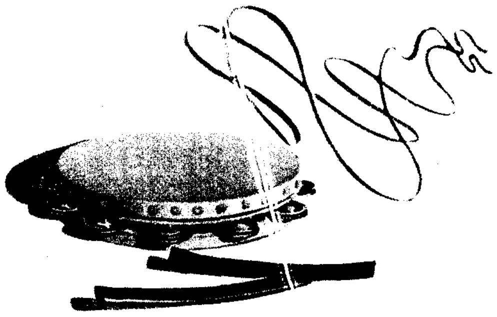
I asked him why they weren't being cut up for scrap in view of the nationwide demand for construction materials. "Well," he replied, "you know how things are these days." And he eloquently shrugged his shoulders.

THE END

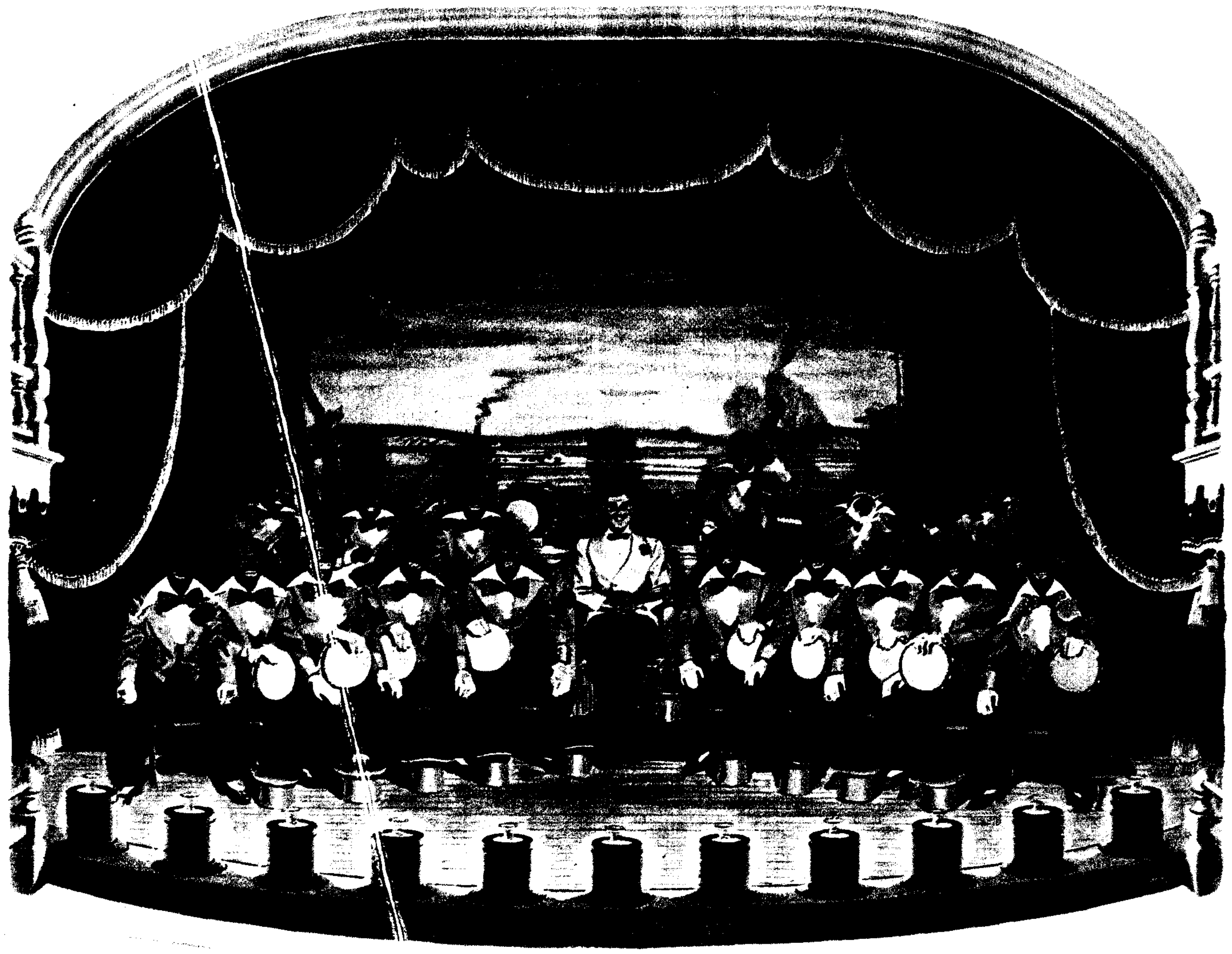


"Make a showing for Max's sake—he's given up already"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE



American Originals



"Gentlemen, be seated!" With these traditional words the Interlocutor opened the old-time Minstrel Show, an American Original, this country's unique contribution to the theatre.

Another unique contribution to the nation's enjoyment is Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin, an American Original, the first basic improvement in gin in over 300 years.

Your own eye, your own taste will tell you it's a different gin. Different in its natural golden color. Different in its sippingly smooth flavor.

So smooth, in fact, it needs very little added to make the "dry-est" Martini in the world.

This is the *natural* result of Seagram's leisurely, time-honored method of production, exclusive with Seagram.

At your favorite bar or liquor store.

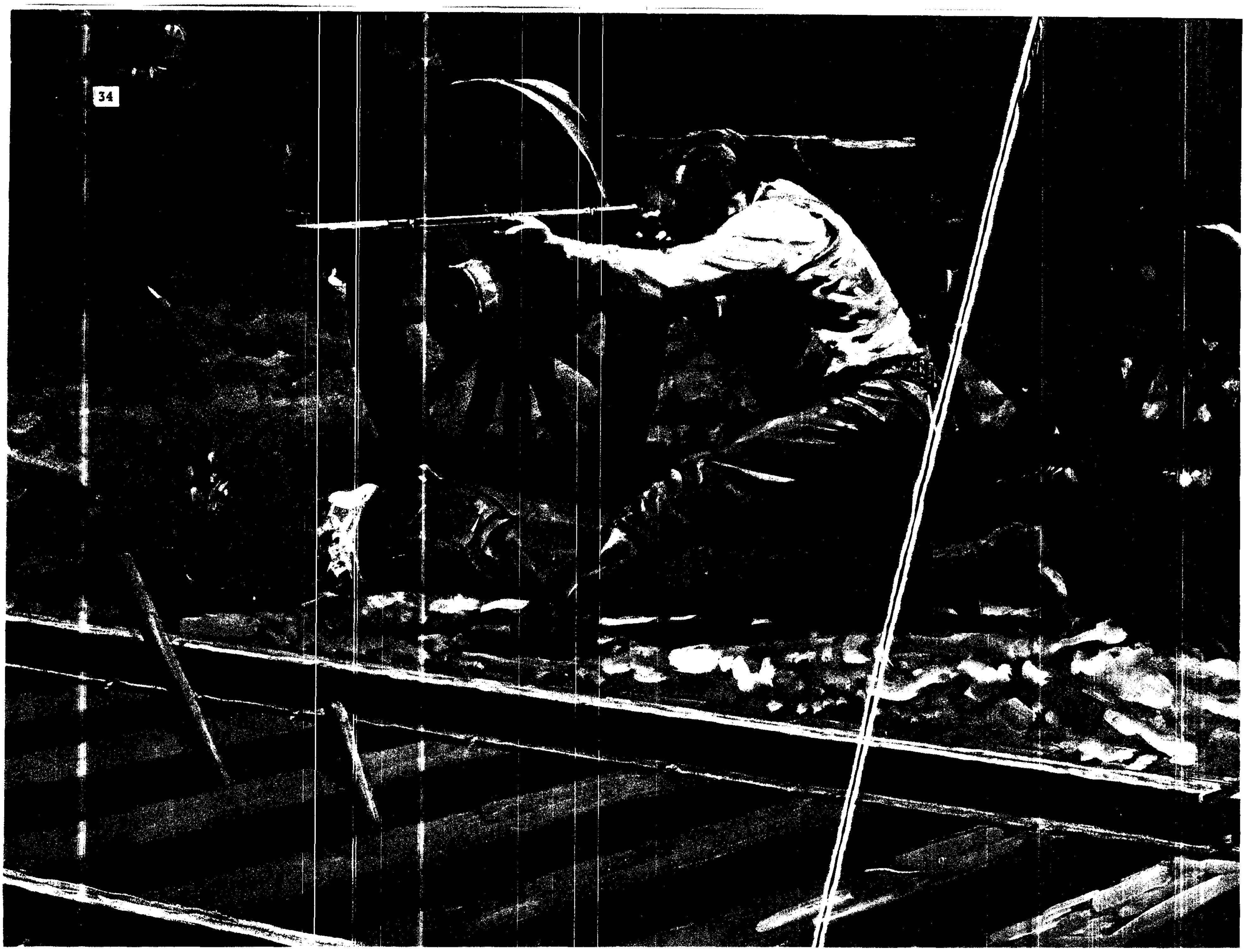
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle Gin
DISTILLED DRY

Naturally "golden"
Naturally "dry-est"

The American ORIGINAL
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin

The original "ancient" bottle (left) will, when available, replace the present standard bottle.

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK



Lineer stumbled down beside the lifeless Georgie Price and, with an aching oath, he emptied his rifle at the dim shapes of the mob

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

CONCLUDING A NOVEL OF BITTER CONFLICT IN THE OLD WEST

The Story:

The action takes place in America's Southwest at the time of the rapid expansion of the great network of railroads across the continent.

Arriving in his home territory of New Mexico, engineer JIM LINEER is puzzled to learn that the railroad which he recommended be built through the dry Tularosa country and which railroad magnate H. H. EDWARDS has hired him to build, is to be bossed instead by Edwards' rashly self-confident adopted son, TRACY THOMASON.

Accepting the position of second in command, Lineer soon learns that Thomason is engaged to Edwards' bold and lovely daughter, BARBARA, who has taken a house in the town of Tularosa.

Thomason arranges an uneasy truce between the two feuding land barons of the valley, blustering WILSON WARE and lean, old JUBAL NYE. In laying plans for the railroad, Thomason proceeds on the theory that water to build and run the line can be obtained by drilling wells, whereas Lineer is convinced that sweet water must be brought down from the mountains.

Jubal Nye's foreman, tough little HARRY KECK, makes a drunken pass at Barbara's companion, MOLLY RIORDAN, and Lineer orders Keck to leave the valley. Keck leaves with murder in his heart.

Thomason's gamble on the wells is not paying off. The rails are being laid very slowly; the gangs are gaunt with thirst. Lineer is ordered up into the mountains to find water. Barbara and Molly, out for a ride, meet Lineer and on their way down the mountain, Lineer is shot at by Keck, who has been lying in ambush. Keck escapes, but Lineer's horse is killed, and he and the girls take shelter in a canyon during a snowstorm that night.

The next morning Lineer realizes that he loves this girl who is engaged to the man in charge of the railroad, and Barbara knows that she can never again love her power-mad fiancé.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

TRACY THOMASON left his noon meal half finished and walked again with his long, nervous stride to Barbara's house. Manuela met him at the door, looking curiously at his face as she shrugged.

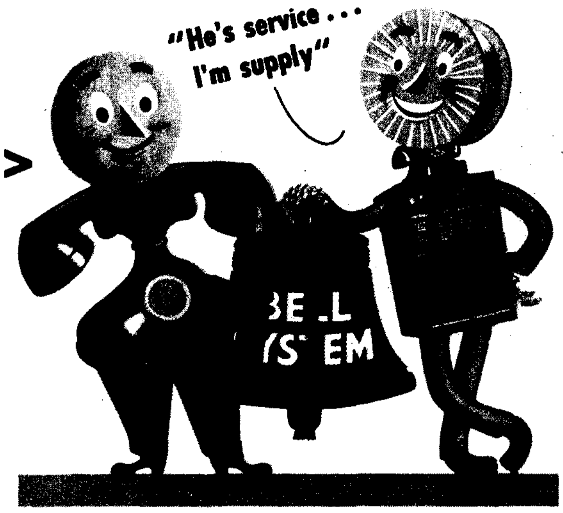
"No word yet, señor," she said.

He turned back toward the plaza, feeling irritation rise through his growing jubilance. That was the way with these natives. They would stare stupidly at you out of their dark eyes while your whole world whirled crazily under your feet, and then shrug their shoulders at you. How could a man run a railroad in a country of such people?

But he forgot Manuela as his mind began once more to race through the possibilities before him. Barbara, Molly and Lineer should have arrived before dark yesterday. They were twenty hours overdue now, and no new messenger had come from Lineer to explain why. There could be a prosaic reason. Perhaps they were caught in yesterday's

Through Saguaro Cactus National Forest in Arizona, telephone men plow-in the Dallas—Los Angeles section of the transcontinental cable.

Building new telephone lines for you takes well planned teamwork by these two >



Behind this giant plow train, burying a new transcontinental telephone cable, there's a story of typical Bell System teamwork to give you faster, even better long distance service.

Teamwork by Bell Telephone Laboratories scientists who developed the coaxial cable which can carry 1800 telephone messages at once—can transmit television network programs, too . . .

Teamwork by Bell Telephone engineers who planned the new route and developed the plow...and by the construction crews who laid the cable . . .

Teamwork by Western Electric engineers who designed machines to make the complex cable—and are now turning it out mile after mile to keep the plow trains pushing forward on schedule.

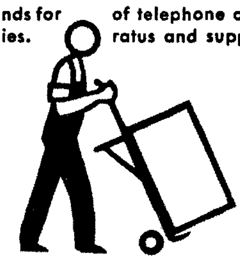
Such long-range planning and teamwork between telephone companies and Western Electric—supply member of the Bell System—are vital in meeting today's record demand for telephone service.

Western Electric has always been an integral part of your Bell Telephone service—helping to make it the world's best at the lowest possible cost.

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

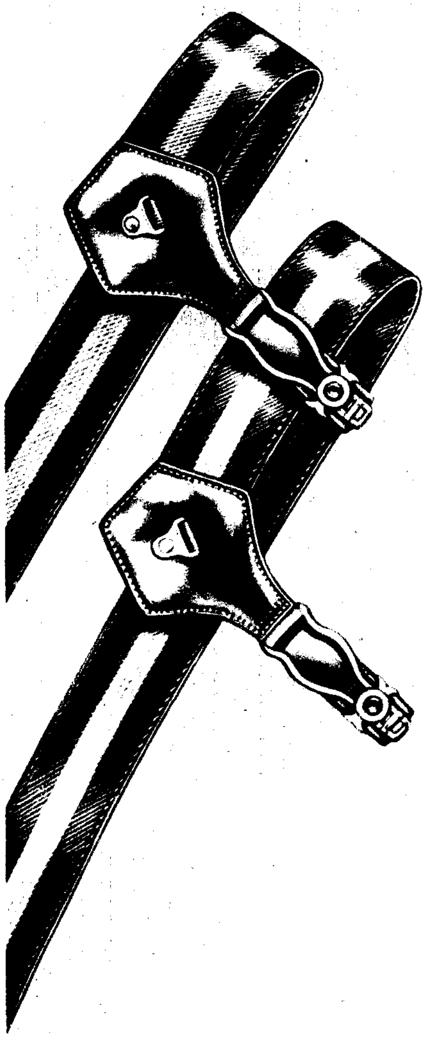
DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.



INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882



GET A PAIR AND A SPARE

PARIS

It's smart to have an extra pair of "Paris"* garters—and economical, too. Change them daily, when you change your socks, and your garters will wear longer, stay fresher, and give greater comfort. So buy an extra pair of comfortable all elastic "Paris" Garters today. See the new styles and patterns. They are modestly priced—55c to $1.50—at fine stores everywhere.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago

PARIS GARTERS *No Metal Can Touch You*
PARIS BELTS • FREE-SWING SUSPENDERS

storm, and took refuge in some nester's cabin. If that were so, they should have arrived by now. Perhaps Lineer had seen the storm coming and delayed their start for a day. But why had he not sent another messenger? He would have. The man had that quality of thoroughness.

No, everything pointed to another explanation, another possibility that made Thomason's thoughts leap forward with elation. Lineer had been in the mountains almost three weeks. Time enough for Keck to find him, to observe his movements and pick the time that would assure Keck a clean escape. Now, perhaps, the time had come and gone and Jim Lineer no longer lived. Lineer with those damned remote eyes of his that were always measuring a man. Lineer with his casual, unhurried way of coming to decisions that other men accepted without question. Lineer with his sly trick of using the strengths and weaknesses of other men against Thomason. Lineer dead now because he walked roughshod over Keck.

It could be true! And if it were, all the rotten luck that had gone against Thomason would be swept away at a stroke. The cards had fallen against him from the day he rode into this accursed valley. A man's luck must change. It was destiny that a man who took big chances must win in the end.

As his mind soared thus, all of Thomason's exultant sureness returned and he was for that moment certain of what happened in the mountains. His thoughts pictured the mountain camp in an uproar, the men leaving the women in camp to scour the country for the killer. Barbara's face came before him then, and he felt an honest regret that she should be present when Lineer died. But it was her own fault. She and Molly had done little since summer but go on long rides, and she had returned from them each day more moodily withdrawn than ever. She had no business riding to Lineer's camp.

A NEW thought came to him, making him feel for one instant terribly alone and afraid. He dismissed it at once. Barbara was friendly with Lineer. She liked him. But never since that day last May when she rode with him out of defiance had she sought Lineer's company. And Barbara's love was the one thing, the only thing, that Lineer had not tried to steal from him.

The shock of the idea lingered with him as he circled the plaza toward his office, making him turn his mind deeper into himself. The mere passing thought of losing her had turned him cold and lifeless. Without her, he would be nothing. Without her, he knew with a sudden damning insight, he would be another Harry Keck, living on a vain, empty pride, ready to kill or be killed for a trifle.

Crossing the street he saw Traylor, the new assistant super, coming up to intercept him. Traylor was a dour, middle-aged man, hired away from the T. & P. and regretting the bargain.

He said to Thomason, "Got another dead train on the desert."

"Why tell me?" said Thomason impatiently. "Send another engine after it."

Traylor said with sharp disgust, "I'm telling you because that makes three out of the last five schedules that have died out there with dry crown sheets. And I'm waiting for the day when a boiler blows from some of this water. Then you'll have men to bury."

"I know." Reality drove the exaltation from Thomason. It had been this way since the first train moved over the line, and it was growing steadily worse. If those damned extra tank cars would only show up. He asked indifferently, "How far out is this one?"

"That's what I came to tell you. He's a good twenty miles down the line. He was dragging a special."

Thomason felt a quick premonition. "What kind?"

"Colonel Edwards' private car."

"What! Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

"Why didn't I know sooner?" snapped Traylor. "El Paso didn't tell us, and I say it's a damned queer way to run a railroad."

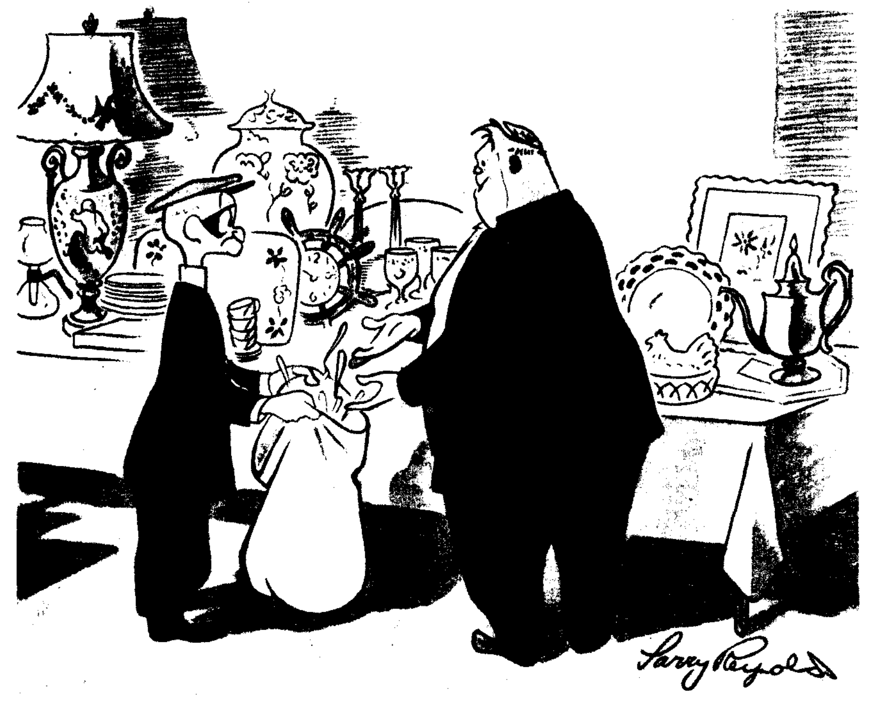
"Get another engine down there quick."

"I have. Number Five is on its way. I thought maybe you'd want to take another one and go meet him. We can borrow the work train."

"Yes! No, wait—" Thomason dropped his head and knotted his fists in an agony of indecision. Edwards was sneaking in to surprise him. That was why El Paso sent no word up. Edwards was suspicious. And now Edwards' train was stalled for lack of water on the desert. When the colonel did arrive he would be roaring. There would be no facing him. But Thomason could face him, and answer him, too—if Lineer were dead. If Lineer were dead! If only that were known! But he did not know. He had to know. He could not face Edwards until he knew.

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



COLLIER'S

"—an' fourteen pickle forks. Now the bride won't be annoyed with bothersome duplicates"

"Tell Colonel Edwards" he said thickly, "that an emergency has called me to the mountains. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He wheeled away to Tyson's stable, found his horse and rode rapidly southward, fighting a frantic impulse to spur the animal beyond its strength. It was almost as if he were in flight.

That thought brought his mind to a jarring stop. Was he in flight? Of course not. He still had a chance. A good chance.

It was too late to assure Barbara's silence by marriage. Too late to run McCarthy out of the valley. But if Lineer were dead, he could bluff it through. If Lineer were not dead—

Thomason's imagination shriveled little by little then like some dying thing until it held before his eyes but a single image: the face of Barbara Edwards. So long as she was bound to him all else could fall away and be damned to it. With her by his side all things were possible, all hopes were bright, all failures unimportant. He could still hold her. Her loyalty had not wavered through these months of her discontent and boredom on the desert. He should have let her return to New York. Her ride to Lineer's camp was a reckless act. An expression of her discontent. That was all. But was it all? What could any man know about the sly turnings of a woman's mind.

Laboring thus through a labyrinth of doubts that assailed him now from every direction, he rode with lowered head across the flats. It was some slowing in the rhythm of his horse that made him raise his head. He saw he was approaching the first broken ground below the escarpment. And he saw Molly sitting her horse before him, her eyes upon him.

He spurred to her side. "Where is she?" he demanded.

Molly pointed wordlessly up the trail, her face showing him some odd embarrassment.

"Where? Up the trail? At the camp? Where's Lineer?"

"She's coming," said Molly. "And Mr. Lineer is with her."

Lineer alive! A kind of gray hopelessness enveloped Thomason, followed almost instantly by the deep stab of suspicion.

He threw the words at her harshly: "Why aren't you with them?"

Deception was not in Molly, but she struggled hard for it. "No reason at all," she said tartly. Then she cried after him, "Wait!" But Thomason was plunging his horse forward, over the swell of ground and down and up again until he came upon Barbara and Lineer walking toward him side by side, a single horse following. He threw himself from his mount, running the last dozen steps until he stood before them. . . .

Lineer heard the pounding hoofs before Thomason came in sight. He stopped with a word to Barbara, watching the man's approach without surprise, for he had expected throughout the day to encounter a searching party. But he was not prepared for the sudden shock of anticipation that coursed through himself. The warm sweetness of Barbara's mouth was on his lips, and the high mood of decision beat in his temples. The long months of restraint, of holding back, were done with. The losing struggle to hold to an unreal serenity, because he had pledged it to Colonel Edwards, was behind him. His muscles ached for the release only raw violence could give.

Yet even as he told himself that this was not the time, he saw the strange agitation in Thomason's face, saw the trembling of the man's long jaw and heard

It's cleaner, brighter **Taste** means cleaner, brighter teeth! **New Pepsodent,** the only tooth paste containing **Irium,** removes the film that makes your teeth look dull— uncovers the natural brilliance of your smile!

Pepsodent
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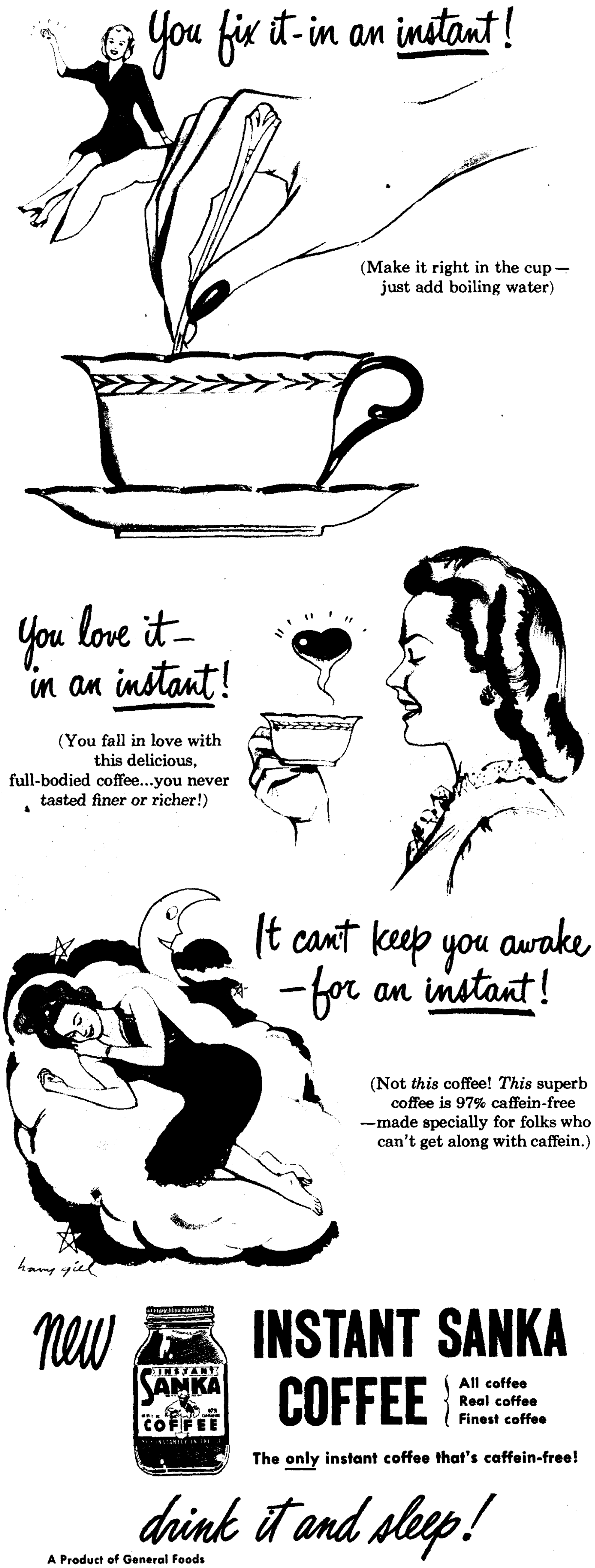
Use Pepsodent twice a day—
see your dentist twice a year

Pepsodent is another fine product
of Lever Brothers Company



You fix it-in an instant!

(Make it right in the cup—just add boiling water)

You love it—in an instant!

(You fall in love with this delicious, full-bodied coffee...you never tasted finer or richer!)

It can't keep you awake—for an instant!

(Not *this* coffee! *This* superb coffee is 97% caffein-free—made specially for folks who can't get along with caffein.)

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

All coffee
Real coffee
Finest coffee

The only instant coffee that's caffein-free!

drink it and sleep!

A Product of General Foods

his hoarse cry at Barbara, "So that's why you came up here!"

Barbara said tonelessly, "Nothing is changed, Tracy."

"Nothing is changed! Nothing is changed! You spend two days God knows where with Lineer and nothing is changed!"

"Stop it, Tracy!" snapped Lineer.

Thomason whirled to Lineer, his hating eyes filmed and almost unseeing with the intensity of his passion. "Stop it?" he said slowly, wonderingly. "Why, I think I'm going to kill you. That will stop it."

"That was it, Tracy," Barbara said quickly. "Harry Keck tried to kill Jim. That was why we didn't get back last night."

Her words penetrated to him. One more failure in this day that had seen every scheme, every plan, every hope fall apart. But all this was nothing beside the fear that Barbara was lost to him.

HIS lips drew away from his teeth. His jaw thrust out, long and altogether ugly. He spat out, "Keck be damned! You came up here to be with Lineer. Tell me! Didn't you?"

Barbara lowered her head. When she raised it she said in the same lifeless voice, "Nothing is changed."

Lineer side-stepped until he stood between them. From the corner of his eye he saw Molly returning. But he kept his full attention on Thomason as he said, "Everything is changed. Get back on your horse, Tracy. We'll settle this in Tularosa."

"Get out of the way!" cried Thomason. He came against Lineer, pushing with his body, one open hand shoving at Lineer's shoulder, his glare still reaching past Lineer at Barbara. It was then that he saw in her wet eyes the deep tumult of her emotions and understood what she was saying to him. His mind plummeted through one last black gap of thought to the knowledge that Barbara did not love him, perhaps pitied him. The cumulative blows of this day at last engulfed him, robbing him of all balance, all judgment. "I'll kill you both!" he screamed.

He dropped his shoulder, thrusting it against Lineer's chest and lunging powerfully forward. Lineer rocked back, keeping his weight balanced by giving ground. He shouted at Thomason, trying to reach through to the man's reason, as Thomason spun away from him and stumbled toward Barbara.

Lineer raced forward in two running steps and leaped against him, riding him down at Barbara's feet and sprawling with him. He heard the hard thud of Thomason's head against the ground, feeling in the same moment the sharp grind of his own pistol against his stomach. He rolled to his feet, jerking his gun from his waistband.

He backed toward Barbara, holding the pistol pointed loosely at Thomason's prone figure. He told Barbara, "Get on your horse." When she moved to comply he backed toward Thomason's mount, seeing Thomason begin to stir. He swung up on Thomason's horse and rode the animal forward as Thomason pushed himself erect.

Lineer said down to him, "You'll walk till you cool off."

The glazed look went out of Thomason's eyes. "No," he said.

Lineer tightened the reins, then drove the animal straight at Thomason. Thomason gave way, turned and walked a half-dozen steps down the trail toward Tularosa. His daze was wearing off now. Strength and thought returned to him. He could not go to Tularosa. He could never go back to Tularosa. He jumped aside, facing up to Lineer with the fury of desperation.

"No!"

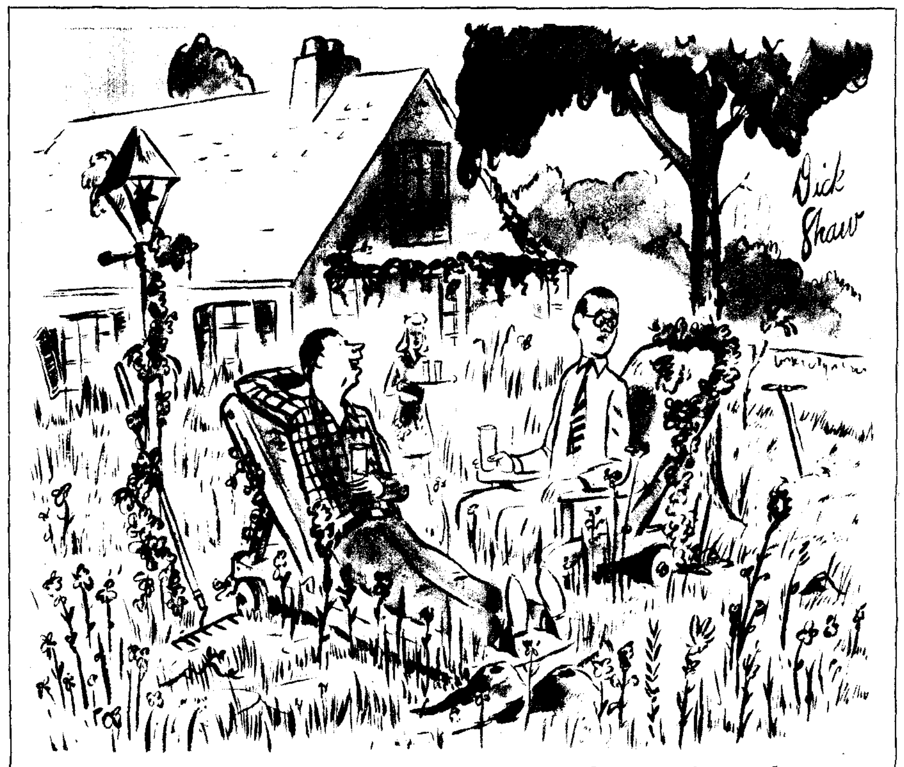
Lineer looked down at him for a full minute, thinking of many things, of the flume unbuilt because of this man's careless ambition, of the endless thirst on the desert, of the wounded *aguador* and the pain in Barbara's eyes. This time had been long coming. It had to come.

He kneed his horse toward Barbara, changed his mind when he saw her stricken face, and reached his gun wordlessly across to Molly.

Thomason leaped for him as his feet touched ground. Lineer had no time to set himself. He lashed out at that thrusting jaw, feeling a wild surge of pleasure as his fist drove against skin and bone. Then Thomason was upon him, carrying him back by sheer momentum against the haunch of the horse, smashing and slashing down at his temples and eyes.

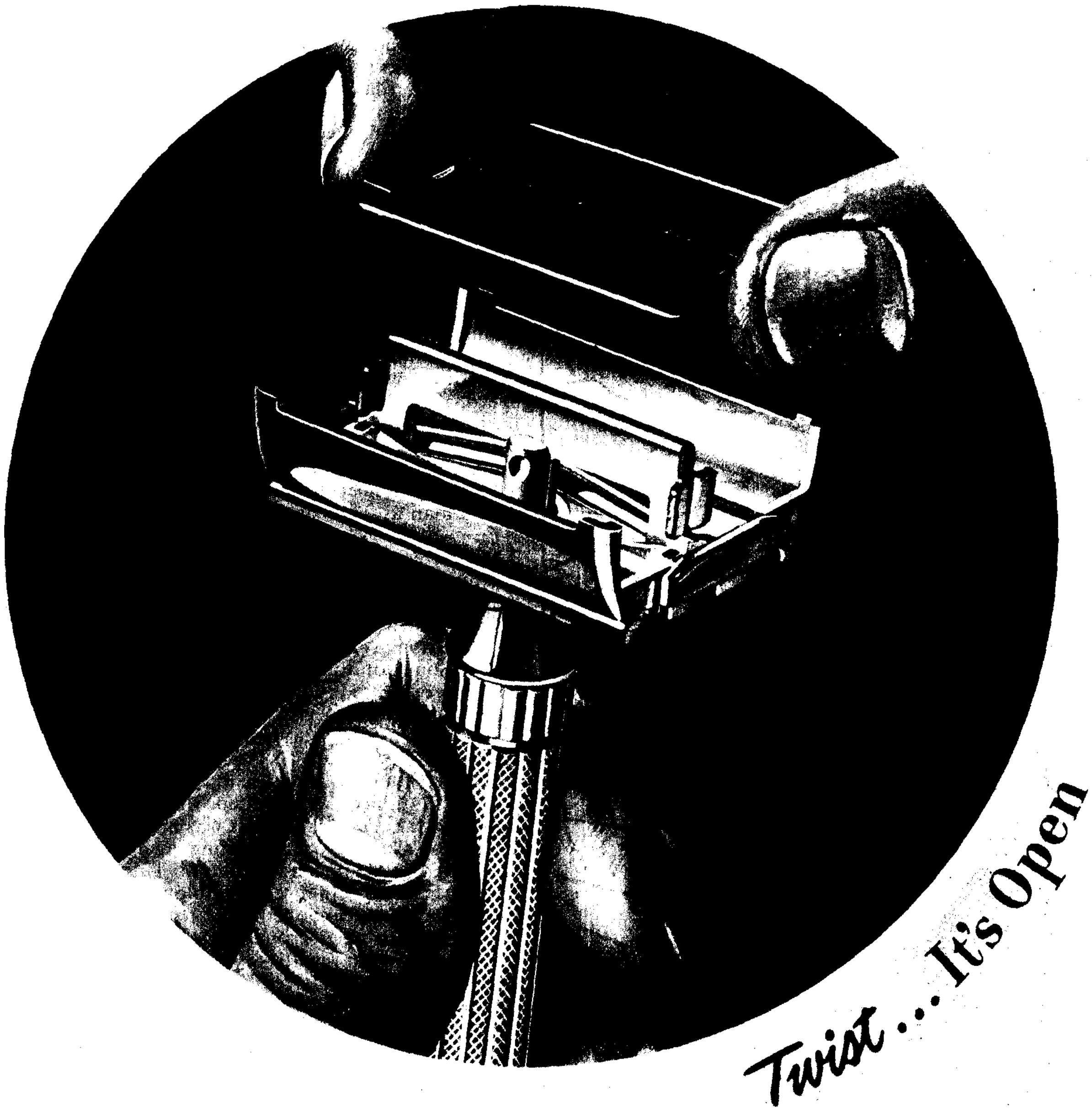
Lineer's shoulder blades came against the horse for leverage just as the animal side-stepped nervously away, and he felt himself falling. But Thomason's blind charge cost him his balance, too. They both went down, clawing for each other and trying to twist away from the dancing hoofs.

They came up together, facing each



"We reached our peak last year when our place was featured in Beautiful Homes magazine. After that, we decided to rest"

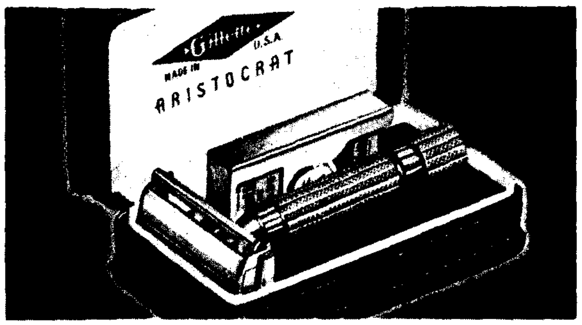
COLLIER'S DICK SHAW



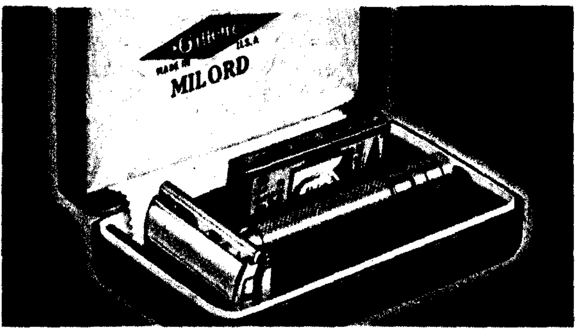
Twist . . . It's Open

You enjoy extra shaving speed and ease with the modern . .

Gillette One-Piece Razor!



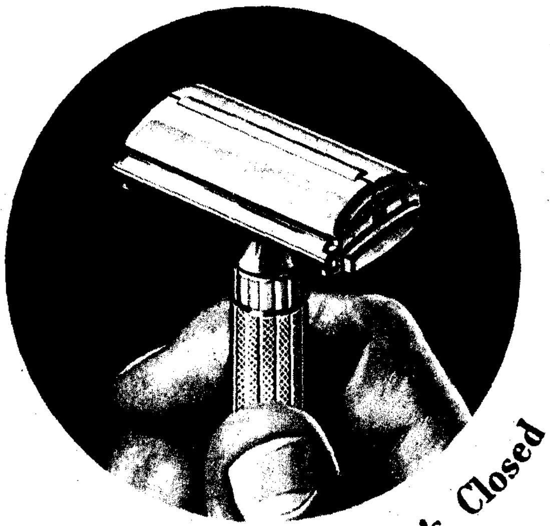
Gillette Aristocrat One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with case and ten Gillette Blue Blades $3.79



Gillette Milord One-Piece Razor, gold-plated, with case and five Gillette Blue Blades $2.50

TO save time and shave with utmost comfort and convenience, get a Gillette One-Piece Razor. There's nothing to take apart or put together. You change blades in a jiffy. Twist . . . the razor opens. Twist again . . . your blade is locked in shaving position. To clean both razor and blade just loosen the holder, rinse and shake. See the Gillette Aristocrat and Gillette Milord One-Piece Razors. They're the finest shaving instruments money can buy. Either will give you years of satisfaction.

Gillette Safety Razor Company
Boston 6, Mass.



Twist . . . It's Closed

look *SHARP!* **feel** *SHARP!* **be** *SHARP!*

use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

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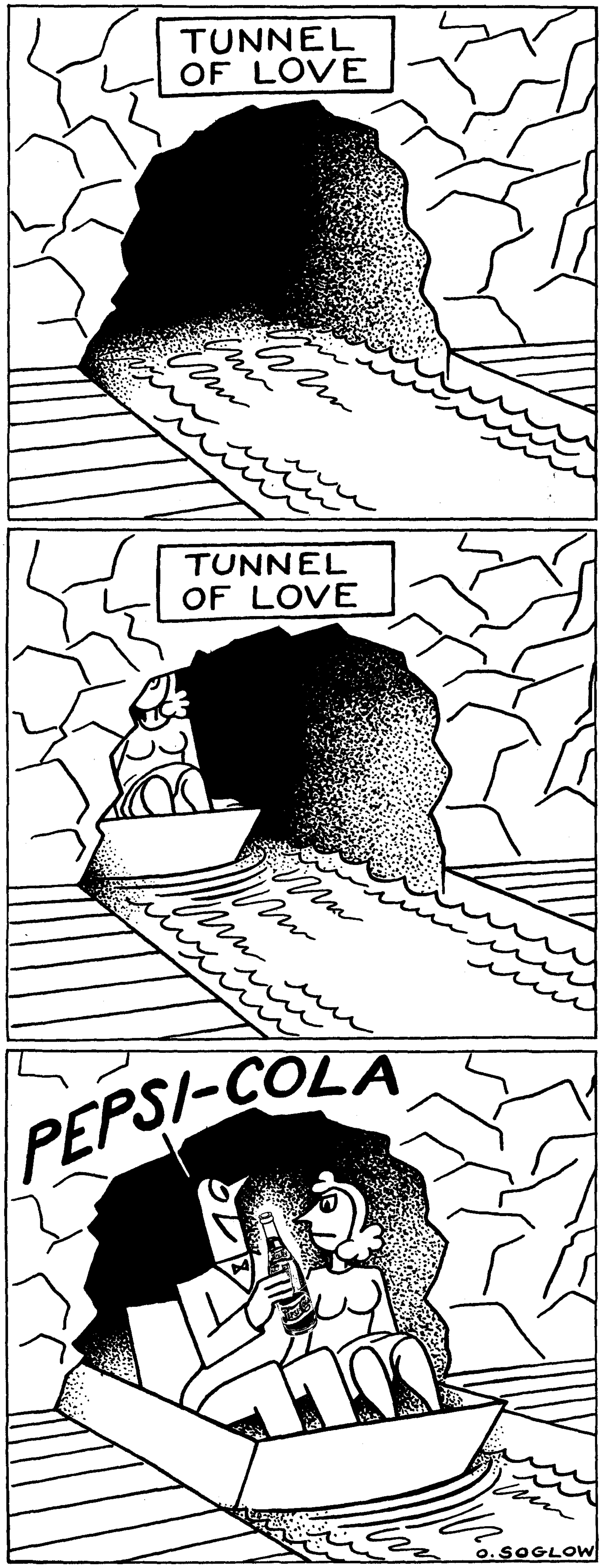


other and bent low. Thomason lunged in first, driving his arms straight before him, hammering his first blow high against Lineer's chest in the split second before Lineer lashed out. Thomason had an astonishing quickness for his size. Lineer's mind flashed back to the night of that fight with Jess Folsom in San Antonio, remembering how he and Thomason had lunged for Folsom in the same instant and yet Thomason had got there first. It was a speed that could deliver a lightning blow through the most momentary drop in Lineer's arms.

And yet, though Lineer drove coolly enough for Thomason's body, he abandoned almost joyously all thought of defending with caution against that speed. The savageness of an anger long in the building claimed him wholly. He smashed recklessly forward, plunging powerful blows into Thomason's stomach and chest, hearing the first deep grunt of the man as Thomason gave way.

BUT even as Thomason skipped back his right arm reached Lineer's cheek with a stinging impact. It was the blow of a skilled fighter and it seemed to recall to Thomason that he owned such a skill. Some of the film of blind fury left his eyes. He back-stepped completely out of Lineer's reach. When Lineer came steadily after him he sidestepped away again, slamming long blows that found Lineer's head. "Come and get it, Lineer," he gritted. Lineer bored on, taking them until he was inside Thomason's arms and pounding again at Thomason's stomach and chest. This time he finished with a scraping blow off Thomason's cheekbone that made Thomason surrender ground quickly.

Lineer came on relentlessly, and again those long arms battered at his head. Blood flowed around his tongue from a cut somewhere in his mouth and a dinning pain beat at his ears. Then Thomason's fist thudded into his left side where rock had gouged deep against muscle and ribs when he fell yesterday from his slain horse. His arms slowed and he set his teeth against the agonizing hurt of it.

Thomason leaped in. An animal cry of triumph issued from his throat as he slashed down again and again. Lineer slipped slowly to his knees, fighting for consciousness. His arms locked about Thomason's legs, and he hung on, dragging Thomason down, twisting to escape blows that still flailed down as they both fell.

Thomason landed heavily on his right side. His breath shot out of his lungs in a whistling grunt. He sucked in deeply with wide-open mouth, hammering with his elbows against Lineer's head where it lay against his stomach. He kicked out with his knees, reaching for Lineer's groin, but missing and rolling Lineer away from him.

Lineer forced his body to roll once more. He came up painfully, staggering as he reached his feet, wiping at the blood that poured around his eyes. He saw the two women motionless on their horses, frozen in attitudes of fear and disbelief. Then he came slowly around and raised leaden arms against Thomason's leaping onslaught.

He gave way slowly, uncertain legs wide, reaching deep in his lungs for blessed air. His winter clothes were a weight now holding his arms down and tightening like a smothering band against the heave of his chest. Though the air was cold, sweat stung his eyes and mixed its salty bitterness with the taste of blood in his mouth.

Thomason grunted his taunt, "When are you going to come and get it, Lineer?"

He thrust in boldly now, knocking Lineer's arms down, slamming at Lineer's face and dancing back.

Lineer shuffled awkwardly away again and again, taking the rain of blows and refusing to go down. Thomason's lips stretched in a cruel, exulting grimace.

But Lineer fought on, bracing to hit when he must, then stumbling back, calling up strength that responded to the stubbornness of his will, calling up power that by his very nature he had always kept ready to use but unused. He was possessed by the full primitiveness of his wrath, by the complete brute instinct to stay alive, to inflict hurt, to rip and smash and kill.

"Stand and fight, Lineer. Damn you! Stand—and—fight." Thomason gasped out the words, hating this blood-splattered man now because he would not go down, spending his own fading strength in a frenzy of blows as though suddenly fearful that some devil no man could match was holding Lineer up.

Thomason's blows began to slow, to grow weaker. His empty lungs no longer could feed enough power to his muscles. And Lineer still stood before him, weaving, staggering, blinded. Beaten but not down. Arms only half raised, eyes searching for Thomason. A groan of despair wrenched out of Thomason. He stumbled slowly against Lineer, his own arms sagging, falling against Lineer, trying to force Lineer down now with the weight of his body.

Lineer's left arm came up, holding Thomason away. He swung his right, heavily, sluggishly, a half-pushing blow. It found that long jaw. Thomason rocked back, not hurt but off balance. He weaved, straightening to come in again. Lineer half stumbled, half leaped straight into him. Lineer's head butted heavily into Thomason's chin.

Then they were falling and Lineer was riding him down, sprawling past him, kicking out at him with leaden boots. Lineer's right hand reached back, closed beneath Thomason's jaw and used it as a lever to pull Lineer's own body back until he half lay across Thomason. He gripped his open hands about Thomason's head, not knowing Thomason was still. He raised it and pounded it again and again into the hard ground.

A voice came to him as from a great distance. Barbara's voice. Calling his name. Barbara's hands tugging at his arm. He turned slowly over, looking up and finding her through his great weariness. Then he loosed his hands from Thomason's head and closed his eyes.

LONG afterward he sat up, feeling Barbara's gentle hands as she wiped blood and dirt from his face, not answering her frightened questions. He observed Molly bent over Thomason, and he saw Thomason's eyes were open.

Thomason turned on his side, his head still on the ground, his lips slack. "Lord," he groaned, "why should this happen to me?"

Lineer got to his feet, feeling an emptiness all through his body. He took his pistol and stood over Thomason. "Get up."

Thomason obeyed, coming slowly to a sitting position. But when he tried to push himself up with his arms he fell back.

Lineer asked, "Do you think you can sit a horse?"

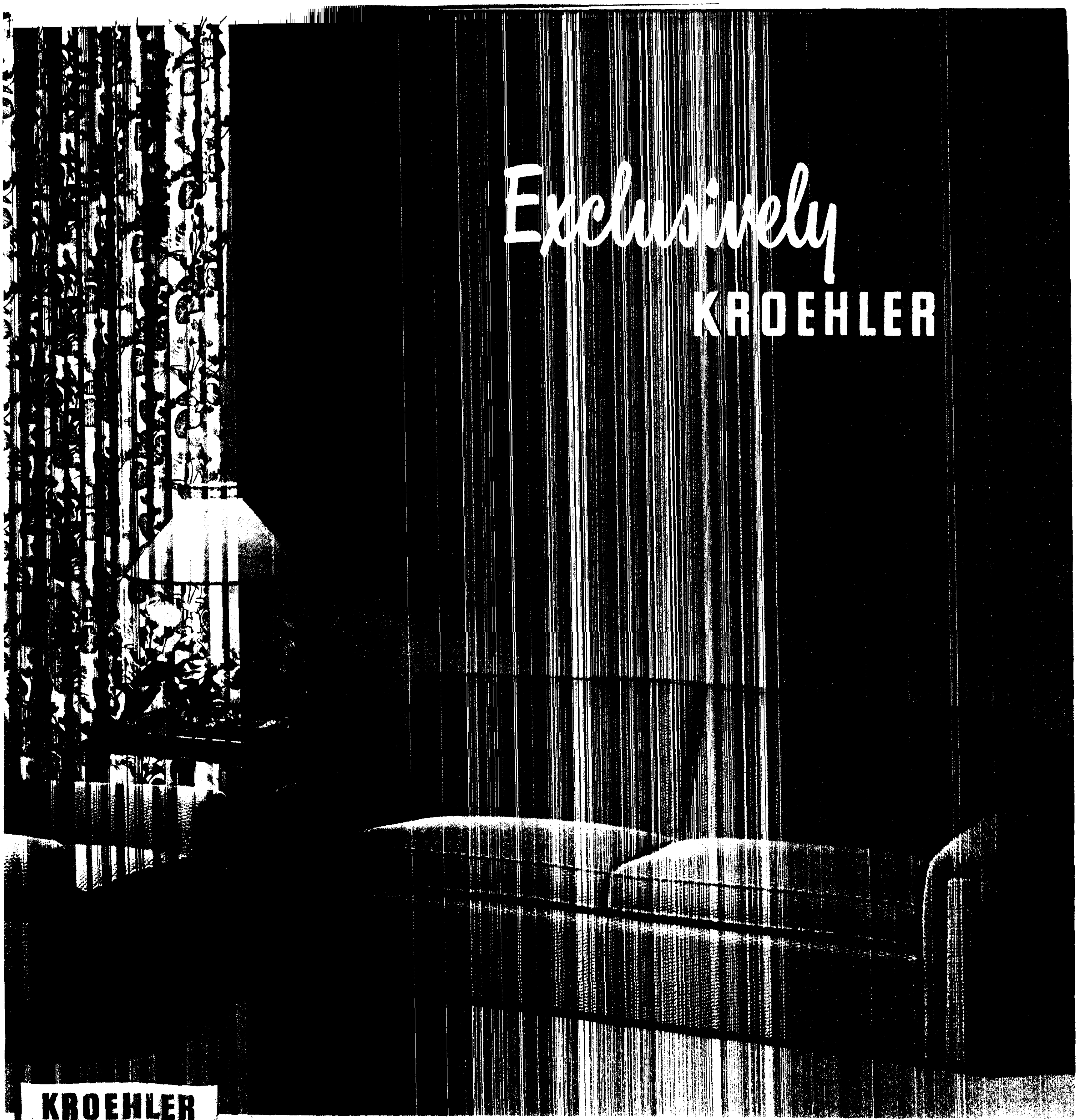
Thomason nodded his head without raising it. Lineer spoke to Barbara and they lifted him to his feet. Molly brought up his horse, then helped them push his dead weight into the saddle. He slumped forward on it, eyes closed.

"You must ride, too, Jim," said Barbara.

Lineer agreed without protest. He mounted painfully, came alongside Thomason's horse and started the animal toward Tularosa.

Thomason half straightened in the saddle with a strange, choking cry. He clutched at the reins, jerked his horse around and kicked the animal into a run up the trail.

Lineer uttered a growling oath of disgust, started to swing his own horse,



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then almost instantly changed his mind.

"Jim!" cried Barbara. "Go after him. He's out of his mind!"

"No," said Lineer slowly. "I'm not so sure he is." . . .

Colonel Edwards paused to look again with pleased astonishment at the face of his daughter, at the shadowed eyes and the quiet strength of maturity he found there. She sat beside him here in her own living room, clasping his hand.

Lineer sat across from them, long and loose with fatigue. He had bathed and changed at the hotel and made a try at shaving his battered face. Some dulled edge of temper still held him, and he thought with surprise that it was directed illogically at the man opposite him. Molly gazed into the fire, somehow apart from them.

"Blake and Summers were afraid of Tracy's enthusiasm," continued Edwards. "They not only put their position in writing, they warned him verbally again and again not to start construction until all well drilling was completed. Then, to protect themselves, they sent me a memorandum covering everything they had done and said."

IT CAME to Lineer that he was absorbed as much in the change in Edwards himself as he was in the colonel's words. It was no outward thing. The deep-set, hooded eyes had their old vigor and directness, their old power to command men and events. The voice was rapid and incisive as Lineer remembered it. But the weariness was gone from its tone. It was as though some inward strain, some passion that had long eaten at his vitality, had suddenly lifted.

"But I don't understand," said Barbara. "Why did Tracy go ahead anyway?"

"Because he had to," said her father. "Because he couldn't help himself."

Barbara said with vague comprehension, "I know a little of what you mean. Tracy is too eager, too sure of himself—"

"No!" said Edwards quickly, almost violently. "Tracy is not sure of himself. He is in torment when he has to make his own decisions. Yet he cannot accept the decisions of others. There never lived a man with more will to command and less ability for it—except his father."

Barbara watched as her father's expression grew remote, shaped by old and painful memories she did not share.

She said slowly, "He told me you expected him to fail."

"Ahhh," said her father. He gripped her hand tightly, meeting her eyes with the intensity of strong emotion in his own. "Believe this, my dear. I feared he would fail. I did not know that he would. I hoped to God that he would not. I hoped he was everything you saw in him—and I gave him every chance to be. I had to. I owed *him* that." He relaxed a little. "And now because of it I owe something to Jim."

Lineer looked from Edwards to his daughter with a faintly challenging smile. He murmured, "I intend to collect."

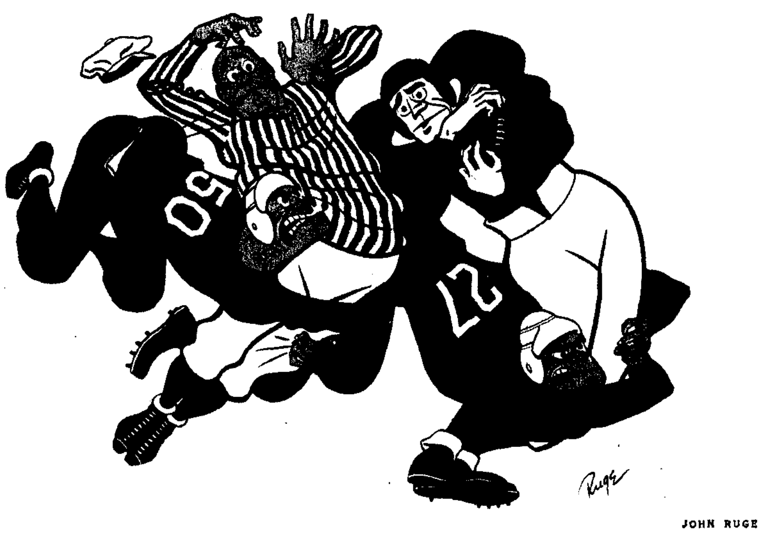
Barbara's eyes answered his, full of her love but troubled still. She said, "You should not have let him go, Jim."

Lineer shook his head. He asked, "Why did he run?"

"It was just too much for him," said Barbara. "He found out he had to face Dad suddenly. And then when he learned about me—about us—"

Lineer looked at Edwards, saying with a slow stubbornness, "There's more to it. Something none of us know. He is, in a way, a son in this family. He could have expected forgiveness, another chance."

"No!" exclaimed Edwards. He jumped to his feet, staring almost angrily at Lineer. Then he subsided. "Yes," he said softly. "Yes, I suppose so. He was three years old when he came to my



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—Kyle Crichton

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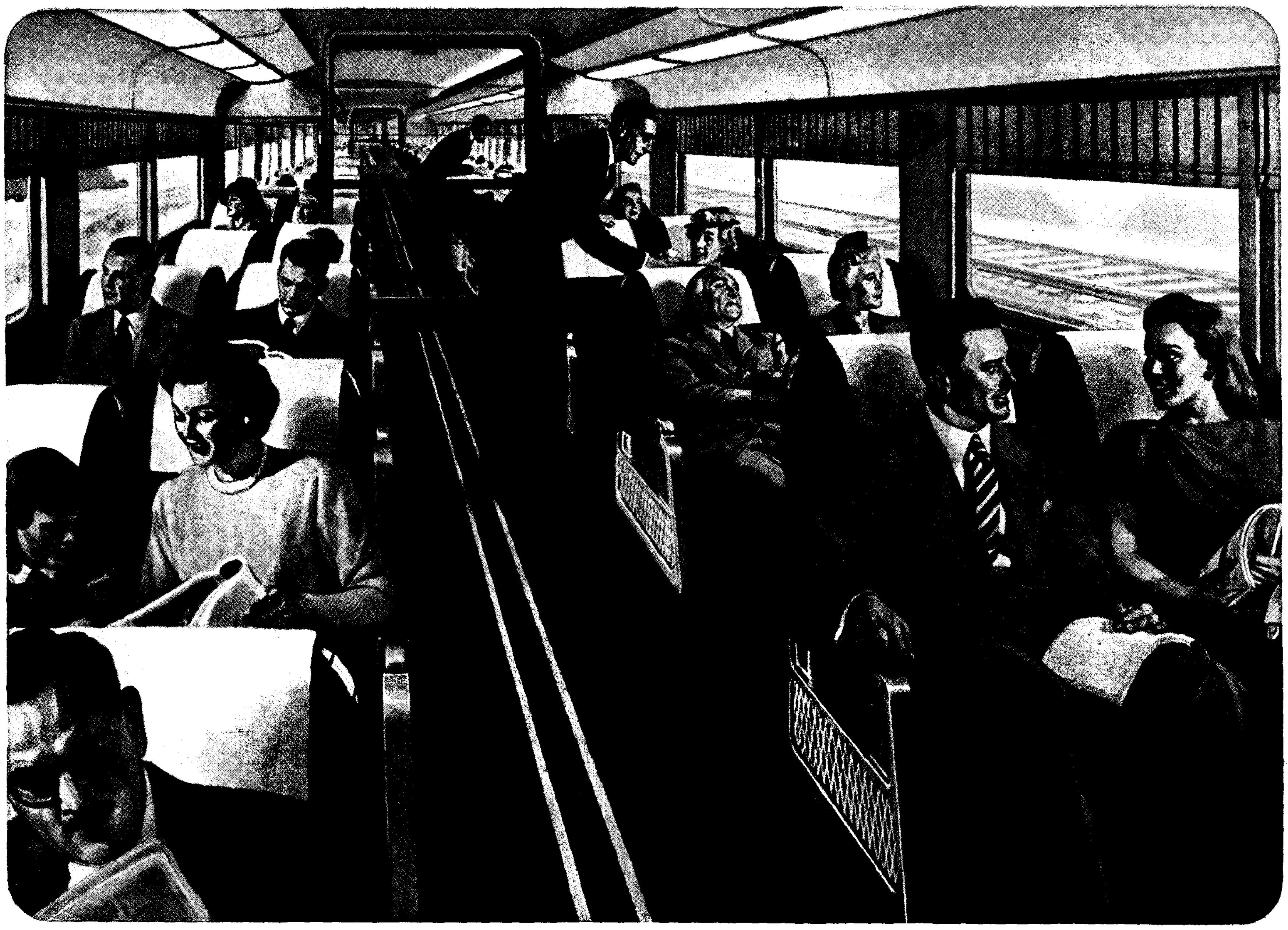

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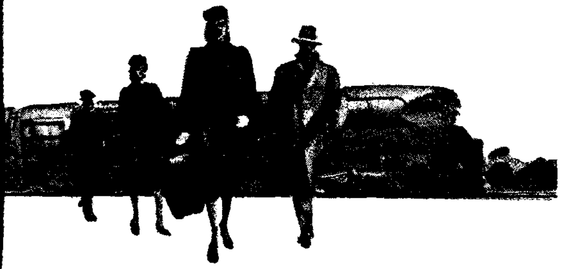

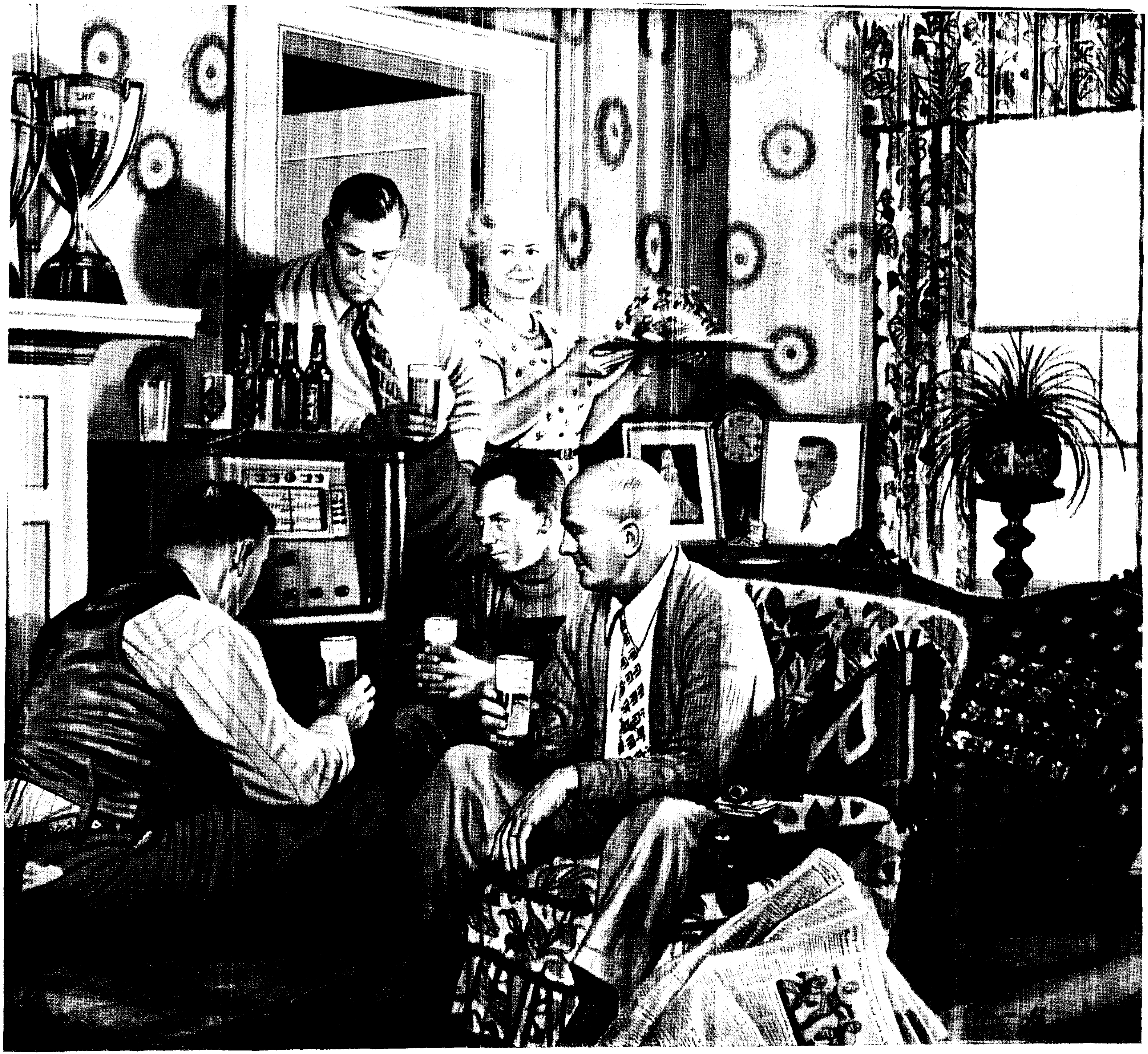

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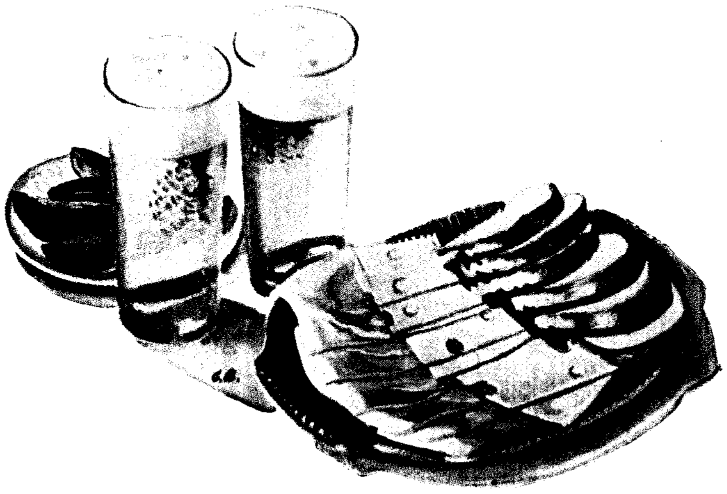

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house to live. A towheaded kid. You don't ever forget."

He strode to a window, lifted the curtain aside and peered into the night. He returned, standing by the fire. "You have to find him for me, Jim."

"No," said Lineer.

Edwards studied him thoughtfully, saying presently, "I don't blame you. You detest him. You're more than a little angry with me. There's a mystery here that makes no sense to you, and you're ready to crack somebody's head to get at it."

Lineer chuckled in spite of himself, feeling a return of his admiration for the kindly shrewdness of this man. Then he said with sober intentness, "Barbara and I found out today what we want. I'm going against everything that stands in our way."

Edwards' gaze swung down to his daughter. She was looking at Lineer. She said, "Nothing stands in our way now, Jim."

"Yes," said Edwards. "I do." He looked at them both, at the surprise on Barbara's face, at the sudden lifting of Molly's head. He continued slowly, "Jim knows it, or at least senses it. And I have to get myself out of your way."

He returned to his seat beside Barbara. She reached for his hand but he withdrew it, patting hers absently. He lighted a cigar.

WHEN he began to speak his voice was strong, full of regret tempered by time but no sorrow, no weariness.

"Tracy's father was named Wayne Thomason. A big, handsome, yellow-haired man. We were born next door to each other in Ohio. He died of a Comanche bullet west of Fort Sill twenty-seven years ago because I let him die. I deliberately left him to shift for himself after doing all his thinking for him from childhood. Without me he pushed his troopers into an ambush, lost his head and his life and half his men."

Molly rose from her chair and started from the room. Edwards' voice, always so gentle when he spoke to her, called her back. "You've lived with this, too, Molly. You're entitled to know."

When Molly was seated he resumed: "I was five and Tracy's father was seven when he whipped me the first time. He did it because I had the intelligence and balance he lacked and he had the physical strength to make me use them for his benefit. That was the first of a hundred whippings. That was the beginning of a boyhood through which we were inseparable. I thought for both of us. But his fists made him the leader. He led because he couldn't stand to follow, because he had to dominate physically and owned the strength for it. By the time I was seventeen I knew I was stronger, more gifted than he and most men. When he was not around, I was the leader of boys my age. But with him—I had accepted his dominance so long, you see, that I never thought of challenging him."

Barbara was listening intently, some slow dawning of understanding on her face.

"He went first to West Point," continued Edwards. "I followed the next year. When I got there he was on the ragged edge of dismissal—for brawling and poor grades. I saved him because he demanded it and expected it of me, because I had been doing it all my life. I think it was then that something new came into our relationship. He realized how dependent he was on me and hated me for it. He hazed me as only an upperclassman at the academy can. It was during that first year there together that we had our last fight with fists, and he whipped me again. But the physical dominance was largely gone. He began to develop a man's ambitions. Soaring ambitions that outran his ability. And, because I had always done his thinking, he began to believe I owed it to him to help him realize his ambitions. I hated him too, but I couldn't rid myself of a feeling of responsibility for him. I had been doing his thinking too long. He was like a domineering older brother—but a brother I would gladly see in hell."

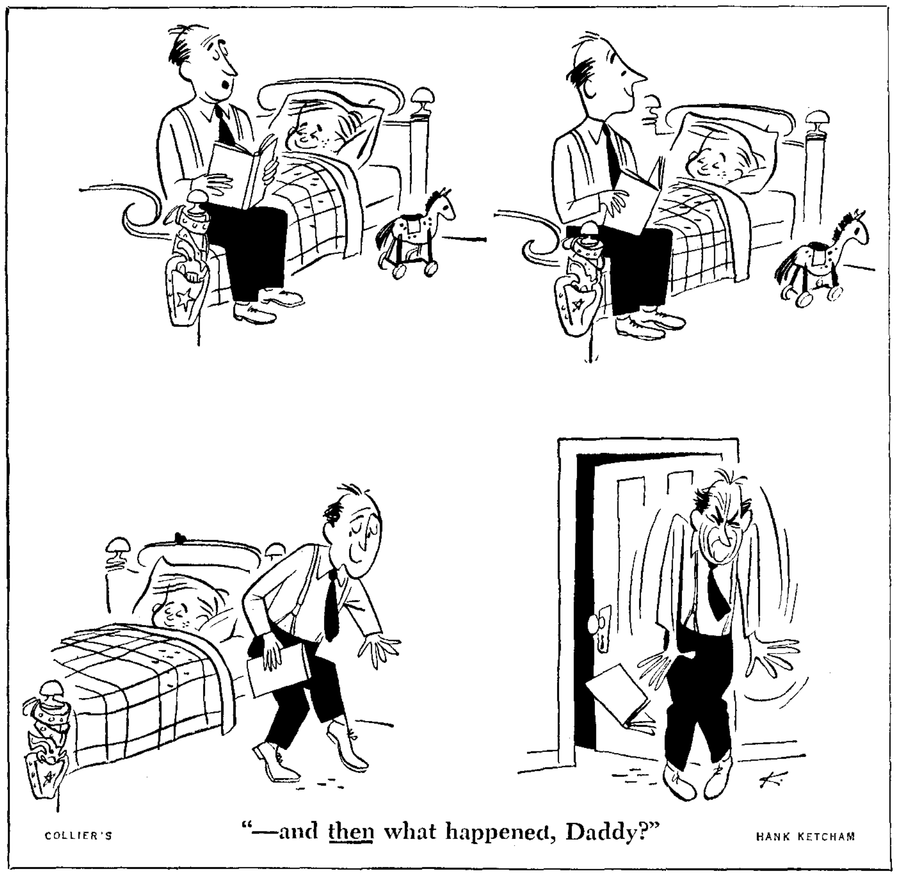
Barbara interrupted in a wondering voice, "That must have been it. Yes! Tracy needed me that way. But he loved me and I—I didn't hate him."

Her father swung toward her with a cold fury she had never seen in him. "If he had held you that way in marriage I would have killed him like a dog."

Barbara shook her head slowly. She murmured, "Poor Tracy."

Edwards was silent for a minute, working at his cigar as he gradually suppressed the sudden outburst of his emotion. Presently he resumed:

"He didn't get along in the Army. That kind never does. You can go so far with a loud voice and a too-ready fist, then everybody begins to get your



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measure. He needed me. He had to have me with him. He got a transfer to Fort Sill because I was there. He was my senior, and he rode me mercilessly, hating me while he picked my brains. He became an obsession. He was like some huge parasite dug into my back, feeding on me and gradually killing me. I actually thought of shooting him or myself. I tried to resign. But the Comanches had left their reservation and I was refused. We were sent after them. We found their camp one dawn in a valley of the Washita. He told me what he was going to do. Then he waited, as he had always done, for me to tell him where his judgment was wrong and what he should do. I deliberately told him his decision was the only possible one. I let him ride into a trap. He lost his head and went to pieces—just as his son did this afternoon."

Edwards' voice trailed off. His head went back and his eyes closed. When he opened them he shot a sudden, sharp question at Lineer, "Was I responsible for his death?"

Lineer shrugged. "I have no answer for that."

Barbara said with a passionate intensity, "Oh, Dad! No!"

Edwards still watched Lineer. He said, "We are responsible for people when we think for them or make decisions that affect them. I told Jim that he must not interfere if trouble broke out between Ware and Nye. I instructed him that Tracy alone must keep the peace. Yet I find that Jim stepped in and made the right decision when Tracy could not. Jim began to do Tracy's thinking. If Jim had let Tracy go ahead and make his big mistake there, perhaps things would not have grown so bad now."

Lineer grinned. "I admit the interference. The rest of what you say is speculation."

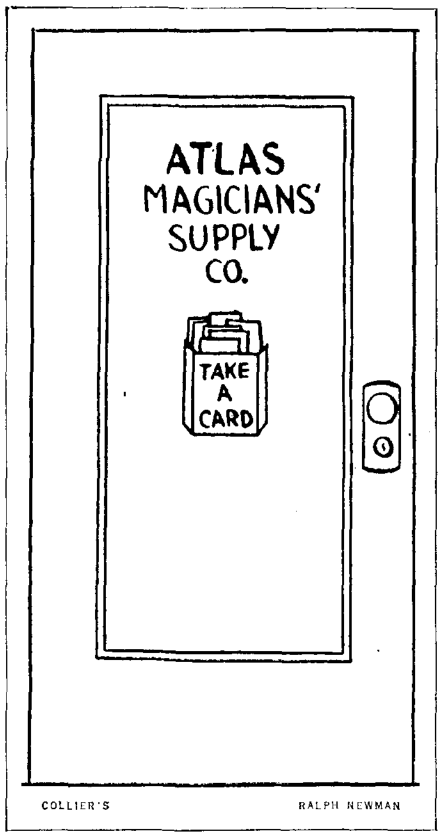
"Yes." Edwards nodded. "But it illustrates how you get yourself into these things. I did feel a responsibility toward Wayne Thomason's son. I took him into my home and gave him every advantage a boy could have. He seemed to possess more self-reliance than his father. He was in his teens before I discovered that he was domineering, that he lorded it over other boys with his fists. I tried to knock that out of his system by bringing some professionals up to our place on the river to whip him. But he had learned to be skillful with his fists at college. He always knocked them out or got a draw. When he finished school I let him find his own place with Great Western. He showed a real knack for certain kinds of work. I thought he was ready for bigger things. I sent him to Sonora to straighten out that trouble—and he fell apart."

EDWARDS inspected his cold cigar and sighed with his shoulders. "You can guess the rest of it. I kept him around New York, trying to think out an answer for him. When he came to me with my own daughter and announced they were in love—the solid ground I had been building for twenty-seven years went out from under me. For one long night I was back at Fort Sill with murder in my heart. When that passed I knew I had to give Tracy his chance. He deserved it. I owed it to him. I had to find a spot for him where he would have every advantage, every chance, and with complete and final responsibility for his decisions. And that, Jim, is when your proposal to put a railroad through this valley was laid on my desk."

Quiet came to the room, a long silence filled with the substance of their separate memories and reactions. Colonel Edwards reached for Barbara's hand now, seeking understanding in his daughter's expression and finding it. Finding there, too, a depth of compassion that told him his willful child had grown to the fullness of a woman.

Molly still gazed into the fire. And Lineer, moving his glance to her, saw that her thoughts had gone back to Tim. The tragedy of a weak man had not fallen directly on Molly. It had instead brought her a happiness such as few people ever know. Yet some fear, some dread without a name that reached forth for her from the forbidding solitudes of the desert sands, made a tremor upon her mouth.

Lineer stirred first. He walked to the same window that had drawn Edwards and stared into the night, nursing his doubts. He had never fully shared Tim's convictions about Tracy. True, Tracy had talked to Keck in El Paso. Tracy's casual comment that Keck had gone to California served the purpose of relaxing their guard. But these were the vaguest of suspicions. Now Tracy had disappeared into the Sacramentos. And Keck was holed up somewhere in the Sacramentos. Did Tracy know where? To Barbara and her father, Tracy was a weakling, the son of a weakling, capable of murderous threats but incapable of carrying them out. Perhaps they were right. They knew him from childhood.



COLLIER'S RALPH NEWMAN

Lineer walked reluctantly back and stood before them. "I'll try to find him," he said.

Afterward as Lineer stood at the door Colonel Edwards asked with his old crisp tone, "When will you be ready to start rails up the canyon to White Oaks?"

"Ten days," said Lineer. "Two weeks maybe."

"Ever hear of a man named Gittings? A mining engineer from some place in Pennsylvania?"

Lineer shook his head.

"Let it go," said Edwards absently. "We have a little time yet. I want us to keep our minds on finding Tracy."

Lineer rode alone out of the Sacramentos, leaving his men to continue the tedious search of the higher canyons. After ten days their hearts were not in the hunt, nor could he blame them. His own interest had flagged when he found a cabin near the point where Harry Keck ambushed him, and read signs that it had been recently abandoned.

When he dropped from the scarp and angled north toward Tularosa he became conscious of the velocity of the wind. It hurried him along, strong and steady against his back, reaching into him with a promise of warmth to come.

Reaching Tularosa he stabled, swung into the plaza and entered the railroad office. He spent an hour there, controlling poorly his eagerness to see Barbara, trying vainly to focus his mind on work long neglected. When he gave up and returned to the street he was grinning wryly at himself.

He observed next door that Ed Ware was not in the little private Ware bank. It occurred to Lineer that he had seldom seen Wilse Ware's nephew at Tularosa in recent months. It was almost as though Wilse Ware had withdrawn this major outpost in the lower valley so that he might hold more strongly his redoubt at White Oaks. It was an odd thought, and Lineer wondered why it came to him.

MANUELA admitted him, and Barbara raced down the stairs at his voice. She searched his face briefly but asked no questions before she raised firm, sweet lips to him. Then she put her face against his chest, seeking his solid strength, blending with it the surprising strength of her own slender body. She pulled him down to the couch beside her as her father entered.

Lineer shook his head at their unspoken query. "There are a great many abandoned places in out-of-the-way canyons. Prospector shacks. Line cabins for Nye riders toward the summit. It will take time."

"But he had no food, no blankets," said Barbara. "How could he live?"

"He could have holed up with some nester. We found one cabin that had been recently used. Quite recently, I would judge."

Barbara said slowly, "I have been thinking—what if he came upon Harry Keck?"

Lineer shrugged. "We don't know that Tracy stayed in the Sacramentos. He may have cut south to El Paso. He could be in New York by now."

"I thought of that," said Colonel Edwards. "I sent word to watch for him there."

"What if he's—" Barbara stopped. She continued vehemently, "No, I know he's not dead. Jim, we've just got to find him!"

Lineer slanted a questioning gaze at her, not answering, showing her the stubbornness in his eyes.

Edwards said, "No, Barbara. Jim has done what he could." He added dryly, "Under the circumstances, he has done more than we had a right to expect of him."

"I know," said Barbara quietly. She said no more. But as she sat back on the couch some shadow of doubt and self-accusation still touched her lips.

Colonel Edwards asked thoughtfully, "When will your grading crew be ready to start up to White Oaks?"

"We're ready now."

"I mentioned the man Gittings to you. He came to my office in New York shortly before I left for here. Said he had examined Ware's coal mines earlier this winter and reported to Ware they could never be operated profitably. Too much faulting and igneous diking, as I recall. I gathered he bore a grudge of some sort against Ware. But he seemed to know what he was talking about."

"No!" exclaimed Lineer. But his moment of disbelief passed quickly. Memory carried him back to the desert and Jess Folsom plodding south with the coal wagons. Those wagons had passed end of rail more and more infrequently. And he had failed to read the plain meaning of it. He swore inwardly with deep feeling.

Then, grimly humorous, he said, "That's all we need. No coal and no water to haul it with. What do you want to do?"

The friendliness went out of Colonel Edwards' expression. He became again the aging eagle who commanded Great Western. He said curtly, "You're running this railroad."

"Then I'll go to Ware at once."

"Ware has told us nothing. If his

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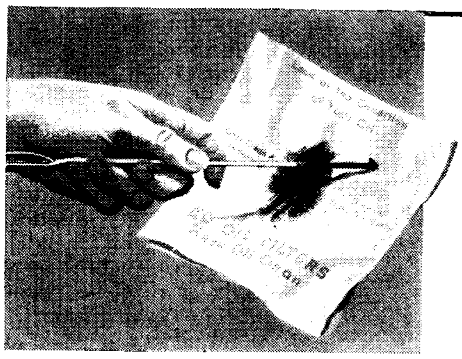

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mines are dying, he is deliberately hiding that fact from us. He's not likely to admit it now."

"He'll open the mines to our inspection or we'll by-pass White Oaks and head north," said Lineer.

"North for where?"

Lineer grinned. "You asked me once if we could get out of this valley to the north. You knew the answer before I told you we could. You also told me this railroad would be built come hell or high water. All that adds up to the conclusion that you came into this valley primarily because these rails can be the connecting link in a new transcontinental line."

"Connecting where?"

"You've got a line from Chicago down into Kansas. Bring it on across the Texas Panhandle into northeastern New Mexico. I'll swing northeast when I'm out of the valley and meet you beyond the Pecos."

Edwards' voice was still brusque: "Where will you get your coal?"

"A branch line to the proven mines in the Raton country."

BARBARA'S eyes swung back and forth from her father to Lineer. Strong minds were at combative play here. Knowing her father's ways of old, she sensed that despite his demeanor he was immensely pleased. She smiled, for that moment wholly content.

Edwards changed his point of attack suddenly. "You're right. I did plan to connect this road up with the Kansas line. But not for another ten years. Why should I do it now?"

"Because the copper mines in Arizona will still provide a profitable coal haul. Because this country is growing. And"—Lineer was grinning again now—"because you would never give your competitors in New York a chance to say you built a railroad into nowhere."

Edwards laughed aloud, and both men relaxed. "All right, Jim. You might like to know I've already started the survey down from Kansas. Just in case."

Lineer smiled ruefully. "I should have known." He rose, and his expression sobered. "I respect Wilse Ware. You always know where he stands. If we don't build rails to his town, he'll fight."

Edwards nodded. "I told you and Tracy once to hit him with everything you had—if you had to go against him. That's still good advice. But you've brought peace to this valley. Keep it if you can."

Barbara walked with Lineer to the door. She lifted her arms and pulled his face down to hers, gazing long and soberly into his eyes, then meeting his lips with all the ardor and all the fullness of her love. As she drew away she murmured, "You see? He is no longer between us. Truly he is not."

"I believe that," said Lineer slowly. "Someday, perhaps, I will share your pity for the man. I have none now. That lies between us."...

He caught the work train north, arriving at end of rail shortly before sunset. "Move your tent up to the grader camp," he told Georgie Price. "Count the guns in camp. And stay out of White Oaks Canyon until I pass the word."

Afterward he explained at length to Georgie and Big Tim as they took their ease on camp chairs before the tent, watching the sun's glow die beyond the far silhouette of Salinas Peak. To their immediate west the sinuous flow of the malpais raised a dark and forbidding barrier. It was near this point, he recalled, that the caravan of splendid coaches dropped ten months ago out of the lava cut and into Tularosa Valley. Thinking of that time and of the transformation wrought in the valley by the people who made up that caravan, he came by slow degrees to thoughts of the turns in the lives of those people themselves.

He tried to look upon them with dispassion. For it was his nature to accept change, to acknowledge it as a rule of life, to adapt and conform to it. Here lay part of the secret of his tranquillity that other men envied. This, plus his ability to wrest from the desert some of its own timeless serenity. But tonight the high-walled valley began to communicate to his mind a jarring and unnatural vibrance. It came out of the rising southwest wind, a staccato of meaningless whispers. It advanced from the black pits of the malpais, felt but unseen, then slipped back only to advance again. It lay down beside the night to disturb the darkness with its uneven breathing.

The mood was born within himself and persisted there, he knew, because the pattern of change was not complete. Somewhere in the valley still roamed a man who had tried repeatedly to kill him and would try again. In the high bastion of White Oaks brooded a man of iron will who would not bow to disaster if it came tomorrow. And until Tracy Thomason was found, until the enigma of his nature was exposed to the last raw fiber to reveal whether he was an irresponsible weakling or a wanton with murder in his heart, there would remain in Barbara's eyes that shadow he saw today.

These thoughts remained with him through the night spent on his old cot beside Tim and Georgie. They stayed with him, heavily charged with their feel of impending decision, as he rode next morning up the road to White Oaks.

HE FOUND Wilse Ware in the big corner office with Ed Ware. He shook hands with the two men, then sat loosely in a chair and let the talk drift along in an idle, aimless way. But when the guarded expression in Wilse Ware's black eyes did not relax, he said finally, "We're ready to lay steel up the canyon."

"Fine," said Ware. "Best news I ever heard."

Lineer waited again before he asked bluntly, "Is the coal here?"

"Now, Jim," said Ware mildly. "Who've you been listening to?"

"Talk," said Lineer. "Gossip maybe. Nothing more. But you haven't been shipping as much coal south."

"We're having troubles. The best mines have them. It doesn't mean anything."

"How long have you been having them?"

Ware said with sudden impatience, "I've got the coal, man. That's all the railroad needs to know, isn't it?"

"Mind if we send in our own mining engineers for a look?"

"You're damned right I mind. Those fellows don't know any more about what's in the bowels of the earth than I do. And I'm telling you I've got the coal."

Lineer shook his head. "Not enough, Wilse. It will cost a lot of money to lay tracks up that grade. We've got to know we'll get coal when we reach here."

"You'll get the coal at your option price. You've got my signature on it, man! Why should you worry if I have a little trouble in the mines? If I can't produce at the option price it's my loss, not yours."

"You mean," asked Lineer in wonderment, "you're ready to scrabble that coal out at a loss to yourself?"

"I mean exactly that. White Oaks has waited a long time for this railroad. We're going to have it!"

Ed Ware broke in, "Don't forget, Jim, Uncle Wilse has money in your railroad too."

Wilse Ware moved his head slowly around toward his nephew, his eyes settling on the younger man in a contemptuous stare. He growled, "Shut up." Young Ware seemed to grow smaller in his chair. But for the first time some hint of defiance remained on his round face.

Lineer said, "We want to come in here.

Prove you've got coal in volume and we'll start grading tomorrow."

Wilse Ware heaved abruptly to his feet. He turned his back to Lineer and stood at the window, his thick shoulders hunched, his hands behind his back. He remained thus for long minutes. When he swung around, he had made his decision.

He barked, "You're pledged to come here, and by God you're coming!"

"We're not pledged to lay rail to dead mines."

"Damn it, man, I've told you the mines are not dead!"

"Then let us put engineers into them for a look."

"No!"

Lineer stood too. He had never seen such agitation on the face of this rough, vital man, and he watched it with real regret. He said, "I'm sorry, Wilse."

"Never mind that. What do you propose to do?"

"Go north to Raton coal."

Ware advanced until he stood only a short step from Lineer. He said softly, "You'll come here, man, or you'll go nowhere."

"No," said Lineer. "It's too late for that kind of talk. You can't stop us."

"You're the one I should have stopped, Lineer. I knew it a long time ago, when that fool Thomason was in the saddle. I didn't go against you because I liked you. But I can still cut you down."

"You could," agreed Lineer. "But it would change nothing."

A short, rumbling laugh came out of Ware. His eyes glinted, but there was no amusement in them. "Remember how you outlawed young Keck? You were riding high that night. All right, Lineer, White Oaks is outlawing you. Ride out of this town. And stay out!"

Lineer said bleakly, "This is no good, Wilse. When you're ready to open your mines to us, send me word."

Ed Ware stood beside his uncle, watching Lineer ride down the street. Wilse's face was still strongly set in anger. But it held, too, some new irresolution that was completely foreign to him, some tinge of hopelessness that lay bitterly upon his untamed soul.

Presently the younger man asked, "Are you really going to stop him?"

Wilse said without turning his head, "Get out."

Ed hesitated, found coat and hat and left. He looked back resentfully from the street, seeing his uncle's bulky figure still at the window, still staring down the street with set, tired face. The younger man moved on down to the bar at Cantwell's, found congenial companions there and remained until long shadows began to stretch their way up the street. He returned to the office. At the door he met his uncle coming out. Wilse Ware passed him without a word, head sunk on chest and tramped off heavily toward home.

ED WALKED thoughtfully back to Cantwell's. He spied Jess Folsom worrying a morose supper and joined him. But some stir of excitement held Ed. He found he had no appetite for food. He made frequent trips to the bar instead, wishing and waiting for something and not able to give it a name.

Once he said with ill-concealed pleasure, "Uncle Wilse is losing his grip."

"You're crazy," said Folsom.

The evening was almost gone and a vague disappointment was beginning to touch Ed, when he glanced up and saw Tracy Thomason step carefully through the door. Beside him was a shorter man, slender, bearded and dirty. Then Ed recognized Harry Keck. The two of them stood near the door, their glances moving down the bar and through the tables until they found Ware and Folsom.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Ware. He stood and raised a friendly hand. When they advanced watchfully to the table he said genially, "What the devil are you two doing here?"

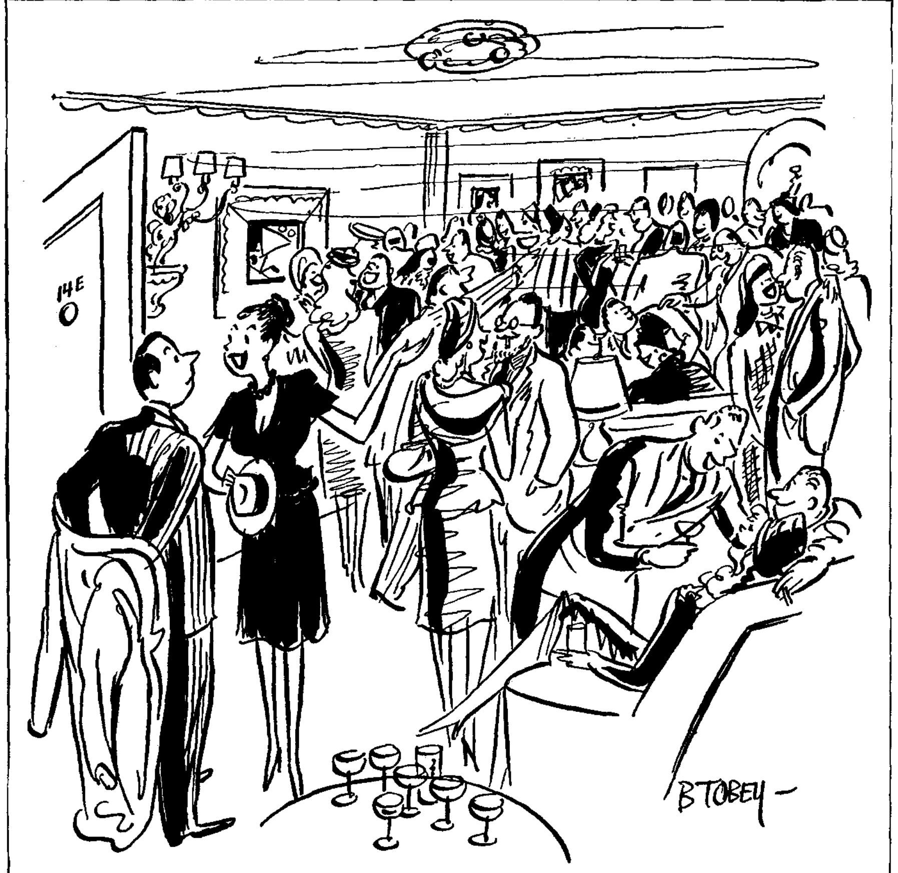
"Seein' the country," grunted Keck. His eyes were on Folsom, dourly alert. Thomason was smiling. He had found soap and razor somewhere, for he had shaved within the last two days. He said, "Just visiting, Ed."

"Don't you know Lineer has been scouring the country for you?"

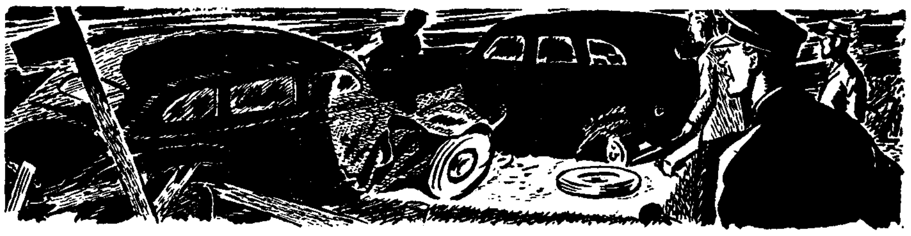
Thomason's face contorted. He opened his mouth to reply. But his lips sucked tightly back against his teeth and he seemed unable to speak. It was Keck who said, "He'll find us, all right."

Folsom said, "We don't want you here, Keck."

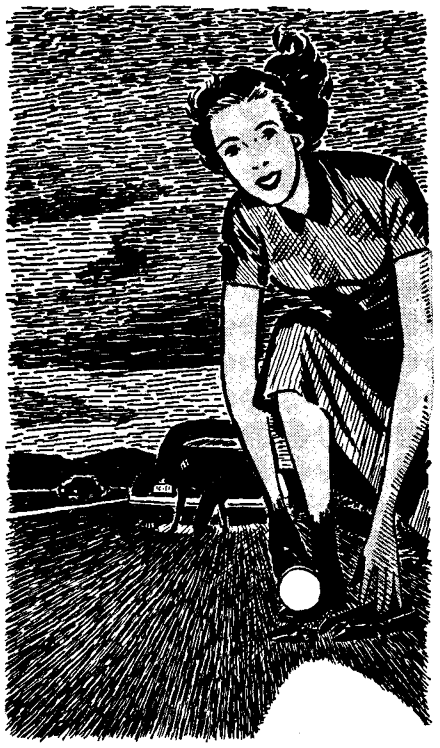
"Wait, Jess," said Ware. He smiled around at the three of them, unable to

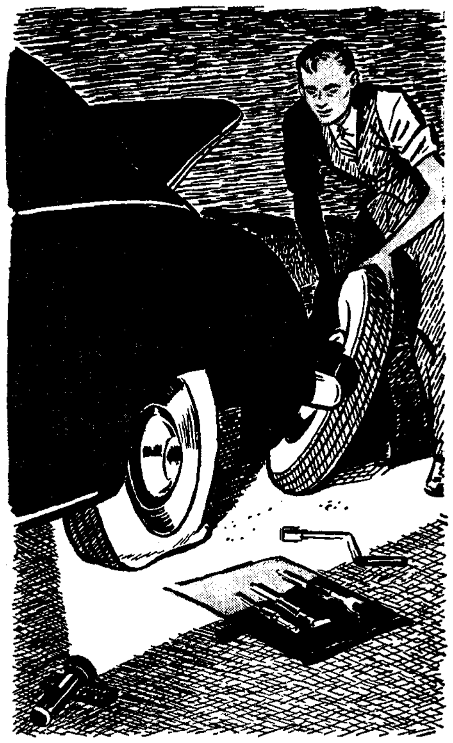


COLLIER'S "H'ya, Eddie—I want to introduce you around—" BARNEY TOBEY



This won't happen to you if you know HOW TO CHANGE A TIRE AT NIGHT





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withhold news of disaster any longer, relishing the thought that Wilse Ware had failed to find the courage to break the news to his town. "Lineer was up here today. The railroad is not coming to White Oaks because he thinks the coal has pinched out."

Thomason and Keck exchanged triumphant glances. Thomason said quickly, "What's your uncle going to do about it?"

"He's fit to be tied. Told Lineer the railroad would come here or nowhere." Ware paused, then added with a little smile, "Now he can't make up his mind."

"I'll buy a drink," said Thomason. He laughed strongly, full of his old thrusting, impetuous good humor. When the bottle came he said, "We figured that if anybody stood up to the railroad it would be Wilse Ware. Hope he hasn't lost his nerve."

"Cut that talk," growled Folsom. "If Wilse wants to tear the railroad apart, he'll do it."

"Sure, Jess," said Thomason. "And we'll help him."

"He'll need no help."

"All right, Jess," said Thomason easily.

Keck said, "Where's Lineer now?"

"He left here by horse. Probably down at the construction camp."

Keck looked impatiently at Thomason. The latter shook his head. He asked Ware, "Where's the railroad going?"

"Lineer said north."

"Then now's the time to stop him. Does Wilse know that?"

"I guess he does," said Ed. "If he could make up his mind."

"There are enough men in this room tonight to tear that camp apart."

"What?" Ed sent a startled glance at Thomason. "Yeah. Say, you're probably right at that."

Folsom growled, "What kind of talk is that?"

"Lay off, Jess," said Ware. Liquor was beginning to flush his cheeks and instill in him its bright courage. Thomason had always been his friend, had always shown him a respect he never received from his uncle. Now Wilse Ware was slipping. He would stand there day after day at the window, brooding while the rails raced away from him. Well, let him. This would still be a Ware town when Wilse Ware was gone. There was still one Ware left who knew how to fight.

Thomason's eyes left Ed and swung around the room, seeing the glances of curiosity at this table. He asked, "Do these men know about it?" Ed shook his head. Thomason said, "Let's have a drink at the bar."

They rose. Thomason said, "Coming, Jess?"

"Naw."

At the bar Thomason inspected his drink, saying absently but loudly, "This will turn into a ghost town, you know." He observed the miner next to him turn slowly around and give him a curious stare. The miner asked, "What did you say, mister?"

Thomason smiled, "You tell him, Ed."

MEN moved down the bar, drawn by Ware's rising voice. They listened and moved away, some incredulous, some angry, some indifferent. They spread the word through the big room, and some returned to the bar with other men. "Joe here doesn't believe it, Ed. Tell him what Wilse said." Ed's voice rose higher and higher, thickened by whisky and indignation. The poker game stopped, and the pool table was deserted. The crowd around Ed swelled and debated. Keck moved around its fringes, spurring the hotheads. But Thomason never left Ed's side.

"Where's Keck?" demanded Ed. "Harry, come here." Ware shouted to the crowd, pointing at Keck, "Here's another man Lineer tried to run over. He outlawed Harry here. Well, by God, today Wilse outlawed Jim Lineer!"

Thomason laughed strongly. He put his arm around Ed. "You've got your uncle's blood in you all right, Ed."

"This is still a Ware town," said Ed, pleased but belligerent, "and don't you forget it." He called to the barkeep, "Put 'em on the house for the rest of the night, Bill."

Voices lifted all over the room in a querulous, half-angry hubbub that mounted steadily higher. Liquor slopped on the big black bar, wetly gleaming under the oil lamps, and the barkeep's swishing cloth could no longer keep up with it.

"We ought to burn that railroad camp down!"

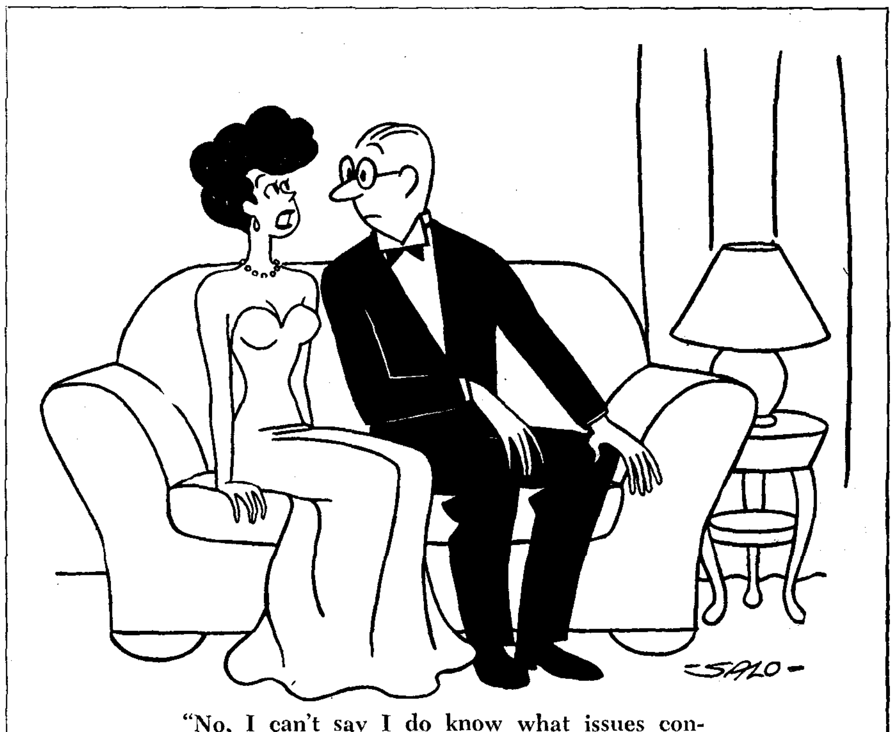
"What good would that do? We ought to hang a couple of 'em. That'd show 'em White Oaks means business."

"What does ol' Wilse say?"

"Ed here says Wilse told 'em we're gonna fight."

"You bet we're gonna fight! Wish ol' Wilse was here right now."

Thomason watched the growing temper of the room, not pushing it, checking his own eagerness, prodding the growing decision on Ed Ware's moist face. An



"No, I can't say I do know what issues confront the world today—nothing serious, I hope"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

The 4 most common typing faults

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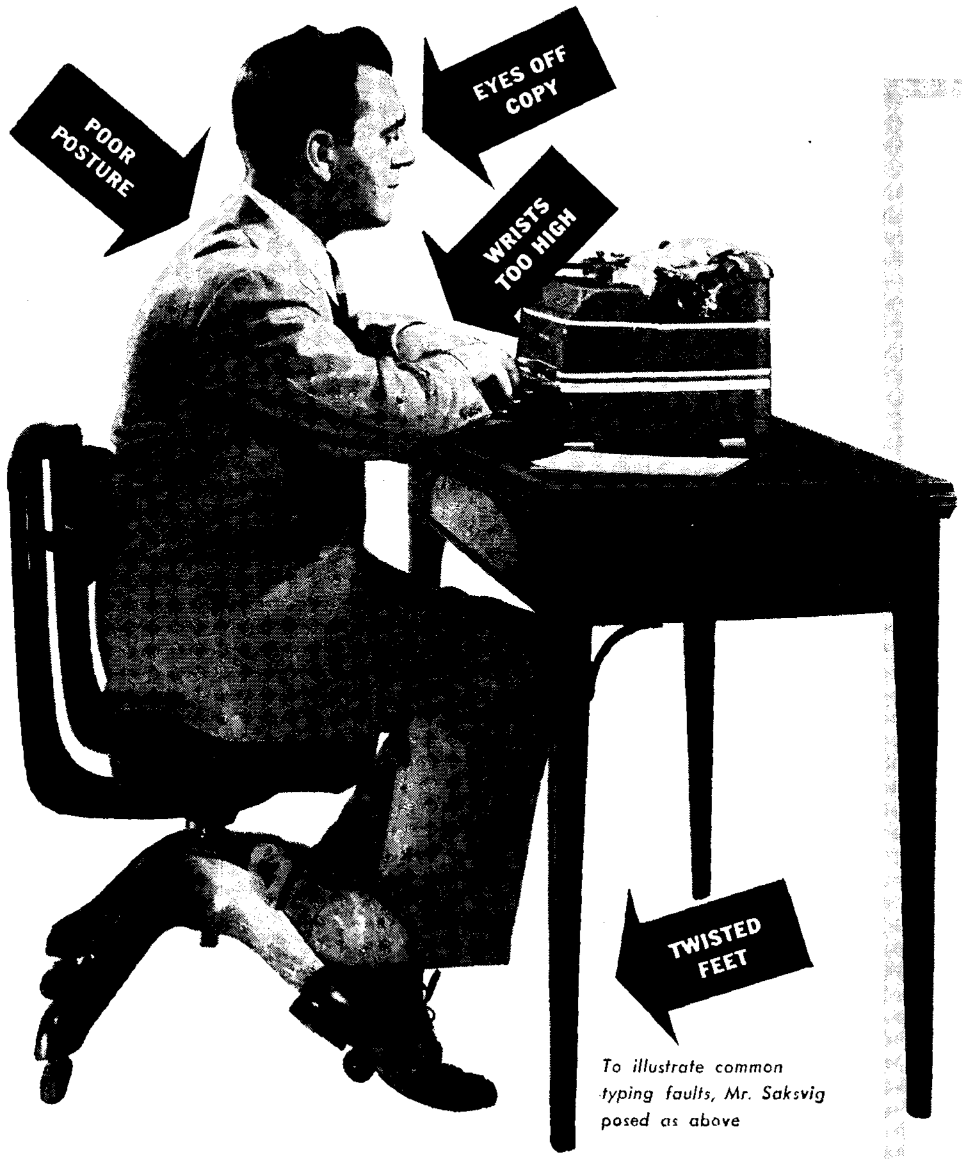

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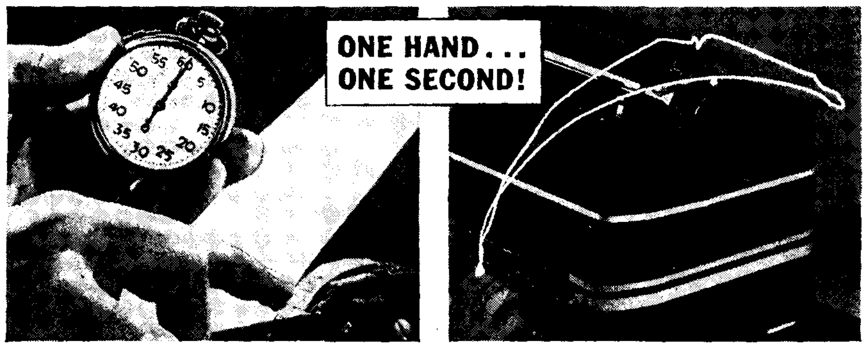
"**START** carriage with crisp throw, let momentum do the rest. Return left hand to guide keys. Don't look away from copy."



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oily sweat exuded from Thomason's cheeks and rolled down his jaw. And when he thought of Jim Lineer the faint freckles on his forehead leaped out, then sank from sight in the hot bath of blood across his face.

Midnight was approaching when he saw men's eyes were beginning to turn questioningly toward Jess Folsom, still sourly alone with his bottle at the table. These men were not ready to follow Ed Ware alone. But they would follow Ed and Folsom together. Thomason whispered to Ed. "What's eating Jess?"

"I don't know," said Ed. He staggered a little, frowning. "Whatever it is I'm not going to stand for it." He tried to shape his round face into lines of crisp decisiveness. "Folsom," he yelled. "Come up here!"

Folsom stood up. Quiet fell over the room as men watched him stump forward.

Ed demanded loudly, "What's the matter with you, Jess?"

"Wilse hasn't ordered it," said Folsom stubbornly.

Ed glared at him. "Don't tell me that. I know what Wilse wants. Didn't I stand there and hear him outlaw Lineer? I'm his own nephew and I guess, by God, I'm the one who knows what's got to be done."

Folsom jerked a thumb at Thomason. "Where does he come in?"

"I'll tell you," said Thomason. "You bet I'll tell you." He seized this moment, his eyes roving boldly over the crowd. He leaped to the bar, finding willing hands to push him up. He laughed down with his free exuberance. Then his face hardened with righteous anger. "You all know I once ran this railroad," he shouted. "But you don't know that I was kicked out because I wouldn't stand for the crooked scheming of the whole dirty outfit. I came here tonight to tell you that they never intended from the first day they came in this valley to build into White Oaks!"

He paused, letting his words sink in, waiting for the first muttering and then the angry roar. He held up his hand, completely confident now. "Jess here wants to know where I come in. Listen to me, Jess! There's a man down there at the foot of the canyon who needs hanging if ever a man did. Jim Lineer thinks he can walk over White Oaks like he's walked over everybody and everything else in the valley. I say now's the time to stop him! I say that I'm ready to follow Ed here because he knows what's got to be done. And I'll follow you, Jess, if you're the man I think you are!"

Folsom blinked up at Thomason, growling at the challenge. His eyes swung around at the expectant faces. A voice behind him called, "You tell 'em, Jess!" A man shouted, "Let 'er go, Jess!" But Folsom still glowered his doubts.

It was Keck who tipped the scales. Harry Keck, shoving through the crowd to Folsom, said with his cold smile, "I'm going to kill him for you, Jess. For you and for me."

"Damn you," burst out Folsom, "I hang my own meat!" He rocked around to Ed Ware. "No crazy killin's, now. Them mule skinners down there are hired hands like anybody else. One man we want, and we do it with a rope." He walked to the wall, took down his coat and hat, then reached to the nail for his whip. A boss teamster's blacksnake, shot-handled, with twenty feet of limber plait and a black tongue that could lick blood from ox, horse or man. A roar went up.

THEY rode through the night, shouting, laughing and even singing. Some rode because they believed Wilse Ware demanded it. Some because red whisky made them brave and brutal. Some for curiosity and some for the hell of it. A few sobered in the chill midnight air and slipped away. And others would have turned back but slim Harry Keck was everywhere among them, a yelling demon of a man, pushing them on, thrusting a bottle at those who faltered, laughing until the canyon echoed. . . .

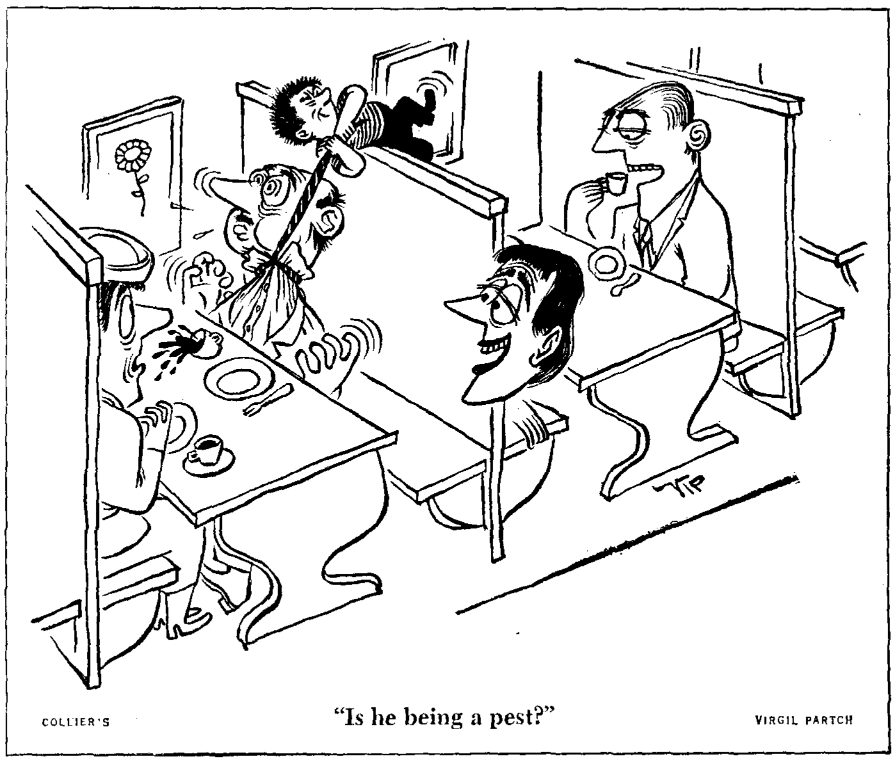
Lineer arrived back at the grader camp in late afternoon. He said to Georgie Price, "Send your surveying crew straight north tomorrow. Tell them to carry a couple of rifles in their wagon but to dodge any trouble they can."

Big Tim grinned. "Now that," he said, "has the sound of a ruckus in it."

"Maybe," said Lineer. "I don't think so. Looks as though Ware may let it die with threats against me."

Georgie said, "Some of my mule skinners will be disappointed. We turned up five rifles and a round dozen working pistols today. Spent the noon hour oiling 'em."

After supper Lineer idly studied the ground north of the camp. The graded right of way, with shallow, scoured ditches on each side of it, ran on for three hundred yards. Around its rough point were plows, fresnos and scrapers wherever teamsters had unhitched at the end of the day's work. Another two hundred yards farther on, the White Oaks road fed into the flat from the right. To the left of the grade the ground dropped away gently toward the malpais. To the right it sloped upward in folds to Baxter Mountain. The first bare ridge paralleled the grade its full distance, dropping



COLLIER'S "Is he being a pest?" VIRGIL PARTCH

If it's your turn to say
"Come over and play"
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When you fix up the table
Be sure that you're able
To find "Thompson" with merely a glance.

Allan Clark

To make a good evening even better

With friends coming in, get out Old Thompson. It's a better blend because it's WED·IN·THE·WOOD. In this old-time method, aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with the choicest grain neutral spirits ***but instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending.*** This "marrying" in the barrel takes longer and costs more but it gives added smoothness and flavor. So try "Thompson" tonight.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof. The Straight Whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% Straight Whiskies — 67½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

Watch for the return of the famous Old Thompson pre-war bottle. It's coming soon!

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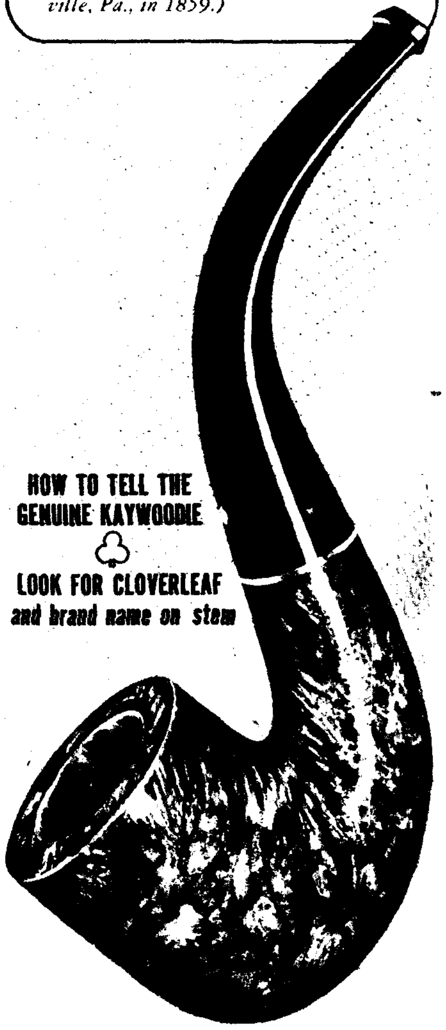

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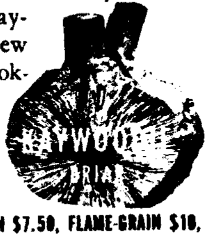

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off just short of the White Oaks road.

It was reasonably good ground to defend. But—defend against what? Wilse Ware's anger had drained away today in harsh but impotent words. A man who talks thus seldom proceeds to act. Ware had lived long with violence. He knew that it seldom settled anything. He would fight, certainly. But his weapons would be injunctions in the courts and political power in the territorial legislature. Lineer went to his cot, turning his mind resolutely away from danger that had no substance, guiding it into pleasant thoughts of the big house beside the *'cequia madre*. He fell presently into a light sleep.

HE AWAKENED to the restless silence of the night, his nerves throbbing to a pulse of discord. There was no sound to alarm him. But he pulled on his boots and ducked out of the tent, impelled by some need to examine the night. Around him men slept in tents, in the open, under and in wagons. To his right toward the ridge the coals of the cook's fire still glowed dimly.

But it was to westward that his eyes and nerve ends were pulled. West toward the wall of the malpais, where some jarring vibration had advanced last night from the black crevices, then ebbed away. The dissonance was close now, so near that he could feel the beating quiver of it. As he faced it, it began to recede again slowly.

No danger could come from there. This had no meaning. This was the illusion of too-taut nerves. He swung around, trying to find through the blackness the long ridge to eastward. Then he knew what he had failed to do. He returned to the tent, shook Tim awake and led him out.

"Get on that ridge with a rifle," he said. "Go far enough north to command both the camp and the road."

"Jim, lad, ye're sleepwalking," said Tim.

"You're probably right," said Lineer. "But if Ware does come he'll be smart enough to fight from that ridge. And we would be helpless."

"I'm on my way," said Tim.

Lineer returned to his cot, sinking after a long interval into broken sleep. When the shot came he was close to consciousness, for he heard it distinctly. He leaped from the tent into the first grayness of dawn. Georgie Price pawed out behind him, then ran back in and emerged with two rifles. He handed one to Lineer, laughing with his love of a fight. "My pappy used to say to me, 'Georgie, never oil a gun 'cause trouble will come sure if you do.' "

A din of shots and yells broke now to the north. All around them men rolled erect with sleepy, cursing questions. Through the morning murk Lineer made out an aimless line of horsemen galloping toward the camp. Streaks of flame spurted upward, telling him they were firing into the air.

"Hold your fire!" yelled Lineer. "Georgie, tell everybody to hold fire!"

Georgie raced to his right, where men were calling to one another among the wagons. Lineer ran around to the north side of the tent, dropping there to silhouette the advancing horsemen better in the half dawn.

Where was Tim? They had come under Tim on the road. Was that Tim's rifle that fired the first shot? He tried to listen for it now, but the confusion of shots was too great. They were still firing in the air. Trying to stampede the camp. What the devil good would that do them? Did Wilse Ware think this sort of business would stop the railroad? Somehow this did not seem like Wilse Ware. These thoughts raced through his mind as his hands explored the rifle and found it ready.

Ed Ware's yelling mob reached the first tents of the camp. Many leaped from their horses there to run and fling themselves laughing against the tents. Others drove their horses on, spreading to right and left, whirling their mounts among the confused mule skinners and still firing into the air. For most of them this had become a gay and drunken lark, without direction, without purpose. They would yell and shoot at the sky and kick down tents on sleeping men and watch laughing as the defenseless mule skinners fled. They might throw lead close to the heels of running men. They might even set fire to the camp and drive off mules and horses before riding triumphantly back to White Oaks.

But a hard core of riders drove straight for the center of the camp, with Jess Folsom and Harry Keck at its point and Tracy Thomason swinging at its left, searching for a tent he could recognize.

Two horses raced down upon Lineer where he crouched, barely visible against the tent. They swung apart to go around both sides of the tent. Lineer held his rifle on the bulky target of the rider at his left, still waiting for this madness to assume a definite shape. As the horse swept by he looked up into the eyes of Folsom, saw the pistol in Folsom's left hand and the coiled blacksnake in his right.

"Here he is!" bellowed Folsom. Folsom jerked his horse up, whirling him and bringing him around. Keck on the other side reined in hard and pivoted back, repeating the yell. Far over to Lineer's right the strident voice of Tracy Thomason called through the half light, "Keck! Where are you, Harry?"

Lineer heard those calls and knew with a cold certainty that he was close to death. And Georgie Price, busy trying to gather around him the few he could find with guns, heard those calls. "Come on," he cried, and dashed for the tent. The eyes in his young-old face never gleamed more recklessly as he saw Thomason's horse plunging toward him; Georgie fired his rifle from the hip. He saw the horse stumble and go down and the rider fall clear but he did not pause in his lowbent run.

AS THE two horses reared above Lineer he made his decision and spun away from Folsom. It was Keck's bullet that he expected to rip first into his body. Keck at last had him where the odds offered no chance. Keck's bullet or Folsom's bullet. What did it matter? Yet it did matter. Maybe he could get one of them. Maybe he could kill Keck even as he took Folsom's bullet in the back. He thought bleakly as he lifted his rifle that he had underestimated Tracy Thomason in some way that he would never live to know.

He did not see the lash of Folsom's arm. But he felt the slashing bite of whip leather across his shoulder and the stinging coil of it as it knocked his rifle down and whipped about his body. He flung himself against its pull, twisting and spinning down and falling against the tent.

"Stand fast, damn you!" bawled Folsom. "Keck, get on him!"

But Keck had never intended to wait for a rope around Lineer's neck. That was Thomason's idea. That was Folsom's idea. Not Harry Keck's. There was only one sure death for the man who had walked over Harry Keck. A bullet between the eyes. He jerked his horse into prancing side steps, laughing soundlessly, forcing the animal against the tent, raising in the stirrups until he poised above Lineer's threshing body.

The powerful rifle slug that came then out of the uneven light struck Keck high in the left side. It tore through his body, lifting him from the saddle and flinging him to the ground. He never moved. He was dead when his body struck.

Georgie Price, down on one knee ten yards away, saw his shot strike home and came up to his running crouch again.

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"Keck! Where are you, Harry?" It was Thomason, afoot and alone now, running parallel to Georgie. He saw Georgie's head swing toward him and he saw Georgie drop to one knee again. He snapped a shot at Georgie as he ran behind a wagon. He threaded through two tents, stumbling over the guy ropes and fumbling for his lost pistol and jumping up to run again.

He saw Folsom race northward past him, low on the saddle. "Wait, Jess!" he called. He ran heavily after Folsom, hearing pistol bullets strike around him.

Others of the mob were running north too. For now the camp pistols were fighting back and bullets were thudding in among them. Horses plunged and screamed and became unmanageable, and two went down. Somewhere a man cried out in pain. Somewhere a man shrieked meaningless epithets as he surrendered to sudden terror. . . .

Beyond pistol range the mob began to straggle to a stop, responding to the hoarse commands of Folsom. They milled there for a minute without purpose, a few still laughing, some firing at random toward the camp. But they were sobering fast, and among them were men who were beginning to grow afraid. Thomason reached them, shouting for Ed Ware and receiving no answer. Two others who had lost horses ran behind him.

Lineer had rolled free and clawed for his rifle at the moment Keck hit the ground and Keck's riderless horse plunged away. As he grasped it he looked up into Folsom's pistol. He could not get the rifle up. Keck was down but there was Folsom's aimed pistol above him and he still was going to die. Then he saw Folsom lower the weapon uncertainly, wheel his horse and run. Lineer could have killed Folsom then. Instead he leaped for Keck, unable to believe the slim killer would never try to kill again. Not until he held Keck's pistol and found the hole in Keck's side did he look up.

Georgie ran to his side and they watched the White Oaks crowd come to a stop beyond pistol range. Their two rifles could reach the crowd. But the fight appeared to be over. Georgie panted, "The sports've got a bellyful."

He never spoke again. A random rifle bullet thudded into his chest and he crumpled to the ground. Lineer stumbled down beside him, calling his name. There was no answer, for life had gone out of Georgie Price at the end of the best fight he ever had. Lineer swung up with an aching oath and emptied his rifle at the dim shapes of the mob.

Folsom was just beginning to calm the mob when an unseen rifle began to sting at them from the ridge. Big Tim, who dared not shoot while the mob boiled through the camp, was going to work. Then Lineer's rifle reached angrily for them. They whirled their horses in confusion, on the edge of panic. "Over here!" yelled a man, and put his horse to the graded right of way. Others followed blindly, ready now to listen to any voice, to flee to any shelter. They jumped from their horses, racing to the fresh earth of the embankment, hugging it, calling to one another doubtfully. They were safe here from the rifle in the camp. But the rifle on the ridge spat down at them, and a man crumpled and lay moaning.

THEY could not stay here. They ran again to their horses and now they streamed northward, up the other side of the grade toward its point, toward the road to White Oaks and safety beyond. Men who still had horses raced at a dead gallop. The others stumbled afoot over the uneven ground.

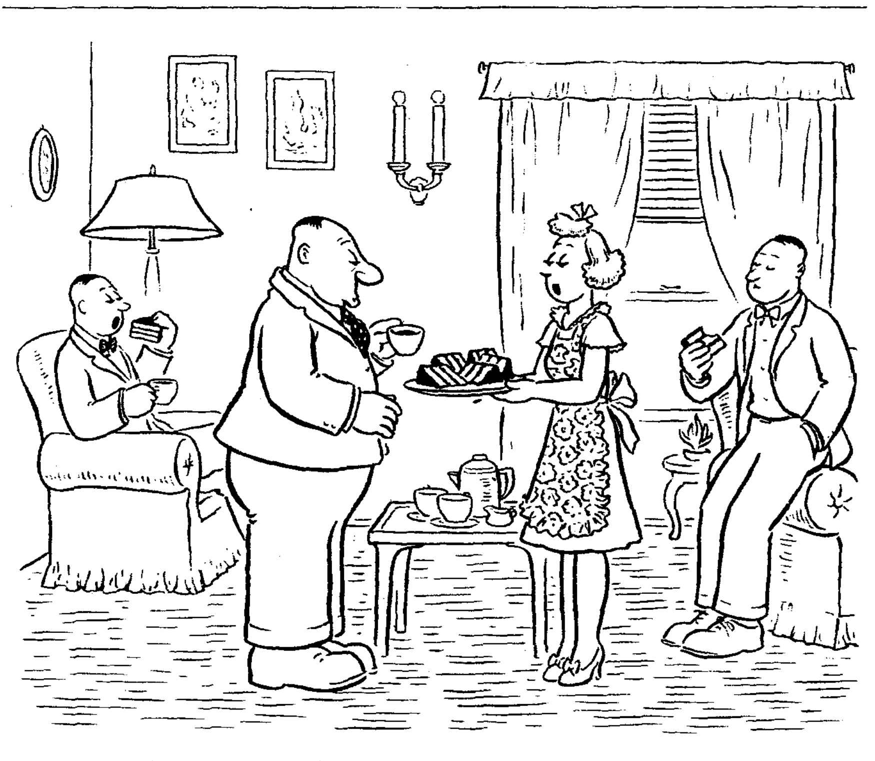
They were running in front of Tim's rifle on the ridge, and Lineer could hear its steady boom. He saw the two leading horses go down, then a man. The man staggered up and ran on. Those still mounted reached the grade point and swung right, racing for the road, firing up at the rifle they could not see.

Tim's bulk reared on the ridge line, limned against the dawn light. Tim had not placed himself far enough north to command the road. Now he ran in long leaps north along the crest. He dropped once to a knee and fired. He sprang up to run. He staggered, twisted in midstride and went down. Grief tore its way through Lineer, a bitter, hopeless sorrow so great that it washed out even his wrath. Then he heard again the steady boom of Tim's rifle.

Three of the horsemen got past Tim and reached the safety of the canyon. Two more fled north straight up the valley. The others, unable to stand the rifle on the ridge, gave way and fled for the safety of the embankment they had just quitted. Now they were running toward Lineer and he fired steadily and savagely.

From the corner of his eye he saw a

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"It's no use racking your brain trying to decide, Alfred—I've cut all the pieces exactly the same size"

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What price sleep, when a breakfast like this sends its haunting aroma through the house of a morning? And shucks, it's so easy to whip up with Pillsbury Pancake Mix, the cook can join the family at the table. But Pillsbury Pancake Mix doesn't rest alone on its breakfast laurels. This ever-so-handy *flavor-blend* makes luncheon worth munchin' and some mighty pert desserts, too. All good—all easy—and with that distinctive Ann Pillsbury touch. Better get acquainted before another meal goes by!

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Makes fourteen 4½-inch pancakes.

Blend together . . . 2 cups **Pillsbury Pancake Mix**
2 cups **milk**
1 **egg**
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Bake . . . . on hot, lightly greased griddle; turn only once.
Spread . . . . . with butter and jelly or jam, then roll. Sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Ready-prepared . . . plain or with buckwheat

Pillsbury Pancake Mix
The Blend with no end of uses

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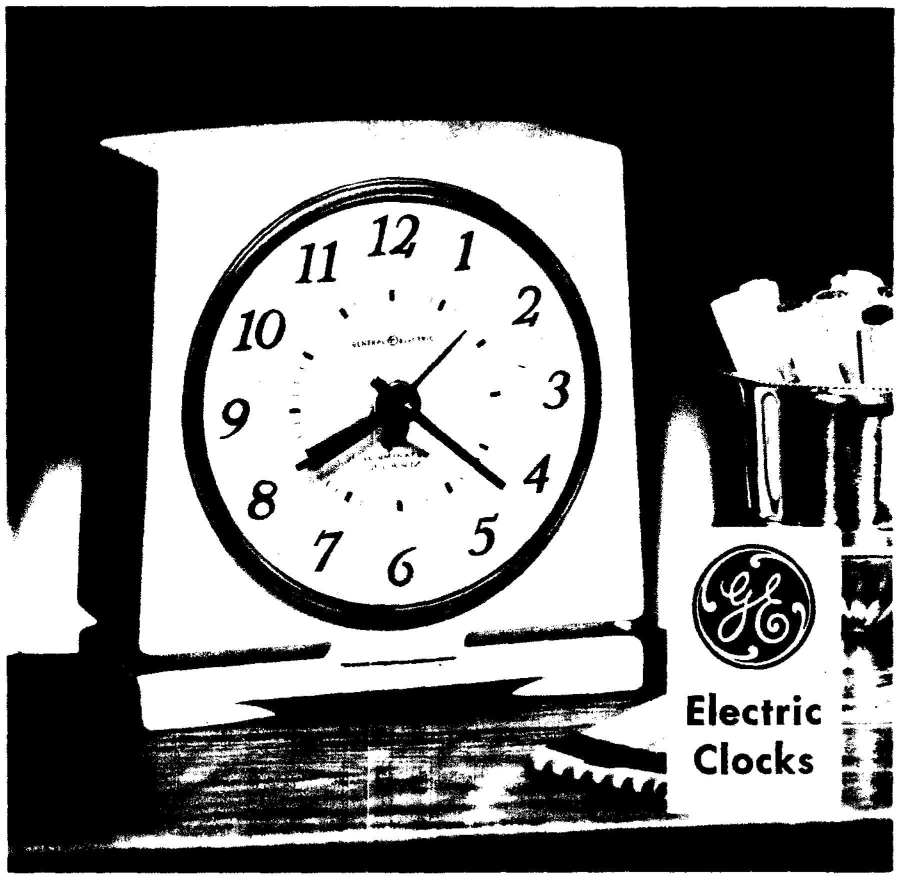
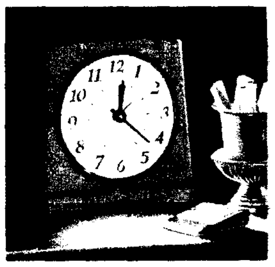
Meet the General Electric Clock with the Shining Face



Morning Star . . . $7.95 plus tax

The Illuminated Alarm



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Why "wind" a clock *today*?
Get a General Electric Clock and forget it!

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leathery old mule skinner, clad only in long gray underwear and gray socks, stride toward him and grasp the rifle from Georgie's dead hand. The mule skinner said with a hard calm, "I never killed a man, but I think I'm gonna kill me one now."

"Come on," snapped Lineer. He ran to the grade, pounding up its loose side and throwing himself forward with his rifle there to deny the mob its last refuge. The teamster dropped beside him. "Looks like the shootin's over," he said. It was true. The mob was broken utterly, wholly in terror of a fire it could not escape. Men ran straight for the camp, straining their arms above their heads.

But two did not surrender. Two who could never come back chose the malpais. Jess Folsom rode, his broad body flat in the saddle and his pistol butt pounding the ribs of his horse. Tracy Thomason ran on rubbery legs behind him.

The teamster steadied his rifle. Lineer's hand came down on his arm. "No," said Lineer. He pushed up to his feet and stood, exhausted and sickened, watching Thomason as he stumbled on toward the black lava with its sword edges that could slice through boots and its needle pinnacles that could impale a man and its deep dark pits that could give haven to a man fleeing the world.

AFTERWARD *Lineer turned away,* ignoring the men who shuffled into camp with upraised arms. He picked two stout teamsters, collected a cot and mounted the ridge. Tim was sitting up, staring at the bloody hole ripped through the calf of his left leg.

He said, "I'll thank ye to find me a clean rag."

They came upon Ed Ware's body at the north edge of the camp, where he must have died in the first carefree rush upon the camp. No bullet marked him. But the imprint of a horse's unshod hoof made a dusty pattern on his chest. They found four other men with wounds, and carried them to the same tent where Tim lay. The three bodies they placed side by side upon a canvas.

A buggy rolled down the White Oaks road, rounding the ridge at a racing trot and pounding into camp with spent horses. Wilse Ware jumped out. He looked at the herded, frightened White Oaks men. He looked at the bodies, raised blank eyes to Lineer, then stared down again at the canvas. He walked slowly past, gazing into each face. He stopped above his nephew, head bent, legs wide-planted as always.

Three dead and five wounded. The price of a railroad. The price of men's pride and men's hate. The price that had to be paid before this valley would give up its remoteness and its old violent ways and come into the world. Final triumph for strong men. Final defeat for strong men. Wilse Ware's shoulders slowly sagged. He spoke no word of disclaimer, for he would never deny the acts of men who called him leader.

Lineer asked with a cold gentleness, "Have you had enough, Wilse?"

Ware raised dull eyes. He held them steadily on Lineer, and a gleam flickered faintly in them and was gone. He said, "Nye couldn't have done it alone."

"Nye didn't break you," said Lineer. "Nor did I or any man. But you're broken."

He waited for a reply that did not come, thinking that he did not want to force this man to speak aloud the humiliating words of surrender. But he must do so. This thing must be tidied up, for now and for all time.

He indicated with an arm the White Oaks men who cowered in a group with a menacing circle of teamsters about them. He said, "They'll go back with you to White Oaks. You will keep them there. And you will stay there."

Ware's head sank again, his eyes upon the pale and dusty face of his nephew. Presently he nodded.

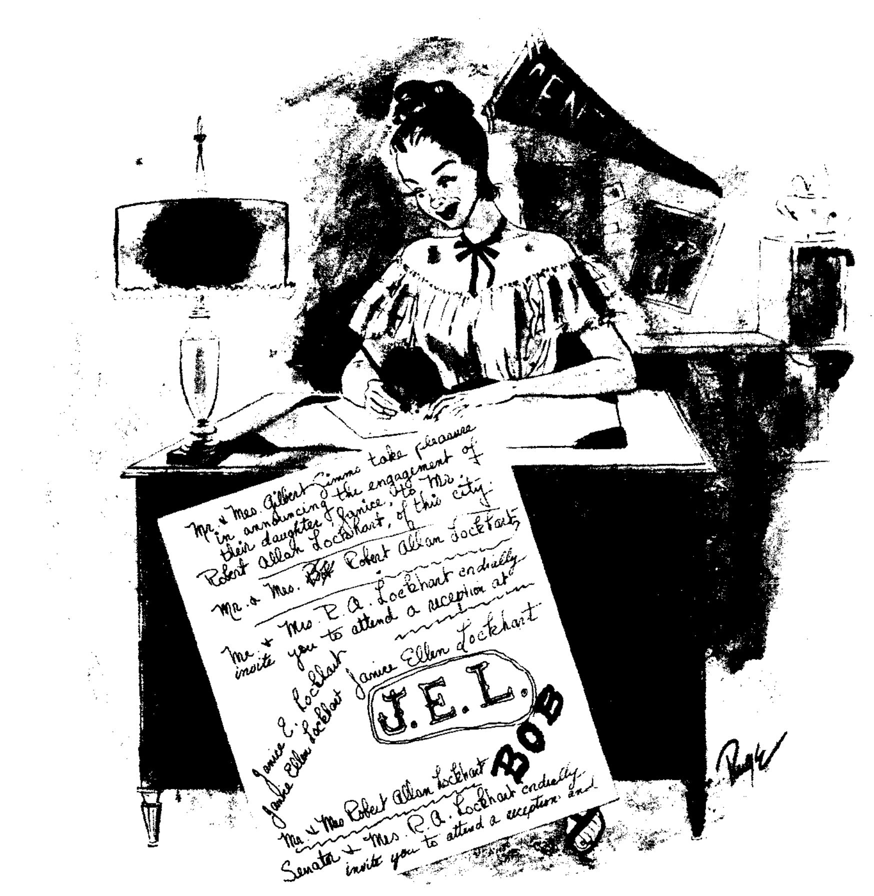
Lineer said implacably, "I heard no answer."

"Damn you, yes!"

A tired kindliness came then into Lineer's voice: "If you wish, I'll take Ed's body to Tularosa with the others."

Ware lifted lifeless eyes to the northeast, toward the rampart where he had ruled so long. "No," he said. His nephew's body would go back to the high gulch of White Oaks. To White Oaks, which must itself die now because the railroad would never come. "If you will lend me a wagon, or a horse to strap him on—" his voice trailed off. . . .

It was early afternoon when Lineer helped carry Tim up the stairs and into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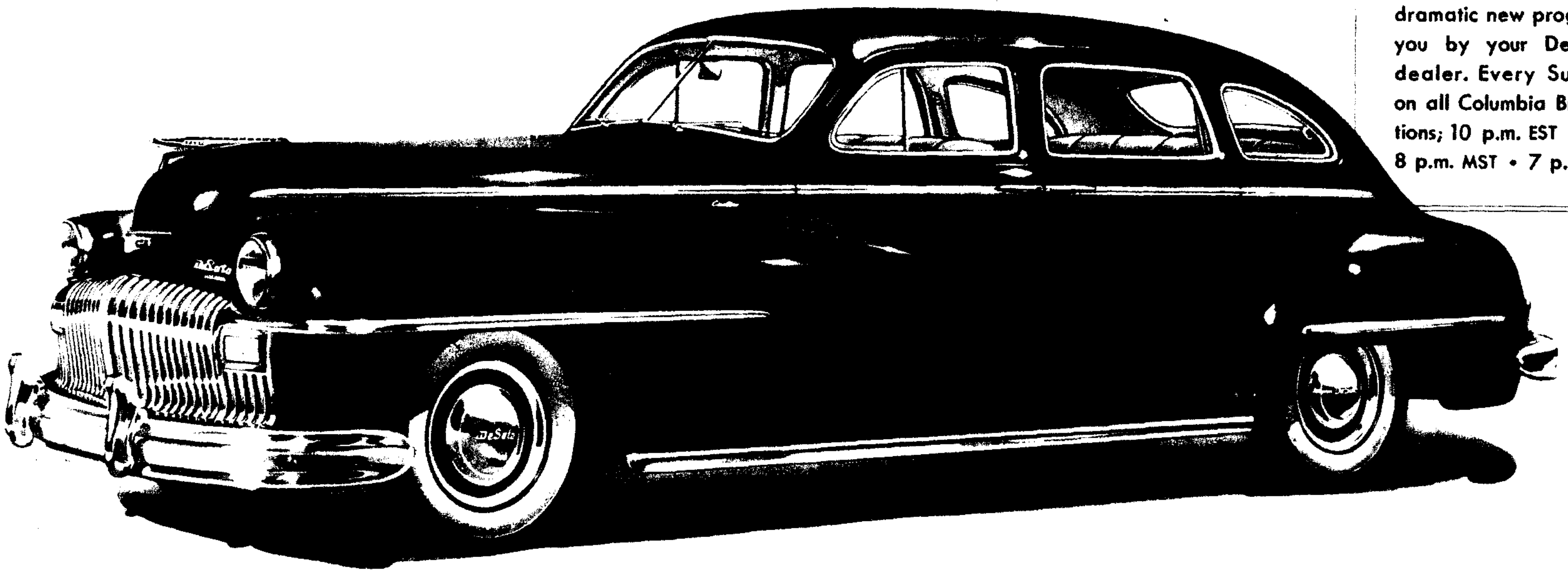

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But he was lost in thoughts of the season ahead . . .
in dreams of a mallard's wings churning
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the corner bedroom where he had carried the little *aguador* long ago. Afterward he stood at the foot of the bed with Barbara's hand in his and they smiled at Molly's way with Tim.

The first flow of tension from Lineer's body then was a slow and pleasant thing. He held her hand in a hard, almost rough clasp, understanding quite clearly that it was her touch that was drawing the tautness from him. The tired, ragged thoughts that held pain still refused to leave him, but he knew they would.

WESTWARD through the window he saw the great white sands churning violently upward and lashing at the sky with snowy plumes. The desert, moodily wrathful, writhed upon itself and called incessantly.

But he observed that Molly did not hear it. Her first frightened tears had been washed away by Tim's strong voice, and now all of the intuitive terrors were gone from her face. The unseen things of the desert had reached for Tim and had not claimed him.

Lineer slanted his smile down at Barbara, reluctant to break the deep contentment of this moment, thinking that he must say to her they would search no longer for Tracy Thomason but thinking, too, that he could not do so yet.

BEGINNING
IN NEXT WEEK'S
COLLIER'S
A NEW SERIAL BY
OCTAVUS
ROY COHEN

My Love Wears Black

DON'T MISS THIS TENSE
ACCOUNT OF MURDER
IN HOLLYWOOD!

He said, "I am a very thoughtless man, for I have never thought to tell you how lovely you are."

She laughed her pleasure, and her smile followed him to the door when he went downstairs to where her father waited. Colonel Edwards listened quietly. When presently he rose and strode out and down toward the depot, his face was stern and sad.

Lineer walked back through the kitchen. He filled a basin with water and stripped to the waist, remembering as he splashed the cold water on his face that this too he had done here long ago. Afterward he dressed and walked through the house to the fireplace. He stood gazing into the fire, thinking of Georgie Price and the breathless heat of Sonora nights, thinking that he must speak to Barbara quickly now and put this shadow away from them, thinking of Jubal Nye next door and of how little or how much an ultimate triumph could mean to a man at seventy.

He swung out of the house, tramped across and knocked. He heard Nye's high voice say, "Come in," and pushed through the door. Nye lay stretched at length on his worn leather couch. Lineer's first glance told him that the old man had heard of the fight and its outcome. There was on that deeply scored face an expression new to Lineer. It was more contentment than satisfaction, a complete relaxation of mind and body such as a man might feel and show at the end of a long, long journey.

Nye did not attempt to sit or stand, though his inflexible courtesy always before had driven him to his feet despite pain. When Lineer stood above him he raised one hand as though with an effort. Lineer took it. The fingers beneath his own were thin and cold and without strength. Only in the old warrior's eyes did life show. There it gleamed very brightly.

Nye said, "I beg your indulgence, Jim."

Lineer knew then that Jubal Nye was not able to raise himself, nor would he ever again seek or find the strength to do so. The power had not escaped from his body. He had surrendered it this day because he needed it no longer.

Nye spoke again, "You knew that fight was coming and you didn't tell me."

"No," said Lineer. "Wilse didn't know it was coming either. He was ruined by his own men—and by Thomason."

Nye said after a moment, "Yes. I see that now. I should have figured it out. It wasn't Ware's kind of fight."

"If Wilse had led his men this morning," said Lineer, "I might not be here now."

"Perhaps. But that too would have ruined him. For that would have made the railroad concentrate on him. He never had a chance."

Lineer grinned at a thought. "You counted on that."

"Of course I did. I've counted on it from the day you came back to this valley to bury your father. I couldn't whip Wilse Ware. Only an honest railroad could do that." He paused, then asked abruptly, "What did Ware say when it was over? How did he look?"

Lineer replied slowly, "Do you need that satisfaction?"

Nye turned his head away, cushioning his cheek on the sofa, and was silent. After a time he said, almost to himself, "He'll outlive me now. I'll have to grant him that. He'll sit up there in his deserted town like a rooster on a scratched-out dung heap." Without turning his head back he spoke more strongly, yet still softly, "No. I don't need that satisfaction. Goodby, Jim."

CROSSING the yard, Lineer wondered if he would see Jubal Nye alive tomorrow. But then Nye went out of his thoughts and Barbara came fully into them, and he lengthened his stride. He must speak to her of Tracy Thomason now. He must delay no longer.

He saw her when he opened the door. She stood before the fire, her head bent. She heard his footstep and turned, waiting where she stood as he came up to her. He wanted to take her in his arms, and he saw in her face that she wished it too. But he stopped at her side instead.

She waited a moment, then half turned from him. "Tim told me," she said.

He started to speak. But then he thought that there was nothing more for anyone to say. She raised her face, showing him her steady composure. She needed no small and empty comforts. She stood before him now as always to share, not to be comforted. She offered him the sovereignty of her spirit, the vitality of her newly tempered will, the fullness of her love. She would take from him in equal measure.

He brought his arms to her shoulders, and she came quickly against him.

THE END

LOOK Athletic... FEEL Athletic...

But don't have "Athletic Aroma"

Avoid it—with this clean, safe LOTION

You don't know when you have "Athletic Aroma"—but everybody else does. Most men have it, and no soap stops it for long.

So your old friends the Barbasol skin scientists created a new kind of deodorant especially for men, made with a newly discovered ingredient. No muss, no goo. *Lotion* . . . easy to use. Evaporates immediately and disappears, but the results last *at least* 24 hours.

Positively *non-irritating to skin, harmless to clothes.* Now on sale at drug and toilet goods counters. Use Barbasol Lotion Deodorant tonight!

39¢ PLUS TAX

Confidentially Barbasol
LOTION DEODORANT
Checks Perspiration

- No brush
- No lather
- No rub-in

Find out why it's the world's largest-selling shave cream

Use Barbasol also for soothing relief of windburn, chapping, chafing, itching

34% MORE MILEA

ON THIS

MILLIONS OF MILES OF PROOF!

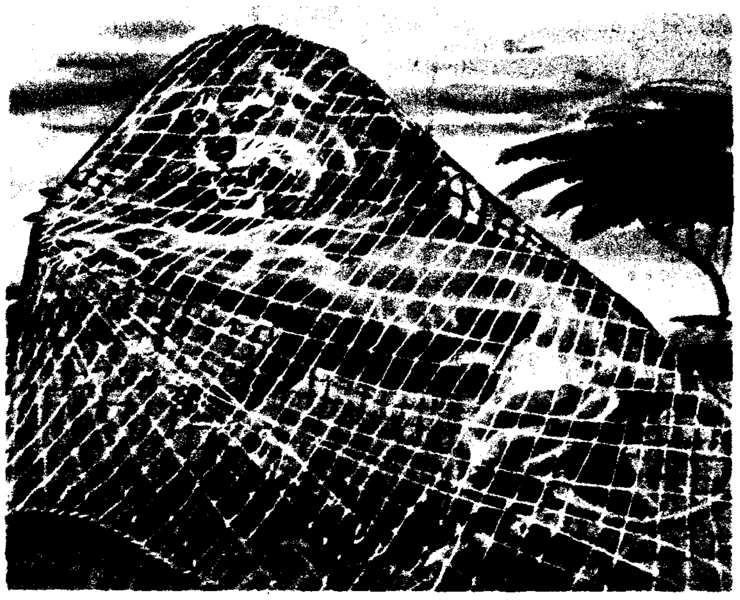
We gave the *new* Goodyear De Luxe millions of miles of road tests before we put it on the market. The tires were driven until the treads wore smooth.

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, *34% more mileage!*

Tires on our test cars are deliberately given harder use than you'd ordinarily give a tire. So doesn't it stand to reason that the *new* Goodyear De Luxe will do at least as well on the wheels of your car as it did on our tests?

NEW!...POSTWAR PERFORMANCE—PREWAR PRICE!

This increased mileage actually costs you less. You not only get a new and better tire, you get it at a prewar price!



NEW!...STRONGER CORD!

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe is a tougher tire. The body is stronger because the cord is stronger. This extra strength permits a heavier tread which results in longer wear.

NEW!...HUSKIER, MORE FLEXIBLE SHOULDER!

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe has an improved shoulder design. The result is a huskier, yet more flexible shoulder. The result is more even wear. And the more evenly a tire wears, the longer it wears.

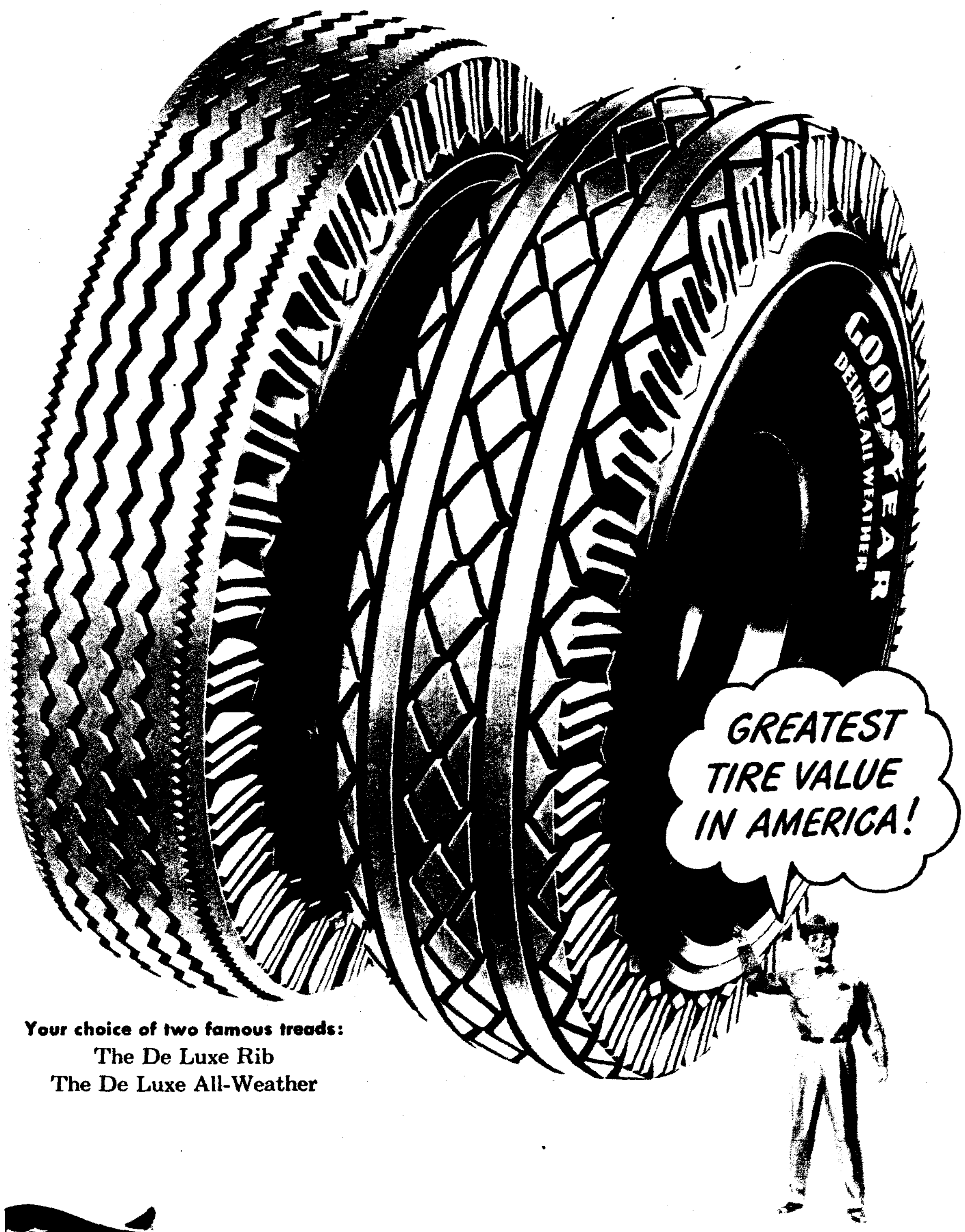
THE NEW GOOD

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEA

All-Weather T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

E.. LOWER PRICES

New Tire!


GOODYEAR
DELUXE ALL-WEATHER
GREATEST TIRE VALUE IN AMERICA!

Your choice of two famous treads:
The De Luxe Rib
The De Luxe All-Weather

NEW!... WIDER, FLATTER TREAD!

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe is a sure-footed tire with a wider, flatter tread. This puts more rubber on the road. It steps up traction when you need it most. Your wheels have a better grip on the road when you step on the brakes or the gas.

• • •

Goodyear has been America's first-choice tire for 32 consecutive years. As you roll up the trouble-free miles on your *new* Goodyear De Luxe tires, you'll understand why. This great new tire is typical of the year-in, year-out improvements that have kept Goodyear first.

YEAR DE LUXE

IRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

Understand Rivalry and you understand America

Score: 19 to 6. But there's still three minutes to play! And if you think the Putnam Avenue Panthers are going to admit defeat to the Rogers Street Redmen before the final whistle, you don't know American youngsters.

Young or old, we're all like that. Americans thrive on rivalry. In hobbies, in sports, in business, we do more when there's more to be done . . . try the hardest when the going is hardest . . . accomplish most when the most is demanded.

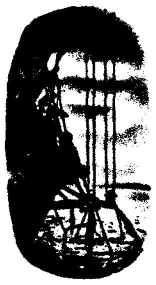
Example? You couldn't find a better one than the oil industry where more than 34,000 individual firms of all sizes work to outstrip rivals — compete in petroleum production, refining, research, transportation and retail sales.

Result? *Better* gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil . . . *more* gasoline, lubricants and fuel oil than in peak war years . . . *lowest* gasoline, lubricant and fuel oil prices in the world. More than that, chemistry —medicine—farming—manufacturing—benefit from the advancements generated by the constant rivalry in an industry employing more than 1,250,000 people.

Because of this rivalry, there's better health, a chance to go more places more easily, more comfort . . . more to see and more time to see it in . . . more . . . *constantly* more for you.

THERE'S A PLUS FOR YOU
IN PETROLEUM'S PROGRESS

Diving bells are used by gravity meter crews to locate underwater oil-bearing structures. 13,475 oil producing companies constantly strive to maintain and increase America's oil reserves.



Now oil tankers are being equipped with war-developed radar to guide them through fog or storm. Hundreds of companies are in the business of transporting oil by tanker, barge, truck, rail or pipeline.

Cattle-spraying by helicopter is a new application for airborne insecticides developed through competition. Petroleum-based sprays are among the many developments achieved by over 400 oil refineries.

Specially designed and insulated, asphalt trucks deliver direct to consumers within a 100-mile radius. Over 20,000 jobbers and distributors compete to serve you with petroleum and its many by-products.

Preparation for winter is only one of the services familiar to millions of motorists who benefit by the local rivalry among America's 225,000 service stations. Competition means better products and services for you.

Prepared for the oil industry by the American Petroleum Institute—Copyright, 1947

LOVE, HONOR AND BETRAY

Continued from page 23

hearty. "Hell, boy, you'll be back on your feet in no time."

The train stopped at Elizabeth. Herb stood up and shook Andy's hand, grasping Andy's elbow with his left hand. "Good luck, old boy. I *mean* it. Best of luck to you and Sarah."

"Goodby, Herb. And don't forget. I want you and Louise to come down."

"I certainly will try, Andy."

He watched Andy out the train window. Hell, Andy, he thought, if you need anything, just ask Herb Parker for it. A little lump formed in his throat. It was tough to see a guy like Andy Wales gone to pot that way. Who'd have ever thought that Andy would be living in a little two-by-four in Elizabeth? Lord, it was pathetic how anxious he was to sound as if it didn't matter. Come down and see us—just as if he was still in the old Wales place with a mob of servants.

Well, nothing like that would ever happen to Herb Parker. A man was either cut out to be a success or a failure. Nobody would ever call Herb Parker a failure.

BUT sometimes he was afraid. He lived right up to the hilt of his income. He lived a little too close to the line. And then sometimes he thought what it would be like if something went wrong with the business. If that ever happened, if he ran out of the money—well, he would just dry up, like Andy Wales. He wouldn't be Herb Parker any longer. He would be somebody different—a failure—and then people would look at him the way he had looked at Andy Wales.

He smiled suddenly, thinking about a certain safe-deposit box in a bank at Pittsburgh. That was his little private affair. Fifty thousand that nobody in this world but Herb Parker knew about. A cache to fall back on if things ever really got tough.

He noticed suddenly a young girl with pale skin and ash-blond hair who sat in the chair that Andy Wales had vacated. Herb glanced at her and then stared. Something about her face—by God, he thought, Louise! Louise, twenty years ago! Apparently feeling his gaze, the girl turned toward him; the resemblance disappeared.

He settled back in his chair, a nostalgic lump coming into his throat. Yes, Louise, he thought, I remember. I sure was in love with you then. It was too bad. Too bad the way time changed people. Too bad that one had to go on loving when the other had stopped.

Herb Parker hadn't really changed, but Louise had. She seemed to get old a lot faster than Herb after she had the two kids. Parties began to make her tired and she'd begun to want to go home just when things were getting warmed up. She'd been reasonable about that, as she was about everything else. No, sir, she wasn't going to try to spoil Herb's fun. "Why don't you stay on, Herb? I'm just all in," she would say.

Physically she had aged much faster than Herb. She'd put on too much weight, and gradually she'd lost her looks—just sort of faded out of the picture.

But Herb Parker wasn't ready to dry up. Not by a damn' sight. Louise was a swell sport, but to get right down to it, she just wasn't enough woman for Herb Parker any more. He began to go out alone occasionally, then frequently, and then, well—what could you expect?

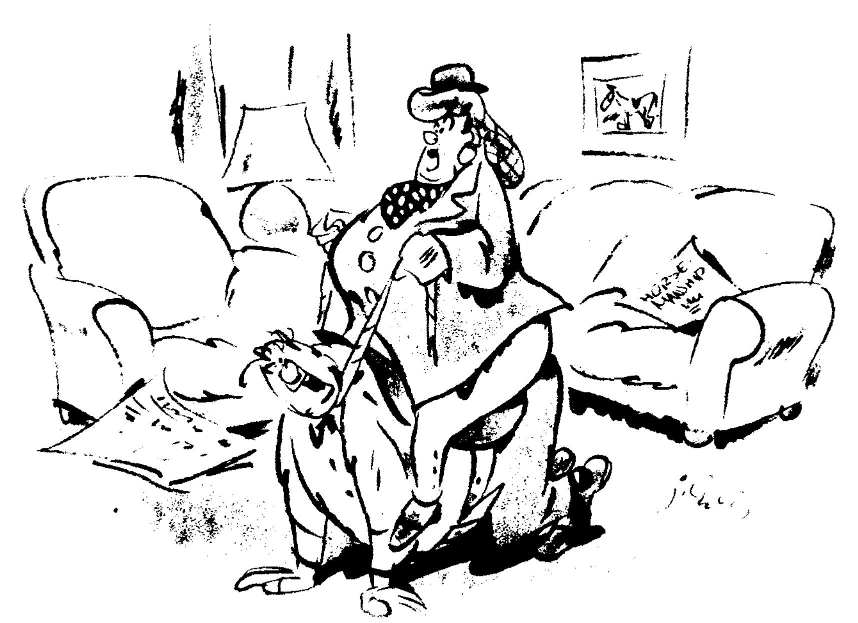
He'd been very careful to cover up the monkey business from Louise and the kids. That was the least a man could do. It hadn't been very hard, of course. Louise wasn't very smart about that sort of thing. Sometimes he thought it was pathetic, the way she swallowed everything he told her. She was so damn' sweet—only arguments they'd ever had were the usual family ones, about money. Louise was extravagant about buying things, clothes, especially. As if another dress or hat would fix her up again. It was too bad.

Herb got up and carried his fifth Scotch into the men's room in the next car.

It was a good, old-time Pullman room, with none of the flossy Hollywood veneer of the club car. The good old green curtains, the long, worn, green leather seats, and the dull metal wash basins. The inevitable smell of cigars—good and bad.

Herb rinsed his hands in a basin and then combed his thick hair. He bared his teeth in the mirror, stepped back to get the over-all effect. By God, Herb, he said to himself, you've got it, all right. You can still show these young pups a thing or two.

He considered the bright tie, the cream-colored vest with silent approval. Louise thought those vests were too loud, but hell, you didn't have to go around looking like an undertaker. And come to think of it, he never noticed her looking so very upset when they were out together. She seemed to hold herself even straighter than usual and sometimes she would give him a funny kind of look, and he would squeeze her arm—to sort



"Don't you think it's time you got enough confidence to try a real horse?"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

Are YOU a MITTY?

CAN you, like Danny Kaye, daydream yourself as a daring ace? Can you become seven different personalities in your day-dreams? Does the girl of your daydreams ever come true, like Virginia Mayo? How would you like to be frightened by Boris Karloff, hen-pecked by Fay Bainter, pursued by Ann Rutherford, and adored by the gorgeous Goldwyn Girls? You, too, can be a Mitty if you try! Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you "The Best Years Of Our Lives," now gives you *the best time of your life* in "The Secret Life Of Walter Mitty," photographed in Technicolor by Lee Garmes, directed by Norman McLeod and sparkling with matchless music.

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Proper delivery of your Mineralite Ball depends upon the rhythm, balance, and smoothness of your footwork. Top-flight bowlers choose genuine Brunswick bowling shoes, expertly made for proper footwork control. Sizes and styles for both men and women.

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of let her know he was really with her. He sighed gently at the thought. The poor kid. Why, it actually scared a man a little to know that somebody was so tied up in him.

The green curtain flapped open and a young second lieutenant came in. Herb was sitting on the green leather seat, giving his fingernails the once-over with the file on his gold pocketknife. He noticed from the corner of his eye that the lieutenant was watching him. After a moment, he looked up and smiled.

"Hello, leftenant."

"Hello." The kid sat down and lighted a cigarette. "I heard somebody in there calling you Herb Parker. Were you the football player?"

"That's right, son."

"Gosh, I used to hear my old man talk about you." The kid was obviously impressed. "I hope you don't mind my saying it, but I figured you'd be an *old* coot."

Herb laughed aloud. It was good to be reminded now and then that they still remembered Herb Parker. He liked the kid. A swell, clean-cut kid.

"I saw you getting on the train." The kid hesitated. "That—uh—was your wife?"

Herb felt the old hackles rise. Was the kid trying to get fresh? But he could see nothing but the purest admiration in the boy's face. "Just an acquaintance, son. Just an acquaintance." For some reason, he couldn't help adding, "*If* you get what I mean."

The kid whistled. "Boy. You really do all right for yourself."

Herb stood up. "Son, how about a drink?"

When the waiter brought the drinks, Herb dropped a five on the tray, waved it away. He noticed that the gesture was not lost on the lieutenant. He was telling the kid about his famous touchdown against Yale back in '22 when he noticed that under the bright lights of the club car the kid's face was deeply sunburned. He broke off his recital.

"Say, you have a pretty good tan for March. Atabrine, maybe?"

The lieutenant laughed. "No. As a matter of fact, I just blew my terminal pay in Bermuda."

"Well, what do you know! My wife's been talking about taking the kids there for a month or so. How did you like it?"

"Swell. A regular garden spot. Of course, it's kind of tough on the bank roll."

"Yeah—" Herb said slowly. "You know, I always say there's nothing too good for that family of mine. But, you take a woman, they don't have any sense at all about finances. Now, while I make—you might say—a reasonably substantial income, the way that family of mine lives, you'd think I was old J.P. himself. Besides," Herb winked at the lieutenant, "that doesn't sound exactly like the best place for two beautiful young kids who don't know what the score is. I'll bet you could tell them a thing or three about that—eh?"

The lieutenant nodded significantly. Herb leaned back and held his drink up to the light. He would definitely, he decided, have to take care of that Bermuda matter when he got home. After all, it wasn't as if he was ever a tightwad where the family was concerned. But Louise ought to realize that with his business expenses running so high he couldn't afford to have them gallivanting all over the world.

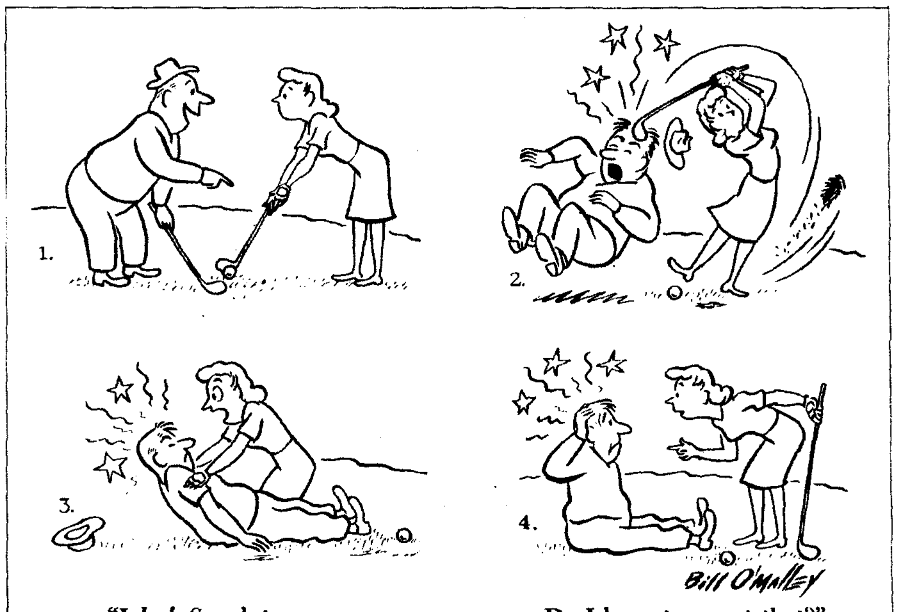
The train was chuffing along into the dusk now. Herb glanced at his watch and saw it was twenty minutes to North Philly. Time for a quick one. The lieutenant was telling him about a fracas he had gotten into in Bermuda. Herb kept his eyes on the kid's face, but the words seemed to be skidding past him.

He began to wish he were heading the other way—back to New York. He kept thinking of Janie's languorous body as she walked away across the platform with a thousand bucks' worth of sable—his thousand bucks—around her soft shoulders.

WHEN he stepped out on the platform at North Philly he was surprised to find that he was feeling distinctly mellow. But after he had walked a few yards in the cold air the old Parker constitution began to take hold. The twenty-minute ride on the Chestnut Hill local finished the sobering-up process. There was left of his excitement only a vague, nostalgic sadness. It deepened when he saw Louise waiting behind the wheel of the station wagon.

Sometimes, when Herb had just come back from a trip and was in a detached frame of mind, he would look at Louise and have a very strange feeling about her—as if she were not really his wife, but a friend of the family or a maiden aunt who had come to meet him. The feeling would wear off by the time he got home, and he would forget about it until the next time. Still, after Janie, or Alison, he would at first find it hard to believe that this neat, plump little woman, with her worried, genteel face and quiet manner, was Mrs. Herb Parker. But this was not one of those times. This time he was remembering the Louise of twenty years before.

Instead of starting the car, Herb flicked on the ceiling light and stared at his wife. A quick sadness caught at his throat. Louise was always waiting for him. Always there when he wanted her. The others, he thought, they were fine for a while. But Louise—Louise was true blue. He smiled gently. She looked a little



"John! Speak to me . . . . . . Do I have to count that?"

COLLIER'S BILL O'MALLEY

Top of the RANGE MODEL **$4.95**

Makes two to eight cups of perfect coffee on stove or hot plate. Like all G-E Coffee Makers, it features: visible cup measurements and convenient handle on lower bowl, and exclusive *Tastegard.* Wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning, lay-on lid and filter.

SPECIAL ELECTRIC MODEL **$6.95 plus tax**

One of the lowest-priced *complete* electric coffee makers sold! An $8.95 value for only $6.95. All the features of the range model, plus a durable, quick-heating, chromium-plated G-E Electric Stove. Makes two to eight cupfuls. Plug-in cord and filter included.

DE LUXE ELECTRIC MODEL **$9.95 plus tax**

This two- to eight-cup electric model features a cool-to-the-touch plastic base. Clamp-on lid permits easy removal of upper bowl, and acts as a table mat when you set upper bowl on table. Plug-in cord and easy-to-clean glass filter rod.

Better-tasting coffee with any of these coffee makers!

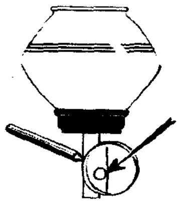
BECAUSE ALL 5 HAVE THE *"TASTEGARD!"* FEATURE ONLY GENERAL ELECTRIC GIVES YOU!

Take a look at the upper-bowl stem of any vacuum-type coffee maker but a General Electric. There are two holes . . . one at the top, one at the bottom.

Now look at any General Electric. See the *Tastegard,* that tiny *third* hole . . . precisely located on the stem to control the temperature at which the coffee brews. Your coffee's mellow, tasteful, always *perfect,* because it always brews at the *right* temperature—whether you make eight cups, or even as little as 2 or 3 cups!

Tastegard guarantees better-tasting coffee every time. Only General Electric gives you this feature . . . gives you rich, always-right coffee as only General Electric *Tastegard* Coffee Makers can brew it!

A Wonderful Gift . . . To Give or To Get!

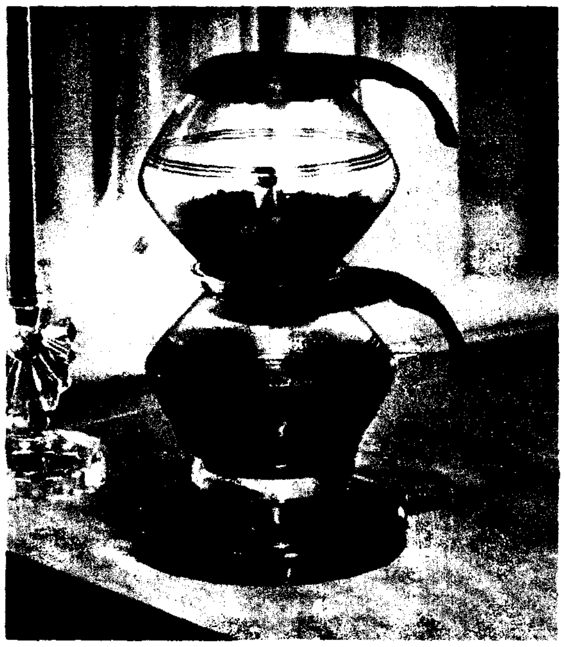


TASTEGARD COFFEE MAKER

No other coffee makers—regardless of price—have the *Tastegard!*

SEMIAUTOMATIC MODEL **$12.95 plus tax**

One heat to brew 2 to 8 cups . . . flip a switch, another heat to keep it warm! Cool-to-the-touch plastic base, upper-bowl handle, clamp-on lid and table mat. Plug-in cord and glass filter rod.



ALL-AUTOMATIC MODEL **$17.95 plus tax**

Lowest-priced all-automatic vacuum coffee maker sold! Brews 2 to 8 cups automatically . . . then keeps coffee warm until you're ready. Go about your work; no need to watch. Includes all other G-E features.

GLASS FILTER ROD **50¢**

Convenient. Fits most makes of coffee makers. Easy to clean in a jiffy under the tap. Clear coffee, no metal taste. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Prices subject to change without notice.

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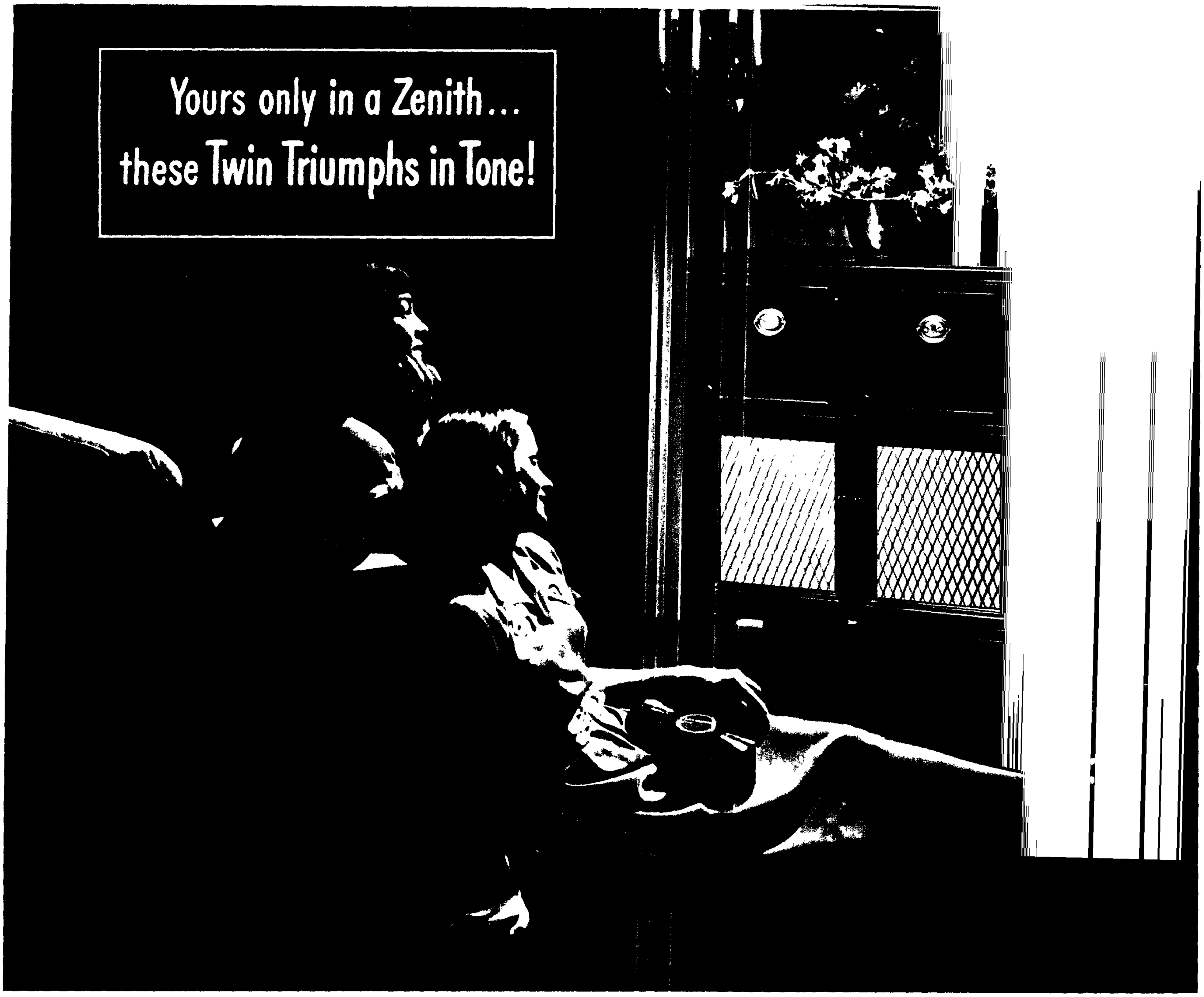
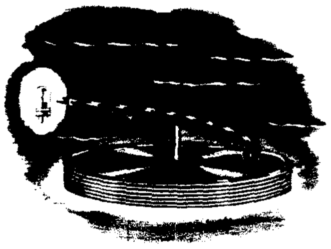


Yours only in a Zenith... these Twin Triumphs in Tone!



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THE SENSATIONAL COBRA TONE ARM

"The Cobra brings out beautiful tones we've *never* heard in records before," say excited thousands from coast to coast! That's because it's revolutionary—reproduces records on a Radionic Wave. No crystals, no magnets, no needles to change! Magically erases *all* annoying scratch and vibration. Keeps records like new *hundreds* of plays longer, too. And Zenith's Silent-Speed Changer gently, quietly changes 10 and 12 inch records intermixed . . . so fast you enjoy a practically *continuous* flow of music. No other radio—at any price—gives you this sensational *new way* to play records!

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GENUINE ZENITH-ARMSTRONG STATIC FREE FM

Only Zenith brings you this new way to enjoy the world's finest music in glorious new fidelity, without a special aerial . . . static-free even in storms . . . and yours on *both* the 50 and 100 megacycle wave bands, to protect you against any future change in FM wave lengths. Plus Zenith's famous Radiorgan . . . tone perfection for your favorite regular radio programs, and—in many models—world-wide short wave, too. Compare—and you'll see that Zenith gives more quality per dollar in *every* way! Get a thrilling demonstration at your dealer's today.

Shown closed above, open at right, 18th century period design radio-phonograph console in rich mahogany finish. Cobra Tone Arm, Silent-Speed Record Changer, Standard Broadcast, Genuine Zenith-Armstrong FM. Model 9H088R **$295***

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surprised. It had been, he realized, a long time since he had looked at her closely.

"Well, Herb," she said, "did you have a nice trip?"

"Oh"— His mind wasn't on what he was saying—"it was all right, I guess." . . . Mrs. Herb Parker. His wife for twenty-three years. Looking really more like somebody's mother than somebody's wife. So hopelessly outclassed.

A fine guy you are, he thought angrily. Here's a little girl that's given everything to you. The works. And look how you've been paying her back. Well, right now, buddy, you're going to start and make it up to that little girl.

". . .the trip was okay, I guess, as those things go. But, you know, I kept wishing you were along with me so we could take in the old bright lights together." As he spoke, he tried to remember how long it had been since he'd said or even thought something like that. No excuse for it, either. It wasn't as if he didn't know how much those little attentions meant to a woman.

"Why, Herbert!" she said.

He switched off the ceiling light and started the car. He gunned the motor to warm it up a little. In the darkness, it seemed that Louise was leaning against him, pressing closer than usual.

"Yessir, I sure missed my little weasel." Weasel. His private pet name. . . .

"Herbert, have you been drinking?" She sounded slightly upset.

"Why, honey!" Hurt. Surprised. Her saying that really did make him feel bad, because at that moment she sounded exactly like so many comfortably married women—women who were secure and certain of their husbands.

"I'm sorry, Herb. I just—well, it did seem as if you were gone a long time; so much happened. Gail's been in bed with an awful cold. And it looks as if we'll have to get a new landscape man. Here it is only March, and Mr. Cordiello has already had a fight with Aunt Hester about the compost heap. Honestly, I—"

Herb frowned. "Yes," he interrupted, "I've been thinking—thinking that I've been sort of neglecting my family, being away so much." He laughed lightly. "But I always come back, don't I?"

Louise was silent for a moment. "Back? Whatever made you say that? It sounds so morbid. Herb, are you sure you're feeling quite well?" Her voice was faintly puzzled, nothing more.

"Oh, sure," he said slowly. "I was just talking."

His brow creased into a frown. He was wondering what *had* made him say that, just when he was trying to give her a little build-up. The answer came to him as he was lighting a cigarette. It was his unconscious mind, trying to prepare her, trying to warn her that one of these days he might not be coming back.

There it was, out in the open, the thing that must have been on his mind for a long time. The possibility that any woman had to face, he realized, if she was married to a man like himself. He began to see how it would happen—if it happened.

Herb had played the field for a good many years—just a good-time boy, nothing serious. Keeping it light. But it might happen that one of these casual moments would turn out to be the real thing. Something big. Something he couldn't do anything about. Well, he would fight it all the way down the line, but at last it might overpower him.

When that happened, there would be only one thing a man like Herb Parker could do. No stammering, no beating around the bush. Just the bare facts right there on the table.

"Louise," he would say, "I've fallen in love. I'm terribly sorry but there's nothing I can do about it. I want you to give me a divorce. You and the children, of course, will be amply—"

HERB found himself whispering the words under his breath. He had a sudden picture of Louise's face as it would look when he spoke those words—the quiet, fussy face falling apart before his eyes.

His eyes filled with tears at the picture and he nearly smacked into the stone gate that arched over the Parker driveway.

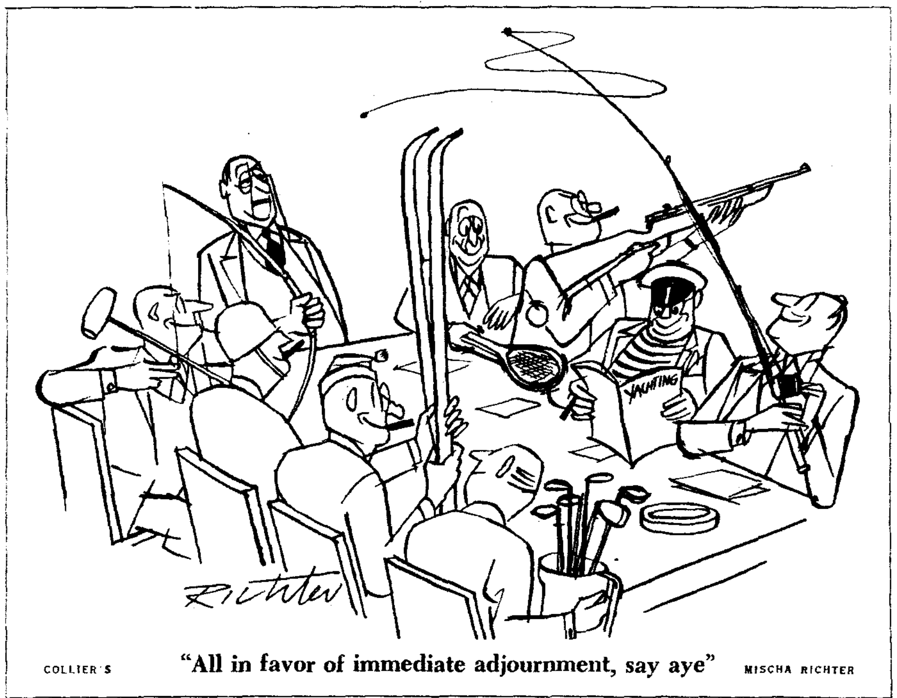
Herb drove slowly up to the front porch and let Louise reach the door ahead of him. Normally, when he had just returned from a trip, he would run up the stairs and bang the brass knocker. The door would fly open and those two wonderful kids would rush into his arms. He would grab them up, one under each arm, and carry them squealing and struggling into the living room and dump them in a heap on the couch. Louise would hurry in after them, slightly bewildered by all the hubbub.

Tonight his step was slow on the porch. The girls ran eagerly as ever to the door but quieted when they saw him. Barbie, seventeen, dark, handsome, with her father's vitality. Gail, fourteen, palely pretty, looking as her mother once looked. Herb took them gently in his arms and kissed them—kissed Gail tenderly and on the forehead, because he noticed that her nose was red and running.

"Hello, babies," Herb said softly. "How are my two old sweethearts?"

"I have this awful code, Daddy," Gail said.

Herb disengaged her gently. Gail always had a cold all winter; and if there was anything Herb didn't go for, it was



COLLIER'S "All in favor of immediate adjournment, say aye" MISCHA RICHTER

"Sir! Could I—er—ah—marryyourshirt, sir?"

MR. C: "Marrymyshirt?" My boy, what on EARTH—

BOB: Pardon me, sir! Tongue got twisted. I *really* wanted to ask you if I could marry your Gert, sir. You know—*Gertrude!* Then I got to—to looking at that hot collar, sir. It's a sweet job!

MR. C: "Hot collar?" "Sweet job?" Don't ex-fliers EVER speak English? This collar is on an Arrow Shirt, and it's *never* hot. *Or* tight. No Arrow can shrink over 1% because of a label in the neckband. See what it says, will you?

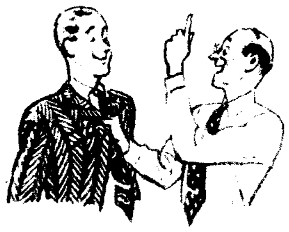
BOB: It says "S-a-n-f-o-r-i-z-e-d," sir. Swell idea in a shirt, sir. But I wwanted to ask you, sir, if I could marry—

MR. C: You know, my boy, I *like* you. I really do. You ask questions. Get the facts. Now—look at the fit of this Arrow Shirt! Is it good—or bad?

BOB: Why, it's a *hot* fit, sir—I mean it's *streamlined*, sir! Seems to follow your body's shape, like. But could Gert and I—

MR. C: OF COURSE it's a hot fit! It's the "Mitoga" shaped-to-*your* shape—LOOK! My boy, you've got *eyes* in your head. I like that in young men. Now, you were speaking of Gertrude?

BOB: Er-yes, sir. Couldwegetmarriedsir? I can support her, of course.



MR. C: Marry? Certainly, my boy! I've had my eye on you. Got eyes myself. Like everything about you but that shirt. Wear Arrows, young man! Makes you look your best! I *always* tell young—my goodness, he's GONE! Hey, young fellow, you can't do that to ME!

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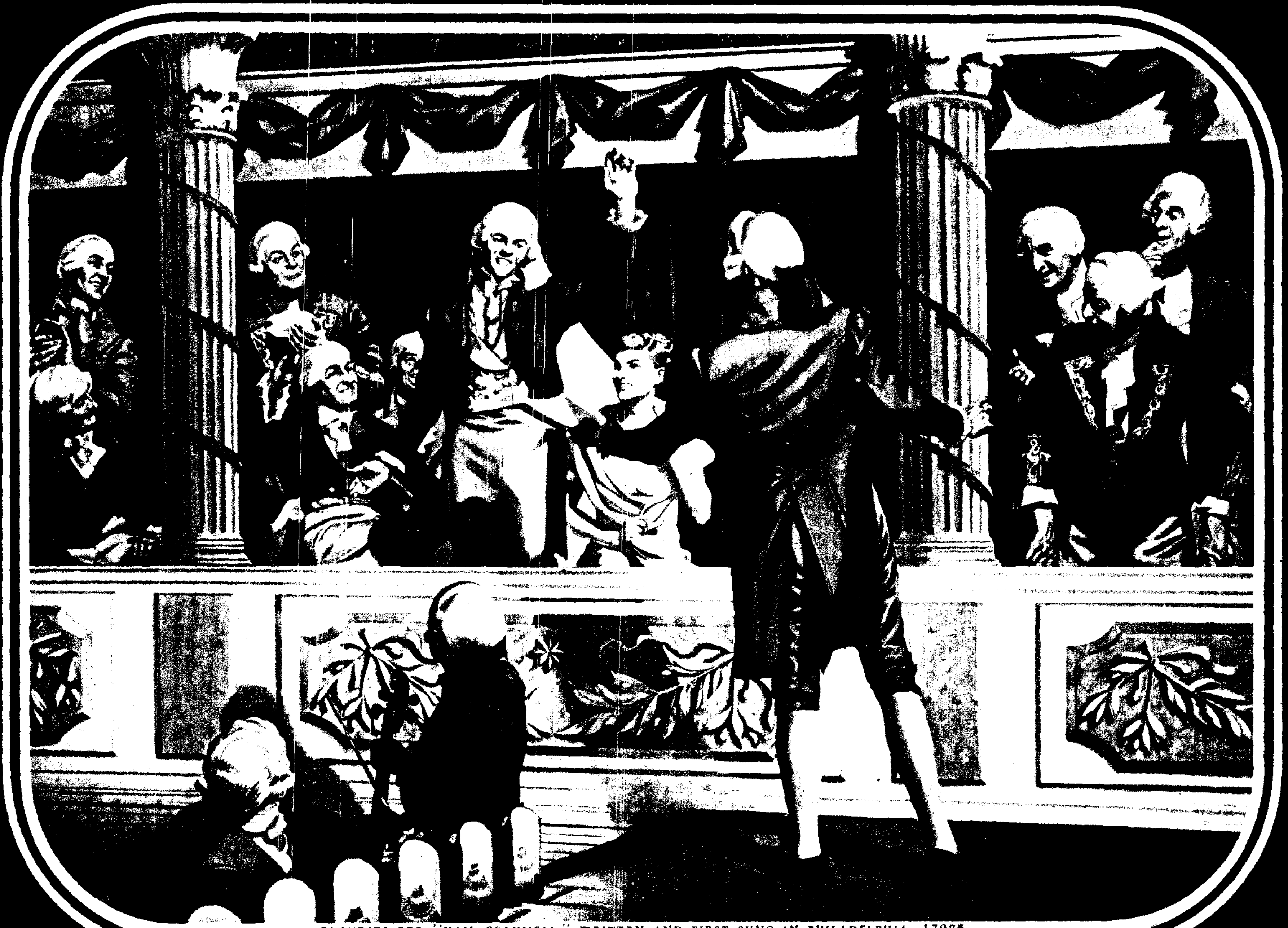

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> *the audience joining in the chorus . . ."*
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people who were snuffling all the time.

Louise looked worried and put her hand on Gail's forehead. "I think she has a temperature, Herb," she said. "It's those awful sinuses. Dr. Gevin says it's this damp climate that keeps them so stirred up. If only she could get to a warm climate for a month or so—"

Herb was hanging his hat in the closet at the end of the hall. He could feel the eyes and ears of his family converging on him. He spoke quickly. "Know what I think? I think we ought to get a new doctor for Gail. If you ask me, that Gevin's nothing but a quack." Herb had turned and gone into his study as he spoke. He turned on the light over his desk. He admired the desk for a moment—a big, custom-made job, in Chinese red with silver trimmings. Then he sat down and sorted through a neat pile of bills. Louise was still talking from the hall. ". . . but I really think that if we could get her out of this climate—"

Herb cut her off with a slow whistle.

"Say, we've got to go easy on these bills." Herb waved a stack of paper in her direction. "You've got to get a little more system into this house. If it keeps going on like this, we'll have to dig into the capital to pay off those so-and-sos in Washington. In case you've forgotten," he added with some sarcasm, "there's a little matter of income tax that turns up about this time."

She was silent. Then she said, softly but reproachfully, "Herb, I noticed that your bill at the club was more than all our household expenses put together."

He swiveled back to the desk, surprised. The surprise wore off in a second, and he could feel the anger creeping into his face. "Oh, is that so!" he said sharply. "I should think you'd realize by now that that's a matter of business." He softened his tone suddenly. "Look, Louise, I don't want you to have to do without anything. Not anything in the world. But in my business, you have to spend money to make money. Now, it just happens that more has gone out than has come in, lately, and that's why we've got to hold the line at home for a while."

"All right, Herb," she said quietly.

Herb smiled to himself. He knew that now there would be no more nonsense about Bermuda. He was relieved now that he wouldn't have to carry it any further, since he had just been feeling so tender toward Louise. He went into the living room, where she was sitting in the love seat by the fireplace; sitting down, he put his arm around her shoulders.

"Listen, honey," he said, "you just keep an eagle eye on the books for a while, and who knows? Maybe next year, well, maybe there'll be a surprise in the way of a trip for you and the kids."

He felt fine again. By George, he thought, there's no place like home.

AFTER dinner, he leaned back luxuriously in his chair. Stella, the cook, was clearing the table for dessert, her face damp and red under the short gray hair. "Stella," he said, "that *was* a dinner. Way to a man's heart, you know. You're the girl for me."

Stella retired, blushing, to the pantry. Her confusion tickled Herb. "Better watch out, Louise," he said, "or I'll be packing my grip and running off with Stella."

He sobered suddenly. Saying that right now—that reminded him. It was hardly a joking matter. It hit too close to home.

Herb lighted a cigarette and settled down to his before-dessert coffee. Barbara was on the sun porch, playing the phonograph. Gail was complaining about her algebra course to Louise, punctuating her comments with occasional sniffles. Herb tried not to get irritated, but it was hard for a man to enjoy his coffee with that damn' sniffling going on.

He was thinking that it was a funny situation. There was Louise, talking nonsense to the kid, just as if things were perfectly normal and secure. No idea in the world of the threat of danger, no idea of what was going on inside his head. The poor kid, he thought, if she could just get a glimpse into the old cranium—

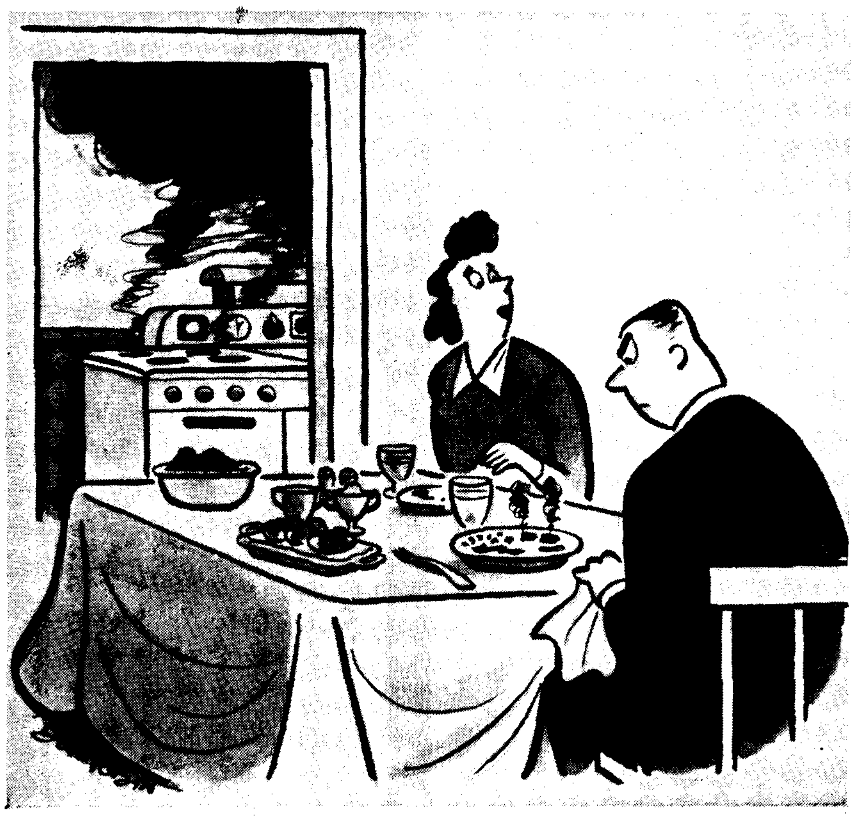
With a sudden, impulsive motion he punched his cigarette out in the little silver ash tray. "Say, Louise," he said, "remember me telling you about Jean and Porter South?" She shook her head. "Well, they've just busted up. A shame, too." He waggled his head sadly. "Damn' shame. Jean South is a peach."

"Goodness," Louise said vaguely, "that's too bad."

Too bad, he thought. If you only knew how bad!

He opened his mouth to speak; at that moment Stella came in with the dessert. He waited until Stella had left the room.

"That's right," he said. "It's too bad." He poked at the gooey dessert, thinking



"Goodness, don't blame me! The stove's automatic, you know"

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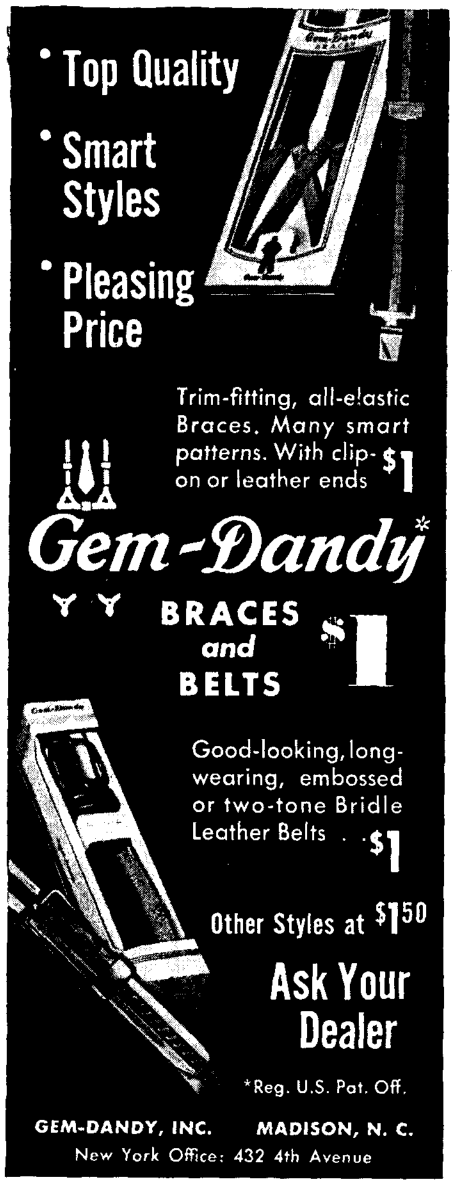
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of the words he could use, choosing them carefully. "Well, I guess Porter had been playing around a little—"

Louise shook her head warningly toward Gail.

"—Well, anyhow, she never guessed what was going on. One of *them* turned out to be the real thing. He just came home this one time and said, 'Jeannie, it's all over,' and that was that. I guess it was pretty rough on her—coming so quick." He sighed and watched Louise cautiously.

This time he got a rise. There was a tinge of outrage in Louise's voice. "Why, he sounds like a perfectly terrible man. He must be utterly callous to do a thing like that, without any warning. And with four children!"

GAIL tucked one last huge chunk of cake into her mouth and slipped out of her chair. Herb stared after her and then turned back to Louise.

"Yeah," he said thoughtfully, "I guess Porter sounds like a heel. But he's really a good guy. It was just one of those things. He couldn't help it. I—ah—met the other woman in the case. And I must say, she was *something*."

"Why, Herb! Are you defending him?"

"We-ell, not exactly. But I can see how it happened."

"Can you?"

She definitely wasn't reacting as he had thought she would. It made him a little sore, that she was so smug, so unknowing. Or was she? Wasn't her face set and a little pale under the soft light?

Herb polished off his dessert. He poured another cup of coffee, and sat for a few minutes. He yawned with a comfortable drowsiness. His mind was way off when Louise spoke.

"You know, that about the Souths reminds me of Lola and Sam Gaynor. Do you remember them? They're from Paoli."

"Don't remember 'em," Herb said sleepily.

"Well, Lola just went through the most awful situation. I heard about it the other day at the club. Marguerite Potter was telling me—"

Louise's voice droned on, but Herb, in the manner of husbands, caught only snatches. ". . . for years, she'd never had the vaguest suspicion—more and more open about it . . ."

Herb had slumped a little in his chair. He yawned again. He looked at Louise, saw she was frowning, and struggled up a few apologetic inches.

"Then what happened?" he said with simulated interest.

"Well, she decided to get a divorce, of course. But she didn't have anything to go on but gossip. So she hired a detective. He followed Sam Gaynor until—well, you simply couldn't *believe* the things that man had done. And Lola had it all in black and white."

Herb sat up indignantly. "Say, you certainly have lovely friends. Imagine a woman pulling a cheap stunt like that!"

B-r-r-r-r. Think of having somebody following you all the time. Watching you, wherever you went, whatever you did.

"Oh, I don't know," Louise said calmly. "Lola isn't—well, she was just being realistic."

"Realistic! That's what you call it, huh? Would you like to know what *I'd* call a woman who'd pull a trick like that?"

"Yes, Herb." Louise's voice was clear ice. "What would you call her?"

His mouth hung open. Not once in twenty-three years had she ever used that tone with him. He stared at his wife. Her face was expressionless. This was a strange Louise. He watched her guardedly.

"Anyhow," she continued after a moment, "when the case went to court, they went over all of Sam's finances. The detective had been very thorough. They found out that there was some money that Sam couldn't account for. The income-tax people came in, and Sam was almost thrown in jail."

Herb forgot caution in a burst of anger. "Why, that little tramp! Turning her own husband over to the—why, if I was her husband, I'd—"

"Yes, Herb," Louise said almost wearily. "You'd what?"

"I'd—"

He stared at Louise.

She was looking at him closely, curiously. Watching even as she poured herself another cup of coffee, measured out a level spoon of sugar. As she stirred it in silence, a sudden burst of jazz surged into the room as the door to the sun porch opened and closed.

Herb's ankle began to throb. He leaned down to rub it. His hand closed over it tight. He remembered why it was hurting. The man in the brown suit who had tripped over him on the train. The man he had seen earlier at the Plaza—or had it been the night before, at the theater—or later, at the Monterrey? Or all three places? Or had it been—his stomach took a sickening plunge—at Pittsburgh? At the bank? The safe-deposit box?

He wet his lips, straightened up slowly. Louise was still watching him. Slowly stirring her coffee, even smiling a little. He avoided her eyes.

". . . As I was saying, Sam squeezed out of the income-tax thing with only a fine. But there was a lot of unfortunate publicity, and Sam lost his job."

Louise sipped daintily at her coffee, glancing at Herb from time to time. He sat motionless, trying as best he could to control the trembling of his fingers.

His throat was dry. He picked up his glass carefully, but it rattled against his coffee cup. What was she going to say next, this genteel, quiet woman he had known for so many years?

"Of course, Herb, I think Lola was rather hasty. If I were in her place, I would have handled it differently."

HERB stared down at the tablecloth. He picked up a fork and drew a design on the linen.

"You see," she went on unhurriedly, "the problem was that as Sam got older, he had to spend more and more money—to keep on being the man of the world. And he began to cut Lola out of absolutely everything. That was hardly fair, do you think?"

Herb couldn't think of anything to say. He grunted.

"If I'd been in her shoes, I would have tried to work out some other arrangement. He could do as he pleased, providing he wasn't simply brazen, and providing he would be reasonable about financial arrangements. After all, there were the children to think of. And it was too bad that Sam had to lose his job. If she'd just have given him a choice—an opportunity to be more generous with money—before she—"

Louise wiped her mouth carefully with her napkin. Looked at it for lipstick. "I think that would have been a lot more sensible. Don't you think so?"

Herb stood up slowly, walked to the window. He stared out at nothing in particular. "Yeah," he said. "Yeah—I guess so."

He stood there for several minutes, wanting Louise to leave the room, wanting her to get out so that he could begin to think clearly. To straighten himself out, try to figure—

But Louise stayed in her chair and he could feel her look. At last she spoke again, in an airy, conversational tone that made him wince.

"You know, Herb, when I talked about going to Bermuda, I was thinking mostly of how nice it would be for the girls. But," and she gave a little giggle, "I'm really beginning to look forward to it myself!"

THE END

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THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

Continued from page 17

or was not the New Deal Administration giving important military secrets to a foreign power? The Senate Military Affairs Committee promptly opened special hearings. Morris Sheppard, a gentle supporter of the Administration, was chairman of the subcommittee, but Gerald Nye, a noisy isolationist, was its most aggressive member. One of the first witnesses was General Arnold, who later proved himself an inspiring war leader as Commanding General of our Air Forces.

Hap, I fear, had decided to take out his resentment at the whole business on me. Bennett Clark, lobbing up the questions, asked him what the Frenchman was doing in the plane.

"He was out there," Arnold said with care, "under the direction of the Treasury Department, with a view of looking into possible purchase of airplanes by the French mission." The implication was clear: Military secrets were being turned over, by order not of the Army or the Navy, but of the civilians in the Treasury. The press went to town on this item.

The next morning I called Secretary Woodring.

"I'd like to know exactly what Arnold said," I said angrily. "I'm not going to have it smeared all over the front pages that I did this. I know who signed the order to go out there. We have a copy of it." Arnold had signed it, following Roosevelt's instructions.

Woodring spluttered. He tried to apologize for Arnold.

"I've got the whole business," I reiterated, "and if the Army thinks they can put me in a hole like this they're just mistaken."

On the 27th, I went to the Hill myself, armed with a number of illuminating documents, including the order from General Arnold to the Air Command at Riverside, California, directing full cooperation with the French in testing the Douglas bomber. Then I told the complete story. The President covered the same ground in his press conference. This satisfied everyone except the most acrimonious isolationists. The storm subsided.

On March 23, 1939, Jean Monnet came to bid me goodby. "The whole outcome of the mission," he said, "mainly due to the support that has been given here by you, has had a very great effect in France."

But the French plane orders were only the spearhead in the drive which produced the margin of victory. In the wake of the French came a flood of other foreign orders, which activated our war production, paid for the expansion of plants and the training of labor and laid the foundations for our own colossal productive capacity of 1943-44. The Treasury was in the thick of the whole foreign procurement business. It was a tense, wearying, exciting time. We had a lot of opposition. But the result was to carve out that margin which made all the difference.

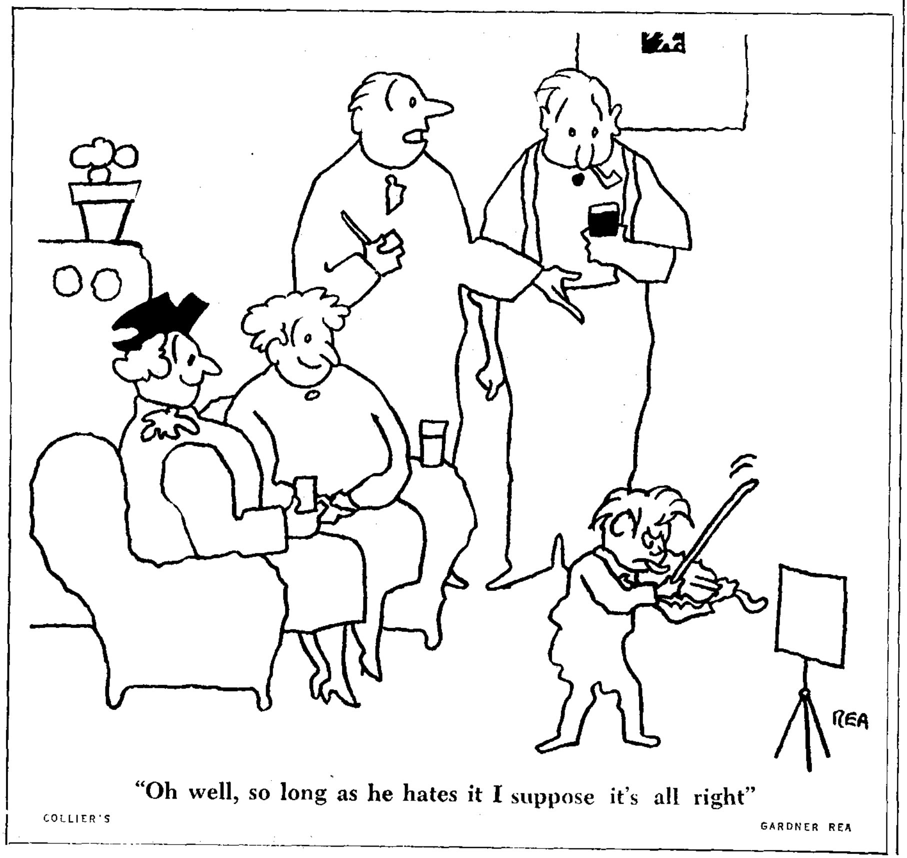
Germans Enter Czechoslovakia

On March 14, 1939, Hitler entered Czechoslovakia. This shocking action at least destroyed any remaining illusions about the permanence of the Munich settlement. Herbert Feis told me the next day, "Welles is so mad he can't see." With the decisiveness for which Welles was notable, he quickly succeeded in reversing the State Department policy on countervailing duties. He also requested swift action from the Treasury to protect Czech funds in this country and to void the existing tariff agreement with Czechoslovakia. Nothing could have pleased me more.

I spent the spring and summer getting the Treasury tooled up for any emergency that might arise. In the belief that a firsthand impression of the European situation would be useful, I sailed for France on August 2d with Mrs. Morgenthau on the Normandie. Word of the Russo-German pact reached me in Norway.

Instead of stopping off in England, as originally intended, I rushed back to the United States. But on September 1st, while we were still plowing through the stormy North Atlantic, German tanks rolled into Poland.

After war started in September, 1939, the British and French set up a joint purchasing mission in Washington. Its head was a remarkable figure named Arthur Purvis. From the first, Purvis impressed



"Oh well, so long as he hates it I suppose it's all right"

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me tremendously. He was not only the ablest British representative in Washington, but one of the rarest persons I have ever known. His death in an airplane accident in 1941 was an almost irreplaceable loss. He had a pleasant Scotch burr and a whole chain of anecdotes about the Scot triumphing over the Englishman. "It always takes a Scotsman to pull England out of a hole," he used to say. "I trusted Purvis more than any other British representative. We took every opportunity to make clear to London, which occasionally tried to undercut him, that he was the man we proposed to deal with.

By April, 1940, the British and French governments had spent about $65,000,000 in the United States, of which more than half went for the expansion of plant capacity. The Treasury, fearing that Britain and France were not arming speedily enough, welcomed Purvis' word early in the spring that they planned to step up their program to the magnitude of a billion dollars. But the War Department still stalled over releasing the latest planes to the Allies. I called Louis Johnson the day after the invasion of Norway and Denmark and asked him whether he was making progress.

"No," he said, utterly disgusted. "I'm having all kinds of trouble with Woodring." The Secretary was threatening to tell the House Military Affairs Committee that he opposed the President. "I've never done anything to undermine my superior," he continued with a sardonic chuckle. "Do you think I should tell the President about my difficulties?"

"When the President gives me a job," I said, "if anybody puts obstacles in my way, I tell the President about it."

Roosevelt Tolerant of Subordinates

Why had not the President fired Woodring long before? There is no point in hiding the fact that Roosevelt found it painfully hard to bring himself to get rid of people. Back in Albany days Roosevelt had around him a man who liked his liquor and was not much good in his job. This person's only claim to fame was that he once introduced Frances Perkins as the "commissioner in labor." I spent a whole automobile ride between Syracuse and Ithaca one day urging Roosevelt to discharge Woodring. Finally he promised to do it that evening.

The next morning I said to him, "Have you fired that man?"

Roosevelt, looking a bit shamefaced, said, "I was so busy and tired last night I couldn't get around to it."

Finally I asked the President why we needed an old-age-pension system in the government since the people who once worked for him never had to worry about their future. The President just threw back his head and laughed—and Woodring lingered on.

The fusillade of events demonstrated more glaringly every day the inadequacy of the War Department leadership. The day after the invasion of the Low Countries the Cabinet and high defense officials held a tense meeting in the White House. In the anteroom afterward, I said to General Marshall:

"I understand you could put into the field today only 75,000 troops."

"That's absolutely wrong," he said.

"Well, how many could you put into the field today?"

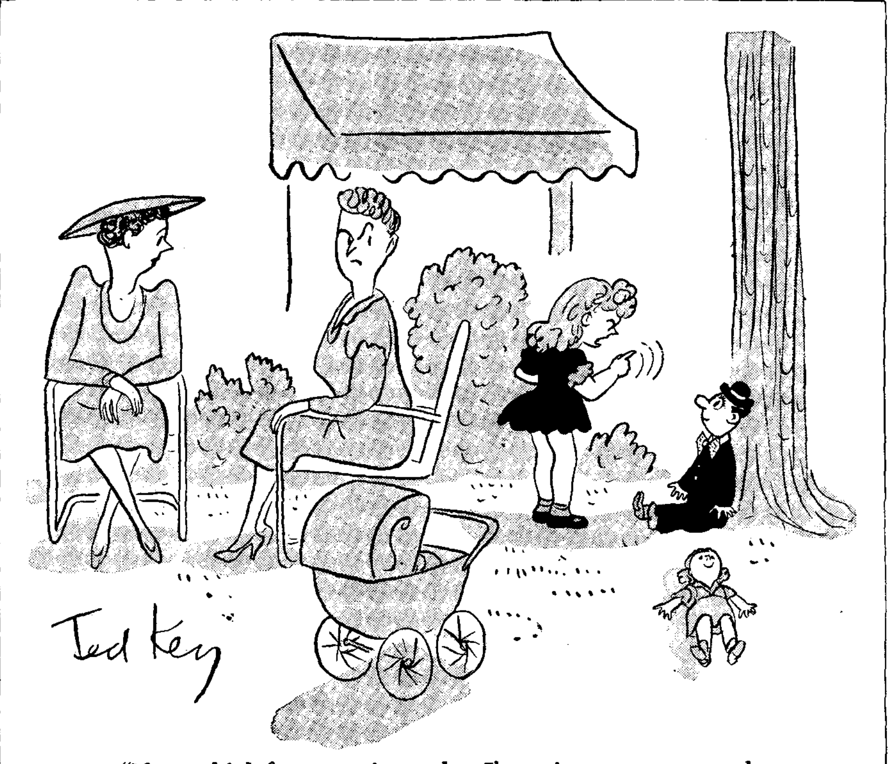
"Eighty thousand!" said Marshall.

Finally in June, Roosevelt replaced Woodring by that great and public-spirited citizen, Henry L. Stimson. At last we had a Secretary of War who measured up to his job in every way. Robert P. Patterson, the new Assistant Secretary, was an addition of almost equal value.

The fall of France made the British realize for the first time that all the chips were down—that now they would have to hold off the German hordes singlehanded. Up to that time, the British had been husbanding their dollar resources—"as if we were on a desert island, on short rations which we must stretch as far as we can," Purvis used to say. From then on, the British decided to shoot their wad.

The problem of British capacity to pay caused great confusion at the time. I had great difficulty in explaining that Britain's imperial wealth was irrelevant; the British could not buy American supplies with tin mines in Malaya, oil wells in Iran, or street railways in Argentina. To buy guns and planes in the United States the British needed American dollars, gold, or securities convertible into American dollars—and I pressed them hard on the problem of conversion.

But the more orders we filled, the less dollars the British had left. We had to begin a weekly rationing of British purchases, and it looked in the fall as if new British contracting would probably cease by the end of the year. General Marshall and Assistant Secretary Patterson had meanwhile come to feel that they had stretched to a breaking point the law of June, 1940, authorizing the transfer of only that material which was declared surplus. Representatives of Treasury and War pondered how best to overcome these growing financial and legal obstacles.



"If you think for one minute that I'm going to stay cooped up in that house, cooking your meals and washing your clothes and raising your children while you . . . !"

COLLIER'S TED KEY

When the President, worn out by the events of the summer and fall, left for a short cruise on the Tuscaloosa in December, this problem was very much on his mind. Then on December 8, 1940, Lord Lothian, the British ambassador, sent Hull a letter from Prime Minister Churchill which he asked Hull to forward by seaplane to Roosevelt.

This remarkable letter, dated exactly a year before Pearl Harbor but now published for the first time, said, "The moment approaches when we shall no longer be able to pay cash for shipping and other supplies. While we will do our utmost and shirk from no proper sacrifice to make payments across the exchange, I believe that you will agree that it would be wrong in principle and mutually disadvantageous in effect . . . after victory was won with our blood, civilization saved and time gained for the United States to be fully armed against all eventualities, we should stand stripped to the bone."

There was also a thrilling review, in the best Churchillian style, of the British position. "The decision for 1941," he wrote, "lies upon the seas. . . . It is therefore in shipping and in the power to transport across the oceans, particularly the Atlantic Ocean, that in 1941 the crunch of the whole war will be found.

"Even if the United States were our ally," he went on, "instead of our friend and indispensable partner, we should not ask for a large American expeditionary army. Shipping, not men, is the limiting factor and the power to transport munitions and supplies claims priorities over the movement by sea of large numbers of soldiers."

Churchill also pleaded for American aid in getting British sea and air bases in Eire. "If it were proclaimed an American interest that the resistance of Great Britain should be prolonged and the Atlantic route kept open for the important armaments now being prepared for Great Britain in North America, the Irish in the United States might be willing to point out to the government of Eire the dangers which its present policy is creating for the United States itself."

In an interesting passage, he even held out the possibility of Irish unity in exchange for the bases. "I do not doubt that if the government of Eire would show its solidarity with the democracies of the English-speaking world at this crisis, a Council of Defense of all Ireland could be set up out of which the unity of the island would probably in some form or other emerge after the war."

On December 17, 1940, I was sitting across the desk from the President at lunch. He was tanned from his cruise, rested and in wonderful humor. He brushed aside my batch of memoranda. Churchill's letter was obviously on his mind, particularly its references to lack of cash.

"I have been thinking very hard on this trip about what we should do for England," he said. "It seems to me the thing to do is to get away from a dollar sign. I don't want to put the thing in terms of dollars or loans."

How to do it then?

We should build up our own production, the President said, and then say to England: "We will give you the guns and the ships that you need, provided that when the war is over you will return

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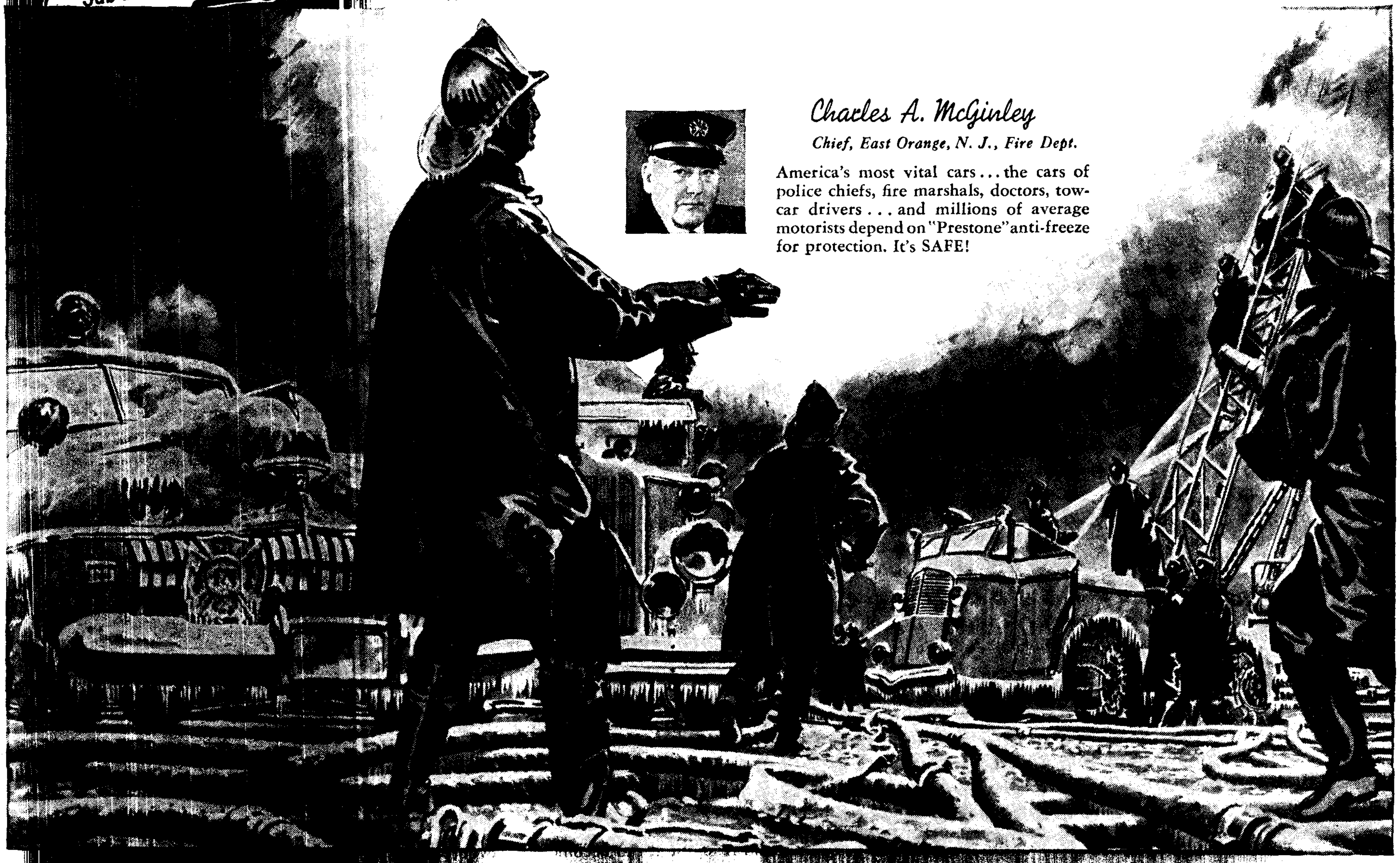

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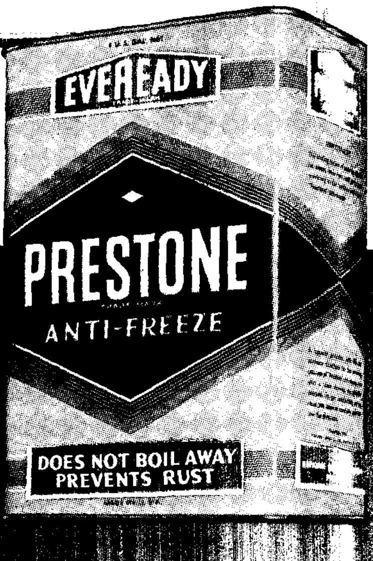

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to us in kind the guns and the ships that we have loaned to you." He looked at me and said, "What do you think of it?"

I said, "I think it is the best idea yet."

A few hours later, F.D.R. was to tell reporters his famous story about lending one's neighbors a garden hose in order that he can put out a fire in his house next door.

In one of his brilliant flashes Roosevelt had come up with a formula for solving the problem which had been worrying us for so long. Treasury and War, in all the pressure they had been bringing on the White House, had never anticipated action so direct and forthright as this. As I look back on it now, we made sure at that moment that we were going to win the war.

British Requirements Large

At twelve o'clock noon, December 30, 1940, Arthur Purvis and I were ushered into the White House. F.D.R. was at his best: charming, witty, his eyes sparkling and his face beaming. Purvis at the beginning was reserved, almost diffident. For a while he talked around the subject. Then, in a quiet tone of voice, he said that the British requests might go over fifteen billion dollars.

The President took this figure in his stride. If that was the price of saving civilization from Hitler, he would be ready to pay it. Turning to me, he said that the Treasury should draw up the bill. I should be ready to get to work as soon as he gave me the green light. Thus the Lend-Lease bill was born.

At noon on January 2d, my telephone rang. It was the President: The green light was on. Ten minutes later Ed Foley, my crack general counsel, and his bright assistant, Oscar Cox, were in my office. We discussed the requirements of the job, and I asked for a draft by ten thirty the next morning. They fooled me. They had a draft ready by midnight the same day.

Consultations around town with all the departments concerned produced useful ideas. We found that the War Department had already drafted their ideas for a bill. Foley and Cox sweated out the necessary changes. On Monday, January 6th, Foley and I took the draft to the White House. The President read it carefully, line by line. After some discussion he told us to go ahead and get Hull, Stimson, Knox and Knudsen to initial the bill.

The next day was January 7th, the fifth day. At five minutes after five Foley and I appeared in the President's study and laid the bill, fully initialed, on his desk. The President, overflowing with joviality, kidded us about our speed. At 5:15, after a brief discussion of the changes of the last twenty-four hours, he picked up his pen and beneath the other initials wrote: "O.K., F.D.R." This was probably the fastest job of drafting major legislation in recent Washington history.

The next problem was to get the bill through Congress. Vice-President Garner was reaching the end of his term in office. He had been out of sympathy with many New Deal measures and, as Hull pointed out, he had permitted the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee to be packed with isolationists. Moreover, he was completely ignorant about the British financial condition; he failed to realize the distinction between dollar resources and the total imperial holdings. At a Cabinet meeting on January 9th, he sat there arguing for nearly an hour on how rich the Empire was and growling over and over, "What is the matter with Morgenthau?" I got excited and mad, and it took the President to quiet us.

Because of Garner's attitude, we did not regard him as the ideal man to make suggestions in our discussions on legislative strategy. So we arranged to lose him after the Cabinet meeting. "We're all to march through Pa Watson's room," I told Frank Knox, "and go in as though there was a new appointment and that way shake the V.P." The scheme worked.

Stimson said he was "just shocked" at the thought of isolationists like Hiram Johnson and Gerald Nye kicking the bill around in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. "I don't want to see the President's plan turned into a Roman holiday to be discussed all winter," he said.

"Well, it can't be," I said. "We haven't got time for that. The situation is too critical."

"I know," said Stimson, "but those damn' fools don't know. Whether it's critical or not, they'll go ahead as they have before." But we finally decided that the bill had to go to the Foreign Relations Committee. We also made the important decision to bring in some Republicans, like Representative James Wadsworth of New York and Senator Warren Austin of Vermont. Our present bipartisan foreign policy may have had its origin in the coalition which put over Lend-Lease.

We then discussed the terms of the bill. Cordell Hull favored writing in a five-billion-dollar limitation on the extent of our aid. He also argued that the British should put up their foreign holdings as collateral.

I had already discussed the collateral issue with the President in terms of ideas going around town about Britain's turning over its fleet or its West Indian islands.

"I don't want the British fleet," the President had said, "because by the time we get it, it would be too antiquated. . . . As to the West Indies, if we could only divide up the land . . . and if we could give these people enough to eat, they would then be at least as happy as they were . . . when they came out of Africa." He paused a moment, then said sadly, "I am too old and too tired to take on anything like that."

Stimson Opposes Hull

Secretary Stimson carried the fight in the Cabinet against Hull's position on collateral. He did not want the United States to become the pawnbroker of the British Empire, he said, and he called Hull's position on collateral "preposterous." Britain had always subsidized her allies and not loaned to them, the Secretary of War continued; this was the normal relationship between a neutral country and a country fighting for her life when they had a common cause. At one point he remarked that, if I were ever impeached, he would come forward and tell how far I had gone in squeezing the British and making them liquidate their holdings.

Hull continued to take a somewhat distant attitude toward the bill. Perhaps he was miffed over the fact that Treasury rather than State had been given the job of drafting it. A few days before the House Committee began its hearings, he told me that this bill was going to be on the Treasury's private list. "I'm not going to worry particularly about my part in this thing," he said.

This attitude disturbed me. My interest was in getting the bill through Congress, and I thought the Secretary of State was in the best position to sponsor it. I discussed the situation with Frank Knox.

"I don't think it's Cordell," Knox told me. "I think it's some of those subordinates of his."

"Yes, that's right," I said.

"Yeah," said Knox, "let's organize a hanging bee over there someday and hang the ones that you and I pick out."

"We won't leave many people over there," I said.

It was finally decided I had better take

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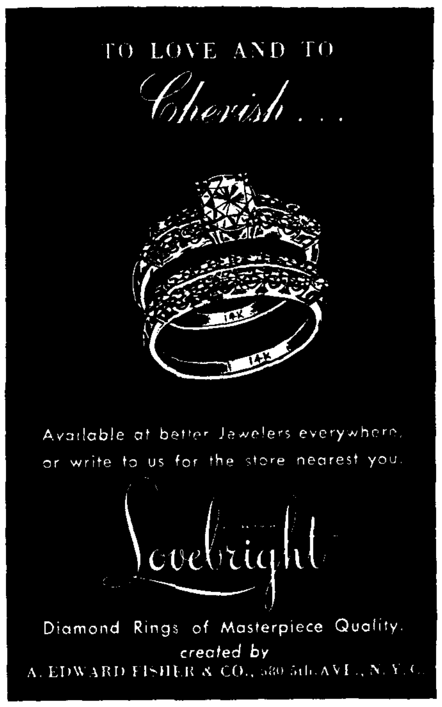
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up the Hull problem with Roosevelt, who had gone up to Hyde Park for a few days.

"Hull ought to take full charge of the Aid to the Democracies Bill," I said.

"Hull is going to testify," he said brusquely.

The President said that he was busy working on his inaugural address and would talk about the Lend-Lease situation when he got to Washington. But I had the feeling that I had planted a seed in his mind.

On January 15, 1941, the House Committee opened hearings on HR 1776. After eleven the night before, while we were going over my testimony, Roosevelt phoned. "I just want to kid you," he said. "Now don't be too definite . . . and be sure (to take note) of what Mr. Hull says; and, if they offer us islands as security, remember that they had better pay us to take the islands."

Opening Statement Has Punch

Mr. Hull led off the next morning. His opening statement, which the President is said to have edited, could not have been better. It was hard-hitting and plain-spoken. But on four occasions during cross-examination, Hull calmly and pointedly remarked that he did not know the answers since "the bill was prepared in the Treasury." I spoke again to the President, and the Secretary of State's attitude then changed somewhat. He graciously called me to say that he had just learned how awkward his House testimony had been for me and that he would not embarrass me again.

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg, I was pleased to learn, had been handed the assignment of cross-questioning me on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Though Vandenberg was then still an isolationist, I knew he could be counted on not to hit below the belt. Senator Gerald P. Nye, on the other hand, was no stickler for the niceties; and during the Senate hearings, Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio, who was not even on the committee, sat irascibly at Nye's elbow and handed him written questions. The differences between Vandenberg and Taft, I might add, have become even more pronounced in the years since.

The bill passed the House on February 8th and the Senate a month later.

Lend-Lease for war was an indispensable factor in our victory. Through it we sustained the British in their darkest hours and the Russians in the grim days of Stalingrad. But Roosevelt had even more far-reaching conceptions of Lend-Lease. He saw its potentialities, not only as a weapon of war, but also as a foundation of peace. Through a so-called Phase II of Lend-Lease, that would follow V-E Day, we could continue to supply raw materials and food for our allies which would enable them to start their war-devastated economies on the road toward reconstruction and prosperity.

While I was in London in August, 1944, Winston Churchill talked to me about Britain's future. He was exceedingly pessimistic. The day the war ended, the country would be bankrupt and the returning soldiers would have little to come back to. Laying the grim financial facts before Parliament after victory would make him the most unpopular man in England, he said.

"But I do not care," he added, "for I am approaching seventy, and it is time that I began to make peace with my Maker."

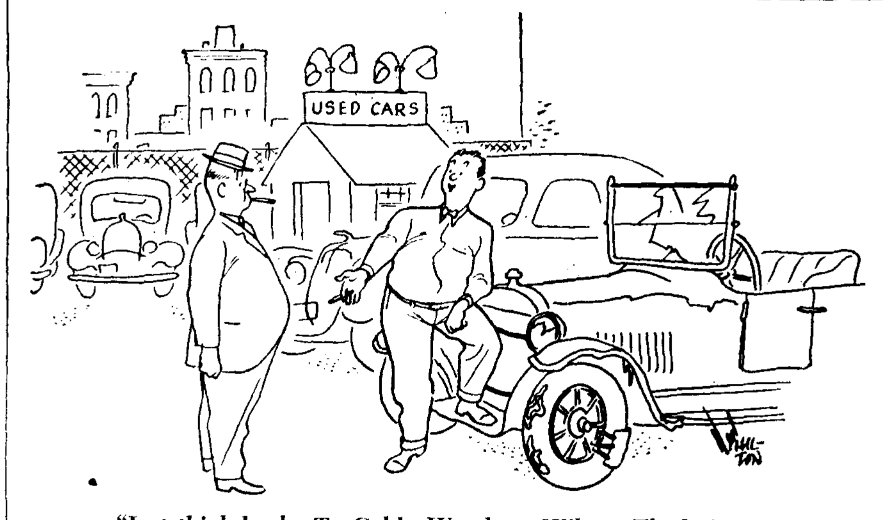
When Churchill went to Quebec a month later, the problem of getting Britain back on its feet was uppermost in his mind. Britain, he pointed out, raised only half the food it consumed. Its postwar survival therefore required the building up of its export trade. But the nation had expended its economic reserves, its very lifeblood, in the war against the common enemy; and abrupt termination of American aid would leave Britain without the resources to reprime its economy.

The President remained obstinately noncommittal for a long time. Once Churchill, in a marvelous and touching gesture of impatience, said, "What do you want me to do? Get on my hind legs and beg like Fala?" It was finally decided to set up a joint committee authorized to work out an agreement for aid to Britain after V-E Day. Churchill had tears in his eyes when he thanked the President.

Churchill suggested Harry Hopkins as chairman of the joint committee. "No," Roosevelt answered, "I want Morgenthau." So I was back in the Lend-Lease picture for many weeks of conferences. Eventually we agreed on a program for the first year of Phase II of about five and a half billion dollars.

The sequel is well known. Franklin D. Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945. On August 21st, the United States government, without warning, brutally terminated the operation of the Lend-Lease Act, cutting our allies adrift at a time when they were still maimed and crippled by war. Today, two years later, we face a world in which reconstruction has hardly begun. In spite of our program of loans abroad, the war-ravaged nations are running out of dollars for even the necessities of life. If Lend-Lease had survived as a means of laying the foundations for recovery, the world today might be on the long road to abundance and we would not be searching for a Marshall Plan to put us back on the road to recovery.

Next week Mr. Morgenthau reveals how President Roosevelt engineered the gold-buying campaign; and what Roosevelt said about Wallace's economic ideas.



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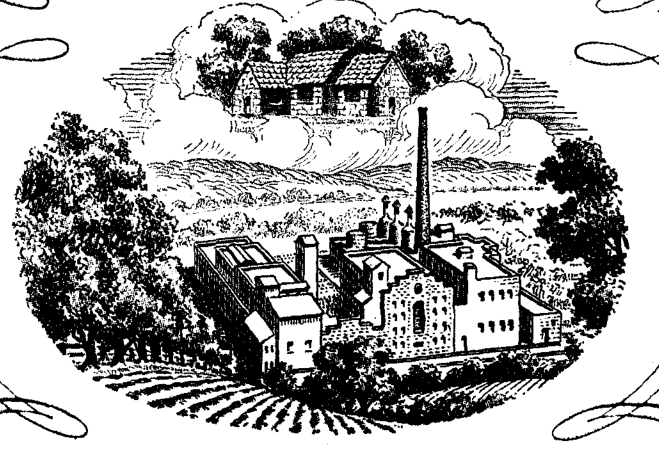

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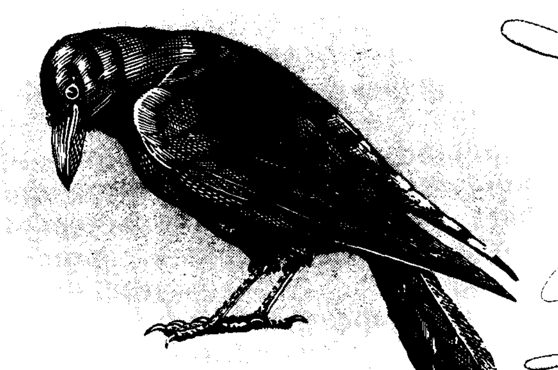

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STALEMATE IN KOREA

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

For two years we have been trying to set up a free and independent government in Korea. So far it's been a futile job and although we don't want to stay there we don't leave. Q. Why? A. Russia

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

PERHAPS the loneliest post occupied by any American is the sentry box at the 38th parallel in Korea. The smart-looking soldier we saw there seemed, however, not unhappy. His companions in the border Company B were a cheerful lot of American boys as interested in a game of softball as though they were back home in North Dakota or New Jersey.

The barracks and grounds of Company B are neat and clean. By prodigious effort the company has leveled off a hilltop and created a softball playing field. The lemonade or cola they offer visitors is iced and refreshing in the hot humidity of the river valley. They don't care much for Korea and they admit it.

Yet these lighthearted lads of eighteen and nineteen years, fresh recruits, are keeping vigil on what may be the most combustible boundary line in the world today.

Back in the age of innocence, on December 27, 1945, more precisely, we made a bargain with Russia. Together we agreed to help Korea establish a free and independent government along democratic lines. We agreed to oversee things south of the 38th parallel while Russia was guard to the north.

Not a bad bargain if the same words meant the same things to Russians and Americans. The Americans in Korea are quite sure they do not. So the thin line of American soldiers who guard the southern side of the border are employed at an extra hazardous occupation.

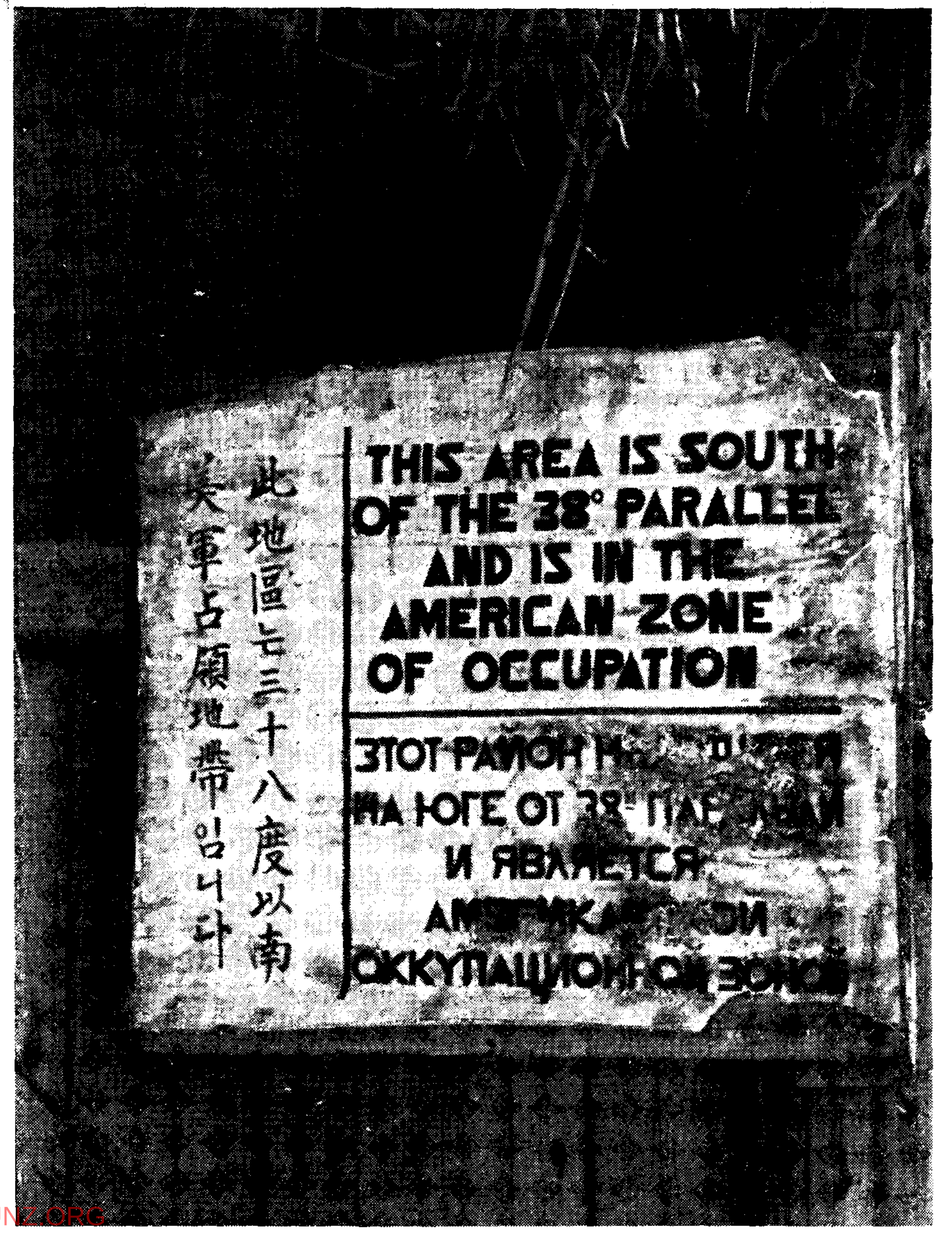
The country around the 38th parallel, 50-odd miles north of Seoul, the capital, is thickly settled in the arable valley lands and quite sparsely peopled in the neighboring mountains. Farmers raise rice in the river bottoms and cultivate vegetables, soy beans, squash and tomatoes on th higher ground. Clusters of huts mad of mud and stones and roofed witl straw are their homes. Older mei wear beards like billy goats. The seem friendly enough to Americar although the barrier of language i fairly impenetrable.

Setting up a democratic government in Korea would be much easie if the Koreans had ever had any experience with democracy. They hav not. The Chinese were their nomin overlords until 1894, when the Chinc Japanese War made Japan th protector of Korea. After the Russc Japanese War, Japan took full contr and by 1910 Korea was made a dependency of Japan. Japan manage Korea in Japan's interest, doing we with the forests and farm lands, bu keeping the people illiterate and without political experience.

Both in Japan and in Korea yo hear many stories about Koreans, nc at all flattering. Near Osaka, Japai there is a colony of some 50,00 Koreans who don't want to return t Korea. Whatever black-market crime occur around Osaka are generall blamed on the Koreans. Lately thes Osaka Koreans demanded free ticket to all the Osaka theaters on th *ground that they had defeated Japai* The occupation authority put an en to that quickly.

In Korea the Japanese held th good jobs and lived in the bette houses. After their surrender, as soo as a decent home was vacated Koreans stripped it. Floors would be tor up and burned, lighting fixtures take out, windows removed. You migl have thought that the houses woul be kept for Korean use. That ide seemed not to have occurred.

This behavior of the Koreans be



(Above) Looking toward the north-south border from the American zone in Korea. (Right) This notice, printed in English, Russian and Korean, is 100 yards from the line

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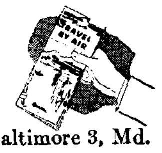

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comes more intelligible, however, when we recall that they think, and with reason, that the Japanese stole their country. They say they are merely taking back what was theirs. The flaw is that the individual looter never had any claim to what he took.

The Japanese started a reforestation program for the bare Korean mountainsides. As soon as the Japanese were driven out, the Koreans cut down the young trees. Admittedly they needed wood. Even more, perhaps, they needed to take a long view at their own needs. The Japanese-operated factories in South Korea are closed and idle. Americans say that the machinery is deteriorating where it is not already stolen or destroyed. The same fate befell the railroad equipment left by the Japanese or that brought in by the American occupation.

In some other ways the Koreans are pleasant. They are gay. They love jokes. At least I was told they love jokes. No Korean told me a joke. The many with whom I talked were much too eager to explain Korea to a visiting American to have any time for humor.

They are quick to fight. They protect their women. If a Korean girl accepts a jeep ride from an American soldier, she will be beaten later by her family or by the neighbors. The Army, however, has arranged in Seoul, the capital, well-supervised dances attended by Korean girls and American soldiers, but the chaperonage is strict. In other cities, on the other hand, prostitution is prevalent.

A few Koreans were educated in the United States and in Europe. They provide the higher political leaders Some of them are men of great personal charm. Some of them are very stiff in their dealings with the Americans.

Dr. Kim Kiu Sik, the president of the interim legislature and a moderate in opinion, is, for example, a graduate of Roanoke College, Virginia, and a Ph.D. from Princeton. Dr. Kim (the family name comes first in Korea) lives on a hilltop in Seoul in a small but elegant Korean home. He wears the Korean robe rather than Western clothes, smokes one of the curious long Korean pipes in spite of an ailing heart, and talks dramatically with the smooth grace of a scholar. Dr. Kim politically stands midway between the right and the left and, of all the Korean leaders, seems most intelligible to the Americans on the spot.

I was amazed to discover that Korean intellectuals blame President Theodore Roosevelt—Theodore, not Franklin Delano—for the Japanese occupation, because T.R. arranged the Russo-Japanese peace treaty which recognized Japan's paramount interest in Korea. These same intellectuals criticize Franklin D. Roosevelt for the Yalta agreement as having then betrayed Korea by agreeing to a joint occupation with Russia. In the same breath these intellectuals say that the United States is their chief reliance. So the Koreans themselves do not make too easy the job of setting up a free and independent Korea.

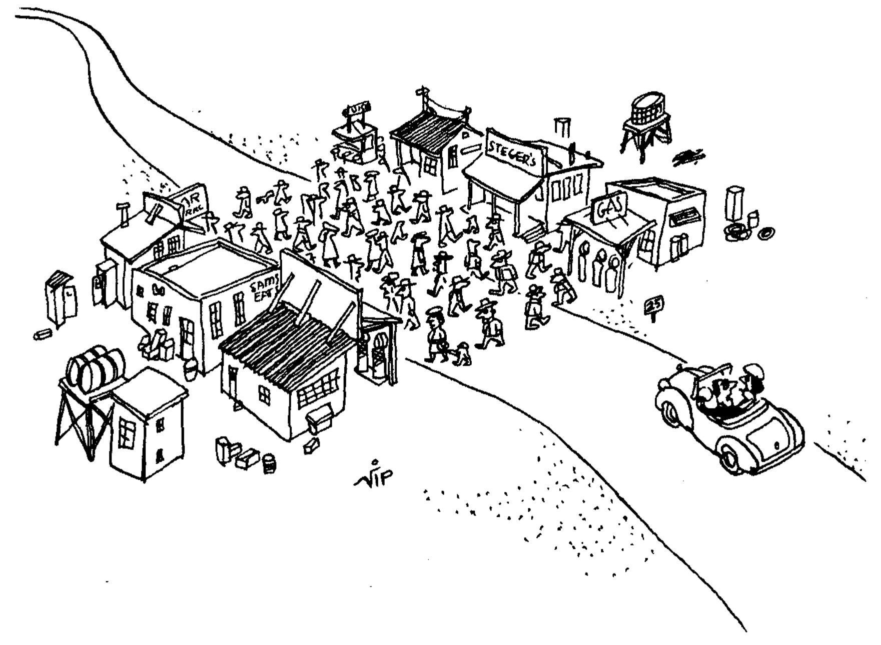
The Russians seemed friendly at the start. Their sentry boxes were close to ours. There was normal amiable talk between Russians and Americans. All that is past. On both sides the sentry boxes have been pulled back from the dividing line and they have been staggered to avoid conversations and incidents. A sign near the railroad track advises walkers not to trespass in the wrong zone. We were warned that we might be shot if we walked carelessly from the American zone into the Russian. It is approached gingerly even by high military authority. At any moment a shot might be fired by a trigger-itchy sentry or because the order had come from above.

Notes from a Suppressed Report

Just once in the last two years Americans have had an opportunity to visit Russian Korea. Last April several men from the 7th Infantry Division served on the U.S.-U.S.S.R. party that surveyed the 38th parallel. For several days these Americans worked and lived with Russian soldiers. When they came back, each one of them—23 enlisted men and 6 officers—wrote his impressions of what he had seen of how the Red Army lives "north of 38." The Russians did not like this report, and so in order to be conciliatory it was withdrawn. I happened, however, to find a copy. The quotations are a composite of the reports of these 29 Americans.

"*Equipment.* Individual arms carried by the Russians were well cared for and of good quality but badly worn. . . . Automotive equipment was in a sad state of repair. Almost all vehicles seen in the Russian zone were American made, acquired by Soviet forces under Lend-Lease during the war. And the men using these vehicles seemed to lack both the materials and the knowledge required to keep them in repair. The jeep which was used by the Russian members of the survey party broke down many times. Tires were in very bad shape. . . . One tube was noted with more than 50 patches.

"*Clothing.* Clothing worn by the Russian soldiers was varied, scanty and worn. Their uniforms had for the most part been made from good quality of



COLLIER'S "We would have to hit it right at the rush hour" VIRGIL PARTCH

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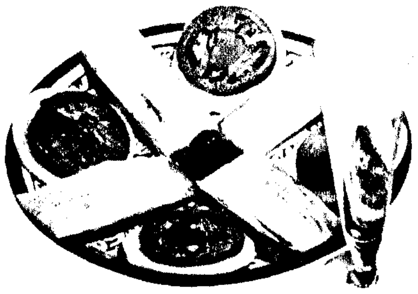

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cloth, but in most instances, among the enlisted men uniforms were old and dirty. . . . Many of the Russians had no socks and wrapped their feet in rags before putting on their boots. These boots had once been good, but many were worn to a point almost beyond usefulness. On one occasion when the party spent the night on the American side of the parallel, many Russians refused to take a bath because they explained they had no underclothes except what they were wearing, and any attempt to get clean was wasted effort.

"Living Conditions. Beds at best were wooden bunks or iron frames with straw mattresses provided for the higher-ranking officers of the survey party. But in most billets the Russian soldiers slept on the floor on dirty comforters.

"There was no water or bathing facilities other than streams and Korean wells. No attempt was made at purification, and the Russian soldiers drank and washed in whatever water they could find near by.

"Food. The 7th Division men ate well while they were with the Russians, and most of them came to the conclusion that because of their obvious health and vitality the Russian soldiers must consistently have a good substantial diet, but there was considerable evidence to show that they lived off the land to a great extent.

"Morale and Discipline. Morale among the Russians seemed fairly high to most of the 7th Division soldiers. The enlisted men were young, but few had combat experience. They seemed happy, but like most American soldiers they devoted a great deal of discussion to their homes and all seemed anxious to leave Korea and get back to Russia.

"It was quite generally agreed that the state of military training of the Russians was quite high—probably surpassing that of our own troops. While the Russian soldiers were young, most of them had entered military service at a very early age and had served in the army much longer than our soldiers who fall in the same age bracket."

Why don't we get out of Korea? We could move out, bag and baggage, but if we did we might not be sure of where the line between Communist ideas and liberal democratic ideas might be drawn. It is better to have the division between Communists and freemen drawn in Korea rather than, say, between North and South Dakota or at the Mississippi. Liberals in the United States and elsewhere can afford to delude themselves about many things, but it won't do this time to fool ourselves about Russia's push for power.

Still, if we can remember what we Americans were thinking about even as recently as ten years ago, our very presence in Korea is fantastic. Ten years ago we were approving a neutrality act which in effect said that we would be unconcerned regardless of what happened anywhere in the world. We followed that detached line, more or less, until the Japanese took our words too seriously and blew up our ships in Pearl Harbor. We could not repress our basic faith in right when the Japanese and the Germans challenged us, and so we are in Korea. We don't like it very much.

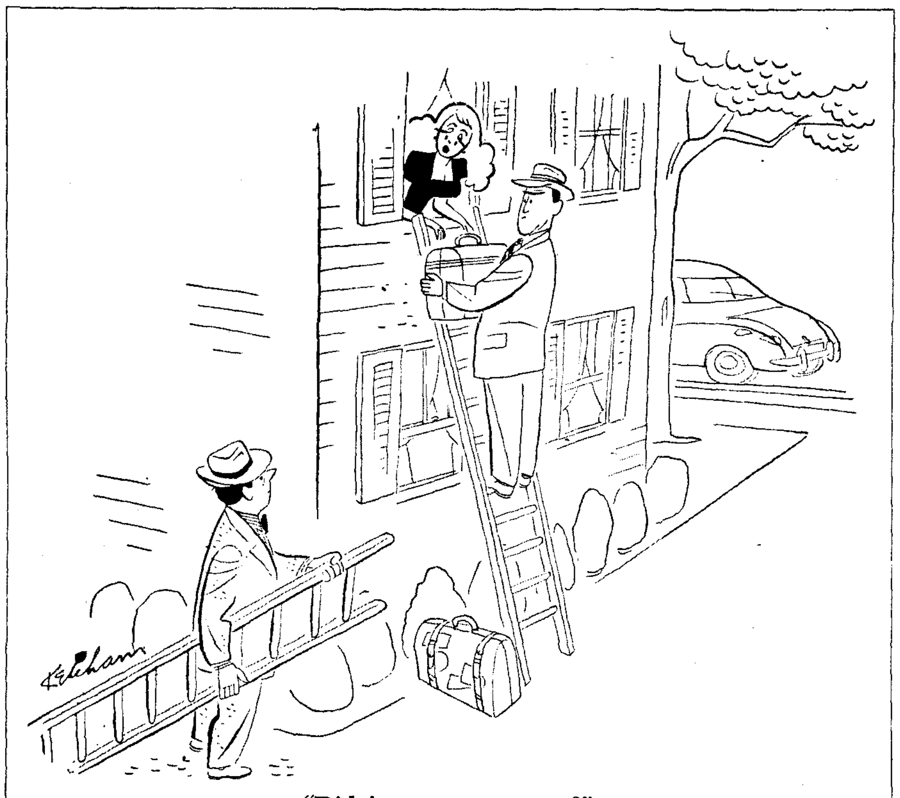
Hard Jobs for Teen-Age Soldiers

We are in Korea and we are sending over boys of eighteen, nineteen and twenty years to do exceedingly difficult work. We don't give them much chance or time to learn their jobs. I saw boys who doubtless were eighteen, but who seemed hardly sixteen, doing work they would never be expected to perform in the United States. They were doing their best as cheerfully as they could in a not too friendly atmosphere, and in circumstances that are confusing at best.

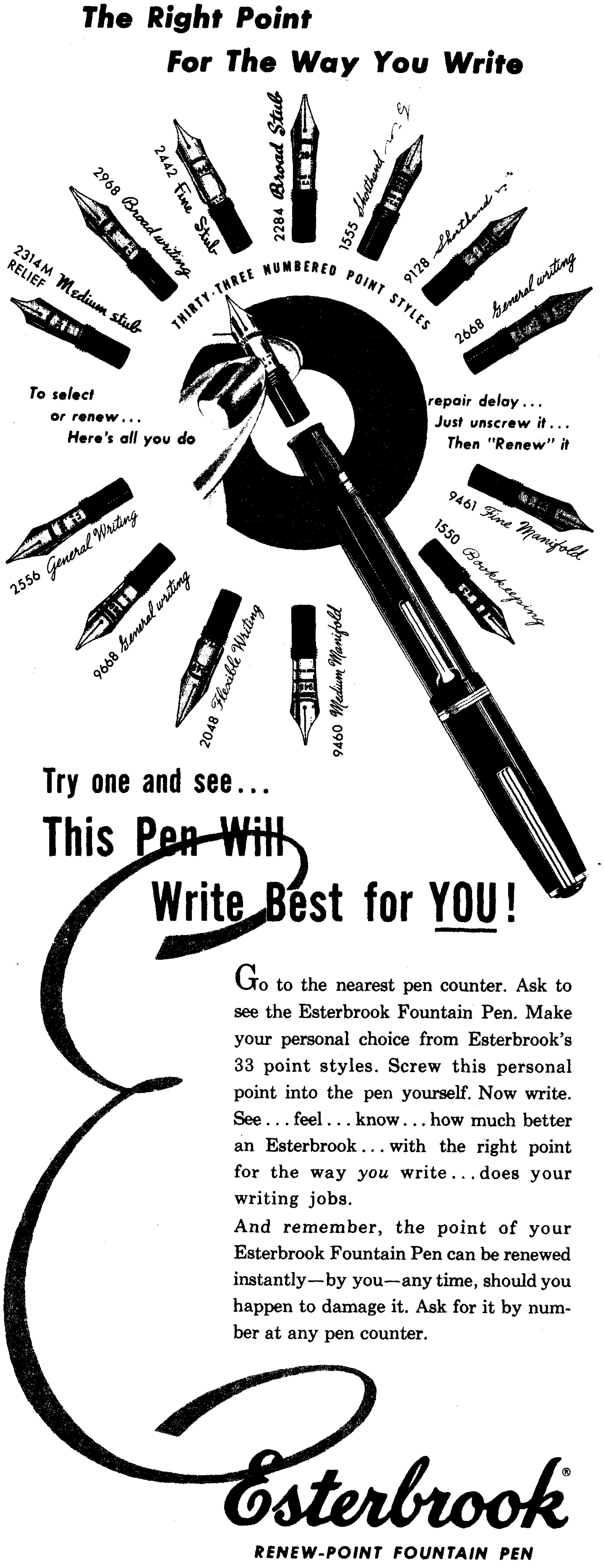
We are in Korea specifically because the Japanese surrendered. The Japanese had been masters of Korea by conquest for a generation. A week after the Japanese surrender, Lieutenant General John R. Hodge was ordered to move into Korea. He received the surrender of about 200,000 armed Japanese, and took charge of the former Japanese protectorate.

Four months later the United States and Russia worked out the Moscow agreement, dividing Korea in two parts. The United States promised to act as a trustee for Korea south of the 38th parallel, and Russia volunteered to run affairs in the interest of the Koreans north of the border. Both we and the Russians promised to set up an independent Korean government within five years. The arrangement looked fair and reasonable. We seemed to be doing good to an exploited people.

We have been in Korea some two years now. The two years have been a time of trouble for all concerned. We set up a Korean native government in our zone. The Russians began to communize the northern area. Apparently



COLLIER'S "Didn't you get my note?" HANK KETCHAM



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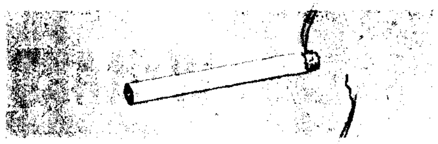

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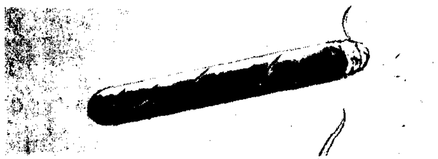

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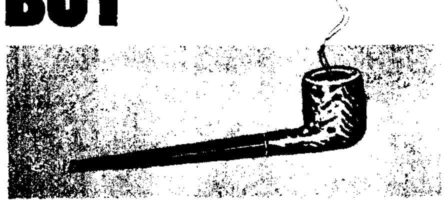

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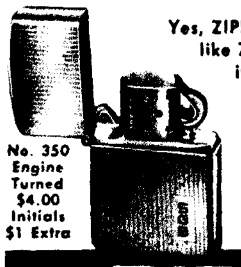

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the Koreans north of the 38th parallel don't like the Russian rule too well. Two million of them have moved south to escape the Russians. There is a steady stream of refugees moving south through the American zone.

Americans do not stop these wanderers at the border. They are allowed to march in a few miles. They are stopped for medical examination, and vaccines to prevent diseases are given. Farther down the road they are divided into groups and sent to various sections. Seoul, the capital, can't absorb them all. Nor can it provide work for these uprooted peasant farmers.

There is little communication between north and south Korea except for this migration of the northern peasants southward. No travel in the Russian zone is allowed. American ships may not land at north Korean ports. Newspapermen are never received.

Russians Can Turn Off Power

Most of the mines and industries are located in the Russian zone. The population at the end of the war was estimated to be about 10,000,000 in the Russian zone and 20,000,000 in south Korea. Electric power as well as coal comes from the north because the mines and the water power are there. So, whenever the Russians please, they can turn off the power. It is cut off frequently but this is probably not due to Russian mischief making, I was told, despite rumors to the contrary.

The Russians have set up a People's Committee government in their zone after the Communist pattern. All authority goes back to the committee, a Communist agency, controlled by the Russian military commander, Colonel General T. F. Shtikov. On the American side, an interim Korean government has been set up. This follows the American pattern, an executive, a legislature and independent courts. The interim government is, however, under the control of an American military government commander.

It was expected that north Korea and south Korea would have been combined under a joint government long ago. The Russians, however, won't agree to anything except a Soviet government, south as well as north, regardless of the will of the Koreans. Most of the Korean leaders say that in south Korea the Communists are a very small minority although at this writing no election has been held. The fight has centered over the issue of what Koreans are to be consulted as to the formation of a government. The Moscow agreement said that the Korean Democratic parties and social organizations should be consulted. The Soviet Commission, however, refused to permit anyone except Communists to be heard.

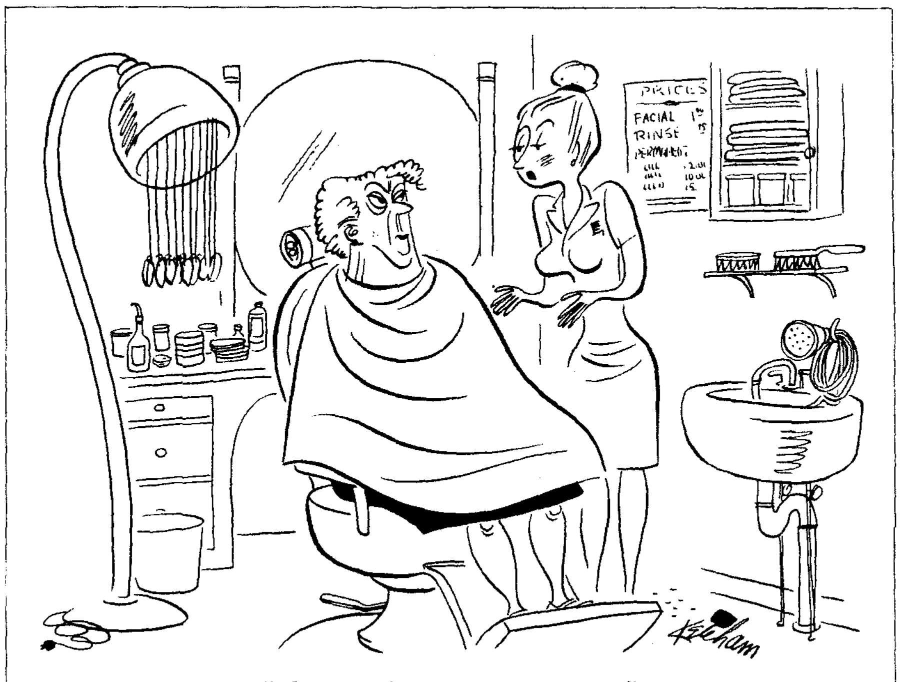
The argument became as finespun as a medieval theological discussion. The net is that the joint commission does nothing because the Russians say that everybody except Communists is not acceptable to them.

Whether this provocative course by the Russians is deliberate or just the result of their own confusion and uncertainties, the Russian policy in Korea irritates the American representatives. When the joint commission meets, Americans give parties for the Russians, and the Russians return the courtesy. The traditional Russian notion of a good joke is to outdrink his guests. Vodka is a raw drink to American throats. When it is peppered—that is, flavored with red pepper—it becomes still harder for Americans to swallow. In Korea the Russians put pepper in the vodka they serve Americans. Our boys don't like it. They say the atmosphere in Korea is a little too heavy for successful practical jokes.

The Koreans themselves are not too easy for their deliverers. Only a very small minority have any education. The best-schooled were refugees from the Japanese. Some of them, such as Syngman Rhee, lived in Washington during the long years of Japanese control. The Japanese did not permit much education and they allowed no political meetings of any sort in Korea. If as many as three Koreans met for dinner, a Japanese policeman had to be present. So out of 30,000,000 Koreans, only a few had much educational or political experience. The lack of leaders experienced in governmental jobs and in the various techniques of industry has been no great help.

The Moscow agreement that looked to an independent Korean government provided for a trusteeship by Russia and the United States during a provisional period of not more than five years. The Koreans don't like the word trusteeship. Japanese domination was called trusteeship. So the Koreans are against it. That is, all except the Communists. When the Moscow agreement was first announced, mass meetings of all varieties of political groups were staged. Suddenly, however, the Communists got word that they were to approve the Russo-American trusteeship. They did. The parties of the right and the moderates did not.

Syngman Rhee, the most extreme of the so-called right leaders and probably the most widely known politician in Korea, is still violently against any kind



COLLIER'S "Okay, madam—it's your money" HANK KETCHAM

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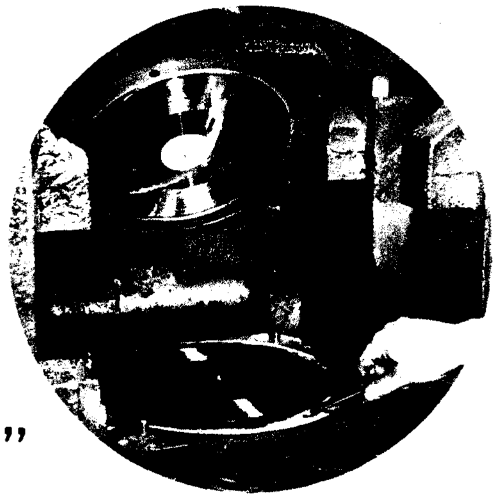

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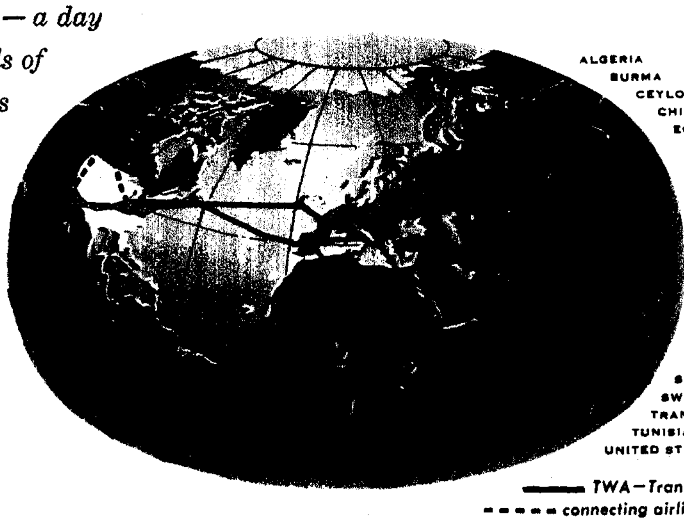

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of trusteeship. Dr. Rhee is an old man with a young wife, an Austrian who formerly was his secretary.

Some Americans think that his irreconcilable attitude of hostility toward even the most benevolent and temporary of trusteeships is determined by his wife. Whether these suspicions so frequently voiced are correct or not, the unyielding attitude of Syngman Rhee is working out to the benefit of the Russians who in their own fashion are also uncompromising. The resulting confusion has increased the difficulties inherent in establishing a representative government in a land that now claims over 400 separate political parties and groups.

Our Force Couldn't Stop Invasion

In northern Korea the Russians have organized an army numbering 150,000 to 200,000 Koreans—estimates differ. In the American zone no army has been organized although General Hodge has trained a relatively small police force of about 28,000. Consequently the Russians are in a position to send southward this northern Korean army and have them establish a Communist government over all Korea. General Hodge has not enough troops to stop such an invasion in the event it should be ordered.

Already provocative incidents have occurred. Riots, Communist-led, are provoked from time to time in south Korea. Among the two millions of refugees from northern Korea it is very easy to conceal a fifth column. One of the political leaders who was co-operating with the American command was murdered this summer by a young man from the Russian zone. At the same time a statement announcing the prospective murder of five other Korean leaders was boldly posted. We talked to some of these leaders marked for murder.

One of them, Charlie Kim, who had been a peach grower in Ridley, California, before he had been induced to return to his native land, was pathetically eager to return to his peach orchards in California. He said he did not want to be killed and that he did not understand politics. Among those also on the published list were: Dr. Kim Kiu Sik, president of the legislature; Hong Myung Hei, a novelist and a politician of liberal views.

Although the Koreans in the American zone quarrel about trusteeship, to a man they want the United States to remain in Korea. They think we can protect them against Communist aggression. They also want the cash that is spent by the Americans.

"We hope your power protects us until we grow powerful" was constantly said to us both by politicians and journalists. Doubtless they mean it. For the Koreans in the south, where they are now free to choose, do seem to be thoroughly detached from Communist ideas.

This is significant because from the early 1920s until the Japanese collapse, the Korean underground operated through the Russians. In northern Korea, I was told the Russians took last year as much as 75 per cent of the rice crops raised by the peasants. These farmers are accustomed to give the landlord or the government a share of their crops. The Japanese, I was informed, used to take as their share 50 per cent of the rice. In the American zone the interim Korean government takes only 25 per cent as a tax.

We feed our own soldiers, however, while the Russians try to live on the country. So the 75 per cent share of the rice crop they took did much to alienate the peasants.

Korea is not a rich land, nor has it a highly developed industry, although its civilization is very old. In itself it is not important enough to justify Russia attacking the United States, in the judgment of some military leaders familiar with the situation. When the Russians decide to take over southern Korea by force, if ever they reach that decision, they are expected to use the northern Korean army they have trained. The police force of 28,000 in the American zone would not be able to withstand a well-trained army of 200,000.

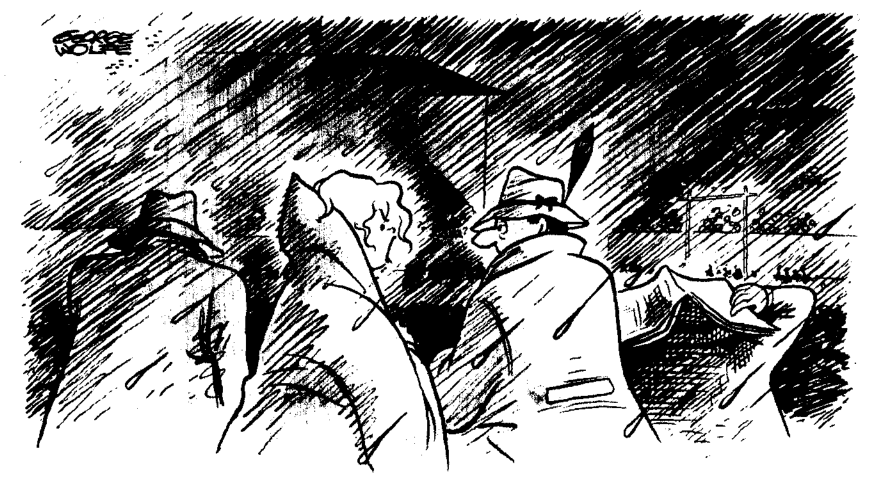
Japan Fears Soviet Ambitions

If Russia decides to order the Koreans to attack the southern zone, the American troops would doubtless be removed as quickly as possible. But unless the operation could be concealed as a Korean native revolution, much more than Korea would be involved in such a gamble. Russia could take Korea but at present Russia could not take Japan. The defeated Japanese think that Russia looks with covetous eyes at Japanese land, resources and man power. That is the basic reason the Japanese want the United States to continue the occupation for a long time to come.

So we remain in Korea performing a disagreeable and dangerous task because it seems for the moment to be interwoven with the larger problems of thwarting the Communist effort to subdue all that is left of a free world. If we could find a formula for getting out of Korea without thereby persuading the Russians that it would be safe for them to pursue us further and incidentally to take over Japan, Americans would like to leave Korea to the Koreans, and quickly.

The Koreans don't want us to go, but doubtless we shall move on as soon as it seems safe to do so. The answer to that question will hang on what sort of deal we make with Japan and to some extent with China. What defenses we can create for ourselves in the Far Pacific will do much to decide our own future as well as the duration of our stay in Korea.

THE END



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THE OUTCASTS

Continued from page 19

"And why *our* house?" Wallace asked.

She was a lovely shadow of the dusk. Her voice was smiling. "Because we're the newest ones here, and the Newhouses like us. They know we think the same way they do."

He hunched forward, staring at the veranda floor, uncomfortable and resenting it. He had been sitting there quietly, wishing all mankind well, and he felt a dim dislike of Benson for involving him in this. After a little while, he said, "You know anything about these people?"

Helen's shoulders moved up lightly. "Not a thing."

The habitual line between his nearsighted eyes narrowed a little. "Do you know their name?"

"No, I don't."

It didn't matter—the name, whatever it was. They were not suitable neighbors. But his discomfort deepened.

Helen went on. "I told Katherine she could ask whoever she wanted to. We'll just serve cocktails."

He sighed and cast around for something to anchor his mind on. "Arthur Hearn will be coming, won't he?" If Hearn came, it was all right. The entire development had once been the rolling acres of the Hearn family estate, and Hearn, cool and caustic and alert, set the community pattern, without caring whether he set it or not. What suited Hearn's assured mind should suit any of them.

Helen said, "I hope so, but I think he and Mrs. Hearn are still in Canada. It doesn't matter. We know how they'd feel."

Wallace nodded. "Well--"

Helen crossed in back of his chair and leaned over to put her cool cheek against his for a moment. "It's awkward, of course, dear," she said, "but we have to consider our neighbors. It's just a matter of business, like zoning a residential district against night clubs or something."

"People aren't night clubs," he said thinly.

"No, of course they aren't." Her voice was disarmingly quick. "But you know what I mean. It isn't just these people. It's what it starts. They bring their friends. They're—pushing." She sounded gentle and reasonable.

He nodded again and put up his hand to draw her closer. This was her home and their children's, and those three—so infinitely precious to his vulnerable heart—must have what they wanted. His own role was safely passive; it was the Newhouses who had suggested this meeting. He said, "When are they coming for our famous cocktails?"

"Day after tomorrow. Saturday. You're sweet, Wally."

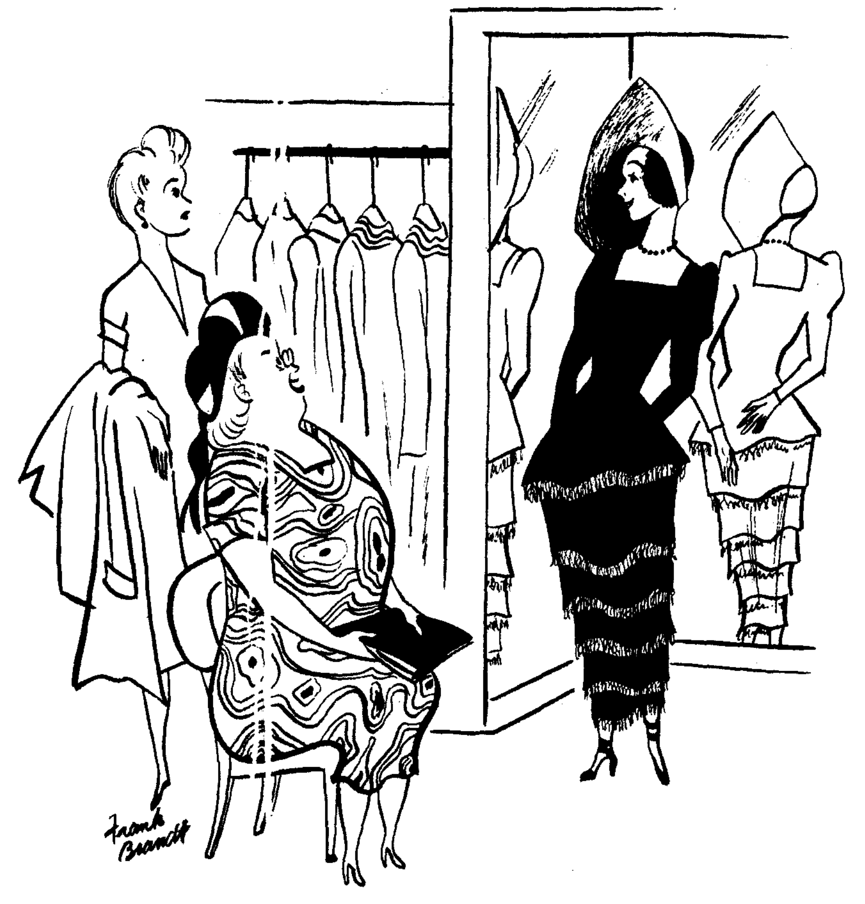
IT WAS dark now as he turned and reached up his arms to her. She responded for an instant, and he forgot the dim confusion she had waked in his mind. This was all his, his love to hold and the soft night to hold her in.

For a moment, neither of them spoke, and then she gave a little shiver against the cool air. "I'm going in, darling." The door opened to light from the hallway, and closed again behind her.

He sat there, looking out at the darkness and listening to the small night noises. A cricket was tuning its tiny violin of sound somewhere in the soft grass, and from beyond, there was the sleepy twitter of a robin protesting the dark. After a moment's listening, Wallace got up, hands in pockets, and walked slowly down the steps and onto the grass.

Around him, the night bloomed, tender and blessed.

He was thinking of Saturday. Saturday had a sharp edge in his mind. He pushed it back and tried to listen to the robin. Wallace hunched his shoulders up in sudden irritation. He was being childish. All



"It's an adorable dress, Angela. I had one just like it when I was your age"

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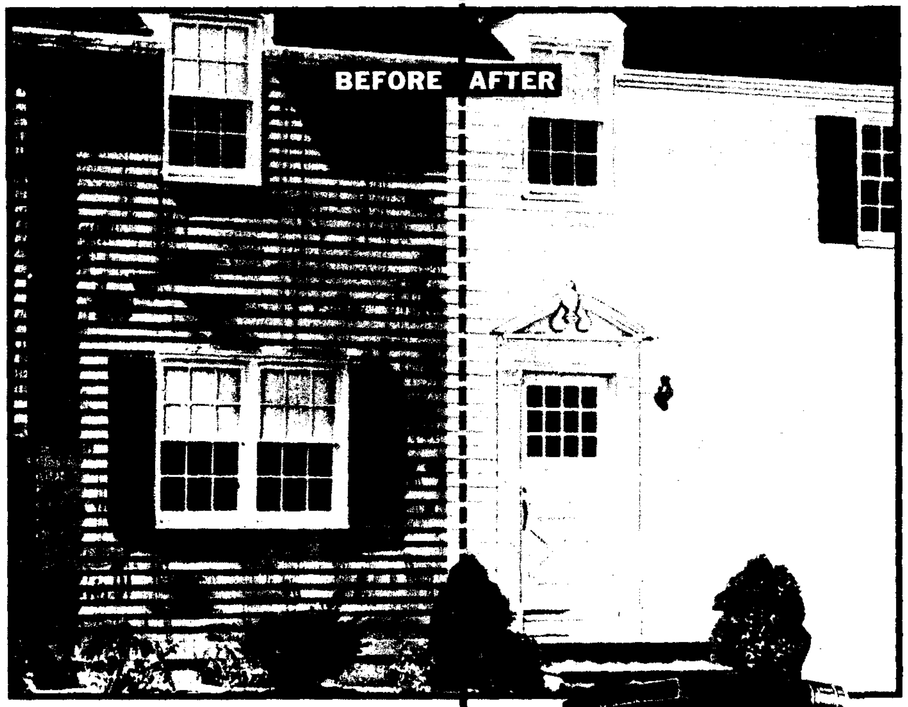

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that was involved was a simple, legitimate agreement between neighbors—people who had bought their homes in a district which would stay as they wished. These others, these people who wanted to buy the Stiles place, need never know that a door had been deliberately closed in their faces.

He stared miserably into the darkness. But what if they did know? What if they were, in fact, rather dreadfully used to it? How did it feel to be shut out, because of your name, because of your race?

"Hokum," said Wallace Adams, aloud. He and his neighbors had bought and paid for certain things. There was nothing to be ashamed of in wanting to keep the identity of their own community intact. Helen saw the values much more clearly than he did. She had said, "We have to consider our neighbors."

We have to consider our neighbors.

How did it feel to be shut out? What was it like to find there were two sides to a wall, and to be on the wrong side? How would he feel it if were himself and Helen and their children?

He had a sudden, frightened glimpse of blinded cruelty, of human hands cupped to hold security, of men walking a road that narrowed and narrowed.

His mind leaped to safety. Good God! He was making mountains. It wasn't that important. The whole thing was perfectly straightforward and simple. It had always been understood that the district was a restricted development. Restriction, exclusion. What were the walls of a man's own house but restriction and exclusion? What was a property line? You were bound by the rules of your own society.

He remembered, with satisfaction, how friendly John Newhouse had become. He remembered that it was to Helen that Katherine Newhouse had turned. He remembered that Vee was out dancing with the nice Hutchins boy.

That was what he wanted for his family, that sureness. He had no right to disturb their peace with impractical abstractions. By Sunday morning, the whole thing would be over, pleasantly. He wasn't being anti-anything in his acquiescence. Put on a business basis, he was protecting his investment. Put on a human basis, he was safeguarding his family.

From what?

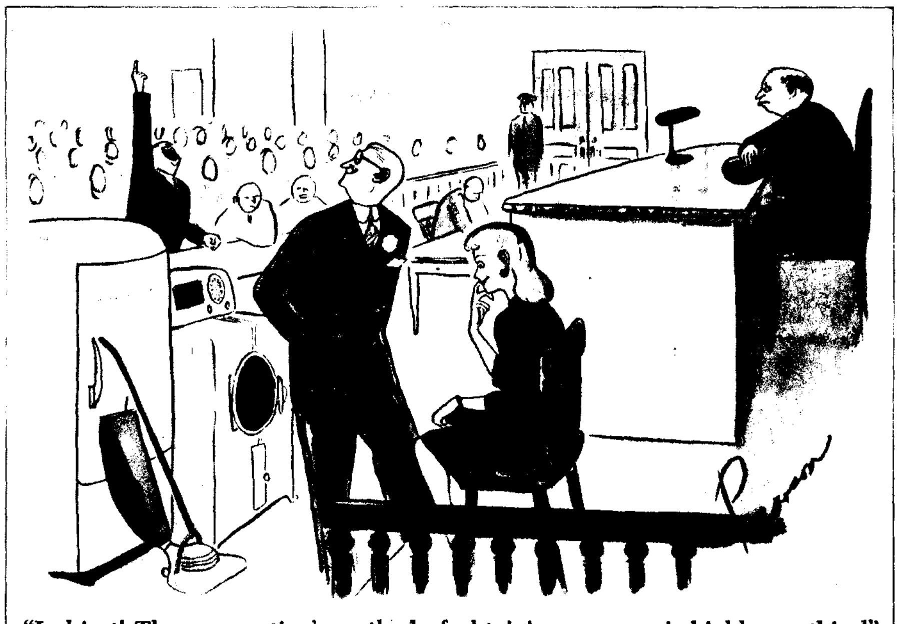
He stopped at the edge of his lawn. *From what?*

His mind stiffened, pushing away the question. He retreated into the safety of his own world. He was only an ordinary, middle-aged man with a family—an ordinary, middle-aged man, standing solemnly in his garden and indulging in dramatics.

It was all tremendously unimportant. He told himself it was unimportant.

The bird's lament had stopped. The night was quiet. Wallace crossed the lawn and walked slowly up his front steps. . . .

Cliff Hutchins and his wife were the first to arrive, the Tom Brents just behind them. Cliff's hearty voice shouted a greeting for everybody, as the men followed their formal patterns of hand-shaking, and the women touched cheeks with bridge-table affection. Wallace excused himself to mix their drinks, glad of a task which took his mind off the purpose of the meeting and made it possible to cling to the role of passive host.



"I object! The prosecution's method of obtaining answers is highly unethical"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Helen joined him briefly. He looked up from counting glasses, and said, "How many more?"

"Just the Atkinsons and Madge Hennessy. And the Newhouses, of course."

He said, "They know why they're here?"

"Naturally."

NATURALLY. He mixed a Scotch and water for Cliff Hutchins and carried it over to him. Cliff gave one of his rather hearty, meaningless laughs and said, "Quite a crowd," sounding gratified. Wallace looked at his guest and disliked him. He disliked his laugh and his light blue eyes and his big pudgy hands. For a passive host, Wallace felt unreasonably quarrelsome. If he had been drinking himself, he could have put it down to the liquor, but he had not been drinking. He said inanely, "Beautiful summer."

They discussed the weather, unable to get away from each other, until the arrival of the Atkinsons with Madge Hennessy churning behind them. Madge dropped her gloves and bag on the nearest chair, pulled off her hat and fanned herself with it briskly. "I like this room," she announced, and added, with apparent inconsequence, "When does the jury sit?"

It would be childish to pretend he didn't know what she was talking about. Wallace said stiffly, "We're waiting for the Newhouses."

"Oh. Of course."

He gave her a sharp look, but her broad face was as placid as a cow's. "Court's in session," she said suddenly, jerking her head toward the door. He thought: She's enjoying this, and despised her for it. If an unpleasant thing had to be done, it might at least be done decently. He excused himself and crossed the room to shake hands with the Newhouses, more than a little flattered by the genial warmth of the big man's welcome. John Newhouse made the room seem suddenly crowded and important. There was the usual hum of greeting, and edging forward of chairs. Wallace said, "What's yours, John?"

"Rye, I think." Newhouse glanced at his watch. "Hope you people don't mind holding the meeting up a little. There's a chance Arthur Hearn will be coming."

Helen made a soft little sound of pleasure. Wallace said, surprised, "I thought he was in Canada."

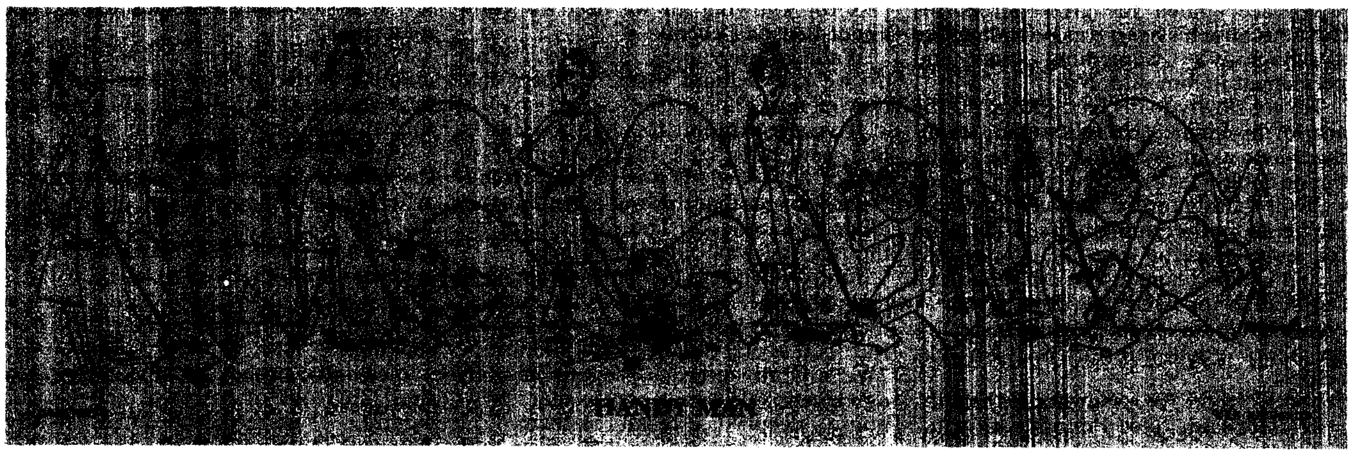
Newhouse smiled. "He was, but I happened to know of a business matter he might be checking on personally, so I called his office. They said he flew in by private plane this morning."

Helen said, "Oh, that's wonderful, John."

Newhouse nodded gravely. "He was out when I called, but I explained to his secretary that this meeting concerned his property interests, and she said she was sure he'd do everything possible to get here. But of course he might be late. He's a busy man."

Wallace looked down at the floor. The little flicker of pleasure he had felt because the sought-after Arthur Hearn might be a guest in his house died out abruptly. Property interests. Enough big guns were lined up already for that imperishable cause; Wallace hoped Hearn wouldn't come.

The guests waited, their talk desultory. Conversation in the room lifted, then dragged out. Newhouse glanced again at his watch, then shook his head and walked over to the fireplace, where he stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece. From that position, he dominated the room. Wallace, finding himself next to Madge Hennessy, with an unclaimed glass in his hand, shifted his feet uneasily. Madge patted the arm of her chair, and



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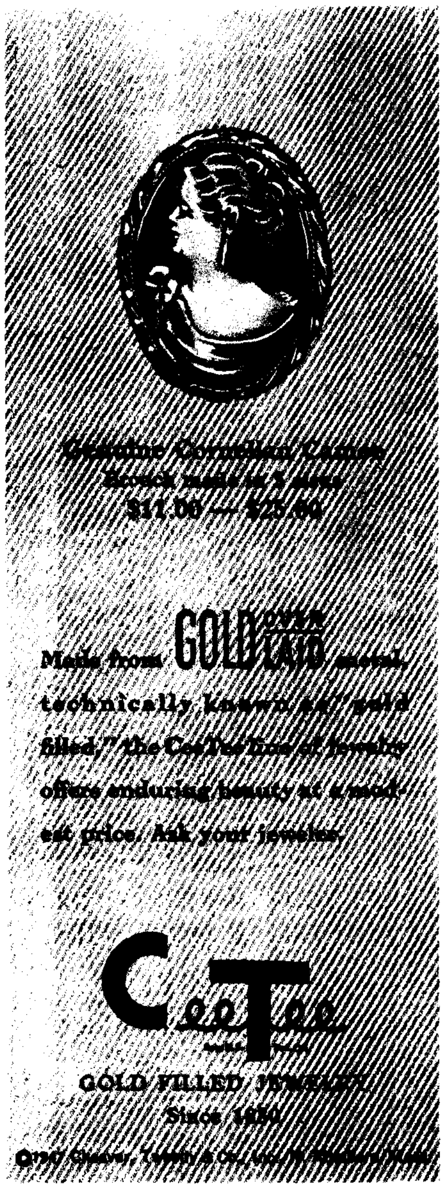

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he set the glass down on the floor and perched reluctantly beside her, feeling clumsy.

Newhouse cleared his throat and looked benignly around the room. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting here. We've been hoping that our good neighbor, Arthur Hearn, could be with us." There was a little innocent patter of applause at the name, promptly hushed. "However," said John Newhouse, "I don't think we should wait any longer. And of course we know he would feel as we do about this meeting." He straightened his shoulders against the mantel. "I don't think this need take much time. You all know why we're here."

There was a polite hum of assent. Everyone was very polite. John Newhouse went on. "You all know that Benson has had an offer on the Stiles property. The—people involved don't seem to be suitable." He gazed around him calmly. "I think we're all agreed on that?"

Wallace stared down at his feet. If he wanted to say anything, he knew this was the time to say it.

Newhouse's competent voice continued. "We felt the pleasantest way to handle the matter was simply to appoint a committee to see Benson and express our wishes." He gave a small, deprecating laugh. "It all seems rather formal, of course, but actually the matter should never have come up. As you all know." He looked at them paternally. They all knew.

WALLACE was conscious that the palms of his hands were sweating and clammy. John Newhouse's voice deepened a little. "The reason for this—formality is that we wish to establish a clearer precedent in Benson's mind. We are all property owners here. We chose our lovely district for its neighbors as much as for its land, and we naturally want to maintain it. We are thinking in terms of the future, as well as the present."

Wallace thought: He's talking too much.

The words went on, firmly. "I think a committee of three would serve us best," said John Newhouse. "And I would like to propose our host as the chairman."

It was a moment before Wallace realized whom he meant. Then his heart gave an uncomfortable little jump, and he looked across at Helen. She was looking back at him, proud and eager over this confirmation of their position in the community.

When he heard his voice say "No," it was almost as much of a surprise to him as it was to his guests.

Newhouse's heavy eyebrows went up slightly. "I know you're a busy man, my dear fellow, but you and Helen have our interests so much at heart—"

What in God's name had Helen committed him to, in her talks with Katherine? All he wanted was to be left alone. He said unhappily, "I just don't feel that I want to—" *Helen was looking at him* incredulously.

Newhouse's voice was as pleasant as ever. His eyes were a little hard. "Aren't you with us?" he said.

Wallace folded his arms across his chest, because his heart was pounding like a schoolboy's. Something harsh and permanent in him said, *No.*

He got slowly to his feet, sliding off the arm of his chair. He felt stupid, standing, like a youngster called on to recite, but he couldn't stay perched there. They were all waiting for him to say something. He hunted rather desperately in his mind for some graceful way out, a way that would neither alienate him nor make him responsible for what was done later. A comfortable way, which would insure his neighbors' good will and his own self-respect.

"Well?" said John Newhouse, heavily.

Wallace said, "No. I'm not with you."

There was a slow, sluggish silence in the room, unstirred for a moment because it was unaccepting. Only, his words were an echo, and echoes stay. Newhouse's voice was suddenly harsh. "This is rather unexpected," he said. "I thought we could assume—"

Wallace kept his eyes carefully away from his wife. "I know," he said. "Everybody assumes. That's just the trouble. I'm sorry, John, I—"

He tried to find the words for his protest. But what does the sheep say when it leaves the herd?

There was another short silence, while Newhouse looked at him expressionlessly. His voice when he finally spoke was untroubled. "Well," he said, "we seem to have made a mistake in our choice of chairman. I'll propose another name."

Helen said quickly, "John, I'm sure Wally didn't mean—"

Her voice brought instinct back, superseding reason. Wallace tried to soften what he had said. "I only meant that we ought to know more about these people."

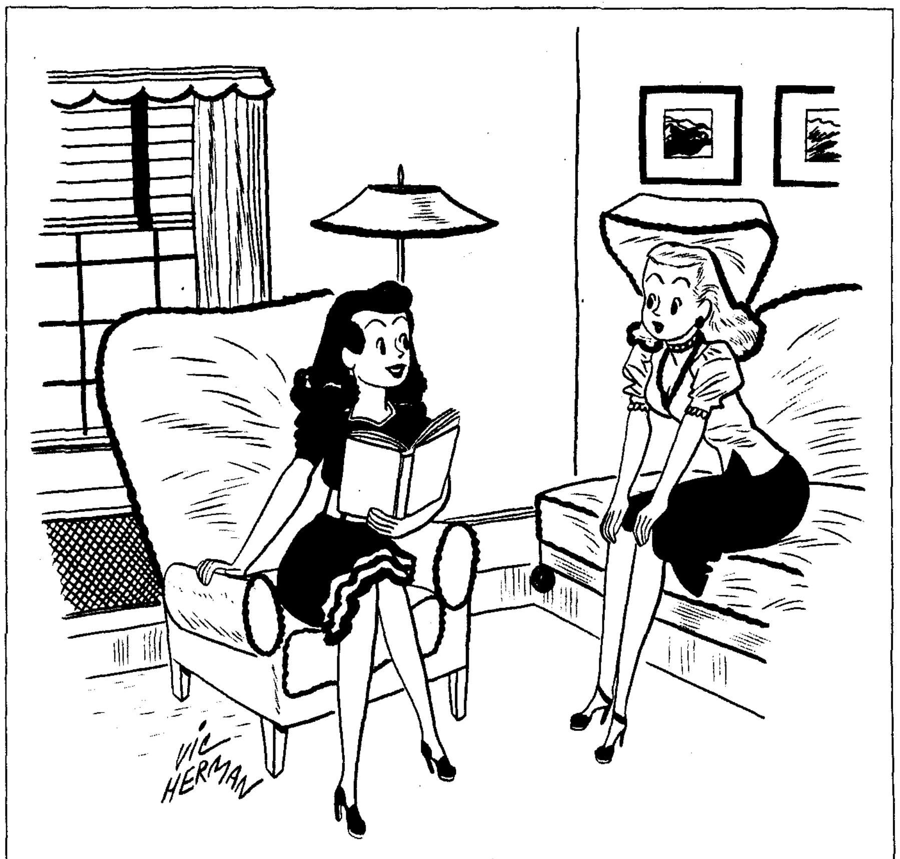
And, abruptly, Wallace Adams was very angry. He knew that anger could only weaken his position, but he was not, for the moment, a reasonable man. He was an angry man. He was sick with anger.

It loosened his tongue, that mute instrument which had never fully told Helen he loved her, or the children of his cherishing. This was love too, and, if they hated him for it, it was still love.

He said, "All right. I agreed to it. But I don't want to agree to it any longer. I don't see what right we have to keep anyone out, when we don't know anything about them. If they're undesirable as people, it's reasonable. But you're telling me these people are undesirable as Jews."

Newhouse put his broad shoulders back against the mantelpiece. His eyes were opaque, but his smile was still very patient. "I think I'm only being realistic, my dear fellow. These people may be very nice, but it's what follows. If we once drop our—agreement—"

"Why not drop it?" Wallace suggested.



"I like to talk while I read. It gives me something to think about!"

COLLIER'S VIC HERMAN

He sounded humble, and he hated it. "I only meant—"

John Newhouse told him what he meant. "You only meant," he said politely, "that our wishes and yours are not the same. The—welfare of our community doesn't interest you. I don't think we need trouble you for any other explanation, my dear chap." My error, said the bland tone of his voice. I thought you were one of us. My error, my dear chap, my error.

Newhouse glanced around the room. "As for knowing all we need to know about Benson's clients—"

Wallace interrupted, bluntly. "What *do* we know about them? Except that they're Jews?"

It was too blunt, too harsh. But he had named it, and the conspiracy of silence fell apart. It was no use pretending any longer that this was a gentlemanly affair of business. The real reason for the meeting was out in the open.

John Newhouse looked at him, and through him. His voice was the voice of the well-bred host, covering a guest's unfortunate social blunder. He said firmly, "We are all agreed. We are here by agreement." It was as easy as that. Newhouse's deep voice reassured them. The word "Jews" might never have been said.

He was ignored, the way a child is ignored. "It makes too difficult a position for everyone, including the newcomers. They bring their friends, their relatives—"

Wallace said, "I bring my friends, my relatives. That's what a home is for."

Newhouse's voice rose. "I have an interest in this community. I intend to protect that interest."

The room was very quiet. Anger beat its wings in the air between the two men. Wallace said, "I don't want any part of it. If it's nothing else, it's damn' bad manners."

Newhouse snapped, "I don't think my etiquette is part of this discussion." His face was brick-red. "After all, if it comes to manners, I'm here as your guest."

Wallace couldn't answer that, couldn't say it was Helen's invitation, not his. After all, he had acquiesced, and that was the root of the whole matter. People like himself, who, believing one thing, accepted another.

He looked down at his hands and was vaguely surprised to find that they were shaking.

Newhouse pushed his advantage. The flush died out of his face, and he said calmly, "You're overexcited, Wally. After all, there are other homes for these

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people to buy. Let them live in their own communities. We don't ask to come into their lives, do we?"

Wallace had no answer. All the sympathy in the room was flowing away from him like water. There was almost a deliberate cruelty about it, and he was afraid to look at his wife. And yet he knew he was right.

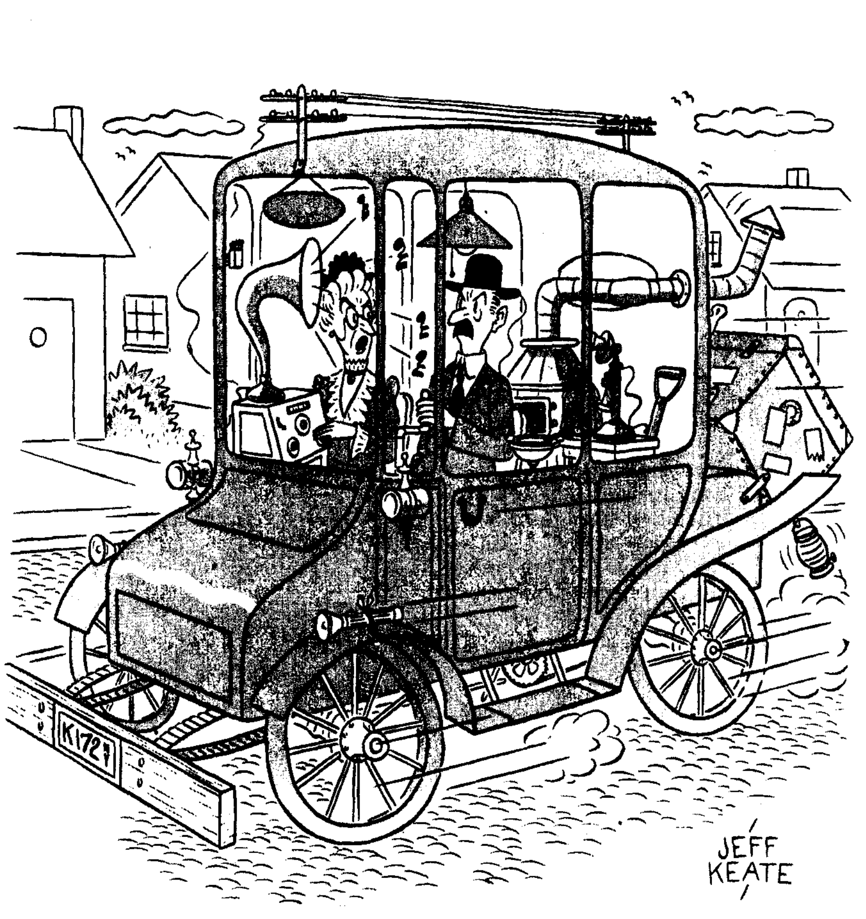
He heard Newhouse say smoothly, in the assured voice of the majority, "I withdraw my suggestion about the chairman. We are all agreed, except Wallace—"

Madge Hennessy's brisk, deep voice cut into his sentence. She sat forward in her chair. "John, you'd better count me with Wallace."

Newhouse looked at her; Madge stared back. A sudden hope lightened Wallace's mind and heart.

Madge went on, implacable as a tank. "I'm for letting the people buy the place." There was a heavy silence. "I don't really see," said Madge Hennessy, "why Jews shouldn't live as neighbors with—what is that old-fashioned term?—Christians."

For just an instant, there was a hollow look about Newhouse. Then abruptly, he picked up the reins of control. He said coldly, "Two is hardly a majority. I think the rest of us are in complete agreement." He looked around the room. No one spoke, and Newhouse nodded in satisfaction.



"All right, it has all the latest gadgets, but wouldn't it be easier to just buy a new car?"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

The sense of property was safely in the saddle again. The wan little hope of brotherhood had fallen at the first fence. Wallace's hands hung slack at his sides.

A voice from the doorway said, "Meeting's not over, is it? Sorry I couldn't get here before."

The room turned as a unit. Helen rose instantly, the quick, welcoming hostess. "Mr. Hearn!" she exclaimed. "I didn't hear you come in."

"The door was open, my dear. I just walked through." Arthur Hearn nodded across at Wallace, turned to Newhouse. "Hello, John. I got your message rather late. How's the meeting going?"

"Fine, Arthur, fine." Newhouse's manner expanded perceptibly.

Hearn crossed the room, held Helen's chair for her and took up a position behind it. Cliff Hutchins half rose, offering his own chair, and Hearn waved him back.

Newhouse said, "I'm glad you could come, Arthur. We're just choosing a committee chairman."

"Committee for what?"

Newhouse explained, easily. "Just a group of three, to call on Benson."

"Oh." Hearn nodded. "Well, don't let me interrupt. I understand it's merely a matter of protecting our property interests here?"

"That's right." The two men looked at each other casually, over the heads of the group, understanding each other. Newhouse went on, elaborating. "It's very simple, Arthur. Benson is anxious to sell the Stiles property to clients we consider undesirable. We're being formal about this meeting because we want Benson to realize just how we stand."

Hearn said, "Naturally," approving.

Newhouse looked pleased. "Of course, we'd be delighted if *you'd* take the committee chairmanship yourself, Arthur."

Hearn said, "Certainly. Glad to."

Relief in the room was almost animate. The final touch of sanction blessed the meeting. Wallace's hands tightened, each on the other. Let it go, he thought. Let it go. The majority rules.

Newhouse dropped his hands, safely relinquishing the reins. "You want to choose your own committee, Arthur?"

Anger had drained out of Wallace, and he closed his eyes, waiting for Hearn to make his choice. He had done what he could, and it would never be enough.

He thought suddenly: I will not let it go. He heard his own voice, dogged with the tired patience of defeat. "Mr. Hearn."

"Yes, Mr. Adams?" Hearn was quick, courteous, just faintly impatient.

Wallace pressed the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other. He said slowly, "John hasn't explained everything, quite. He hasn't told you that he offered me the chairmanship, and I turned it down."

Newhouse said abruptly, "We've been over that, Wallace."

Wallace ignored the warning. "The only thing we know about these people," he said, "is that they're Jews. We don't know anything else about them at all."

Hearn said, "That right, John?" He frowned slightly.

Newhouse glanced resentfully at Wallace, then shrugged in acquiescence.

Hearn said, "It's always been understood that this district is restricted." The brief anger that had touched Newhouse's face smoothed out completely. Wallace looked at the two of them, impregnable, sure of themselves, their world the only world. He had tried twice, and he had lost twice.

Hearn went on. "Restricted, that is, against undesirable people." He looked at Newhouse. "They've got money, I suppose? They could finance a property as big as Dick Stiles' place?"

Newhouse looked slightly surprised. "Well, of course. But that's beside the point."

"Not to me it isn't," Hearn said briskly. "I'm very much interested in the cash angle. We don't want that property bouncing back on the market again. Looks bad for the neighborhood. People start thinking a district is running down when you can't sell the houses in it."

Newhouse put in sharply, "They'll think it's running down even more if we let—" He stopped, and Hearn finished for him.

"If we let Jews in?" He said the word "Jews" as if it was just a word. "That depends on the Jew. I know a lot of Jews I'd be glad to have for neighbors."

HEARN looked around the room. His manner said, more plainly than words, that what was good enough for Arthur Hearn was good enough for any of them. No one spoke. The heads that had turned toward him turned back to John Newhouse. Newhouse hadn't moved, but the fingers of his right hand, casual against the mantelpiece, pressed down so suddenly that the knuckles showed blue-white.

Hearn went on. "Seems to me what we need to know about these people is what they're like, and what their background is. That's what this committee ought to be finding out." He nodded at Wallace. "I should think you'd be pretty good at the job, Mr. Adams. If you'd care to serve with me, I'll be glad to have you."

Wallace said, eagerly, "Certainly. On that basis."

Hearn raised his eyebrows. "What other basis is there?" He studied the room, his eyes resting briefly on Cliff Hutchins, then moving on. He looked at Tom Brent. "How about you, Tom?"

Wallace glanced at Brent and saw him struggling self-consciously to his feet. "Why—yes. Yes, of course. Glad to." His voice was suddenly very small and hurried. "I never liked this business much, anyhow."

Perhaps none of them had liked it much, thought Wallace. They had only wanted the assurance that they were right not to like it. He looked quickly, anxiously at Helen and saw that she was smiling. Mr. Hearn had given his approval; her own husband was on the committee. She was pleased, he knew, for the wrong reasons, but it didn't matter. She was his Helen, and he smiled back at her.

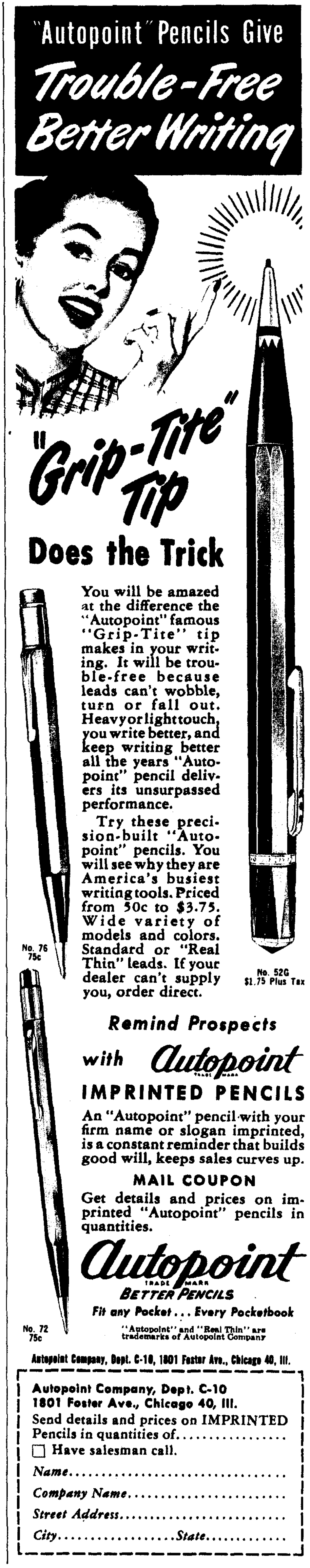
Hearn's voice picked up the meeting. "Fine," he said. "That's settled then." His voice was easy, crisp, disinterested. "Wallace, Tom— I'll give you a ring, and we'll get together to see Benson. Great pleasure, Mrs. Adams."

He moved toward the door. There was a general stir in the room. The meeting, as a meeting, had suddenly ceased to exist.

John Newhouse, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets, stood unyielding against the mantelpiece. The group he had called together broke up into people, but he didn't see them. He was staring straight ahead, at nothing.

Wallace felt a sudden and intense pity. The lost, he thought, are not the outcasts. The lost are those who cast them out.

THE END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FEEL THE FABRIC AND YOU'LL FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

THE G.I. VILLAGERS

Continued from page 13

for an intricate system of dovetailed classroom hours, so that either husband or wife can stay with the baby.

Mrs. Einar Nelson, a nurse, is working for an M.A. in personnel work, while her husband takes a premedical course. In order to take care of their two-and-a-half-year-old Kathy, they sometimes pass her from hand to hand between classes on the campus. These two arise early and go to bed late, being careful to use every minute of Kathy's afternoon nap time for study.

At sundown they usually work in their vegetable garden—one of the plots the university assigns to any villager who wants it. Neither of them, however, takes part in the village's daily coeducational softball games.

Practically all of the men—92 per cent of them—supplement their $90 a month allowance by taking part-time jobs. But one man had to refuse a raise on his night watchman's job, so as to keep his income below the $200 maximum allowed by the village.

Many wives also work part time, perhaps in the village housing office, or in the near-by grocery store.

Clinics Are Well Patronized

A Well Baby Clinic, run by the Minneapolis Community Health Service, aided by funds from the federal Children's Bureau, is well patronized by the villagers. The cost is ten cents for registration. Soon there'll be a prenatal clinic as well.

In matters of sanitation, those same lady aldermen who passed the spanking resolutions are stern. Residents who are careless about garbage or slop buckets are spoken to firmly. The swamp back of the village requires frequent spraying, and rats must be controlled. These precautions were particularly important last summer, during Minneapolis' polio epidemic. Only two village children contracted the disease. Neither suffered lasting effects.

The place is now managed by Henry Hester, a former hotel man who does his utmost to keep everybody comfortable and happy. He is forever wangling extras from the university for his villagers, such as the garage where the co-operative grocery is housed, and garden tools and shrubs to plant. But his biggest job is pushing through construction of an additional 236 dwellings—for the village waiting list is very long.

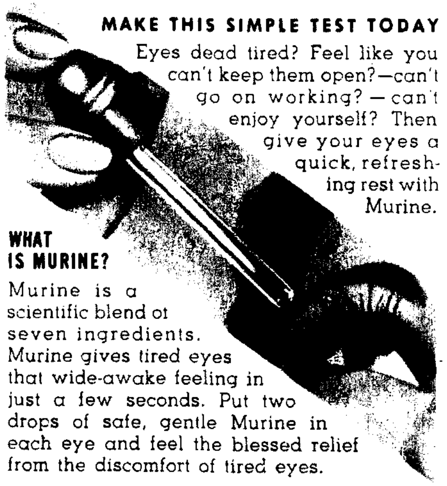
Minnesota is an enormous university, the third largest in the country. An enrollment of 30,000 is expected by next October. Of these 60 per cent will be veterans and of the veterans 32 per cent will be married. Practically every married veteran will try for the privilege of living in the village, but veterans with children get priority. Hester is glad that up to now he has been able to find a place for every family-man veteran who applied.

As the village hits its stride, these young families keep figuring out new ways to save money. The community sewing machine is a help. This was the idea of Nancy Summers, village secretary-treasurer.

Out of village dues (15 cents a quarter) and other cash oddments, the aldermen bought a sewing machine, which they rent out at 50 cents a day, three days maximum. The vegetable gardens help cut grocery bills. And a children's clothes exchange has sprung up spontaneously. One day two pairs of very small shoes appeared on a shelf over the laundry tubs, with a sign: "If you can use either or both pairs of shoes you are welcome."

THE END

How to give QUICK REST to tired eyes



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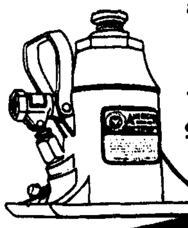

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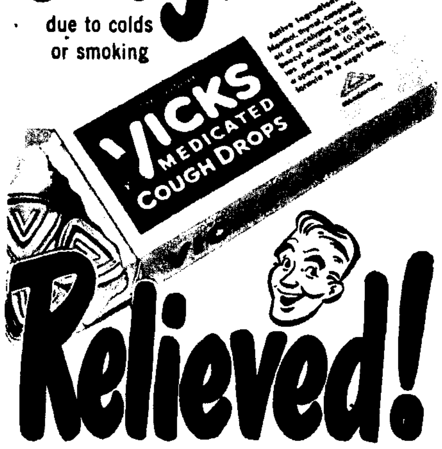
Coughs

due to colds or smoking



Relieved!

Quick! Get relief from coughs, throat irritation of colds with Vicks Cough Drops. So fast because they're *really medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. Try 'em for fast relief!

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

astronomer, calculated the orbit of a still more distant planet. On March 13, 1930, after years of painstaking search, Pluto was discovered. The discovery of these two outer planets was a tribute to the genius of the men who performed the necessary calculations.

JAMES M. DWYER, Paterson, N. J.

ISDRAWKCAB ME' TNIRP

SIR: I have a problem—the serials. I have arrived at that time of life when it's considered wise to ask one's doctor's advice before starting a new one. Sooner or later I may start a serial that I won't be able to finish, and leaving a forwarding address won't be helpful. Take one like Man Running—a humdinger—I'd hate to lose out on the finish of a story like that. "Let them accumulate, and then go to town," sez you. That's okay for those who can take their serials, or leave 'em alone. An intriguing title, a snappy picture, and I nibble (just nibble) at the first chapter, and I'm off, and living from week to week again. How about printing the darn' things backward? The gals would love it. They always like to read the last chapter first. We men are built of sterner stuff. We would wait till all installments were in.

W. H. MELSOME,
California Hot Springs, Cal.

INCONSISTENCY

GENTLEMEN: Your editorial page for September 13th carried four brief and to-the-point editorials. One, entitled Translations, Please, held forth against all writers in the English language who inserted foreign phrases and words—mentioning especially Greek, Latin, French and German —without translations.

The editorial next to it, Uniting Western Europe, used the phrase *quid pro quo*, which to my uncultured eye looks amazingly like Latin—and used it without a translation! Will you tell this curious reader two things: Was it a slip, or was it some kind of check on editorial-page readership?

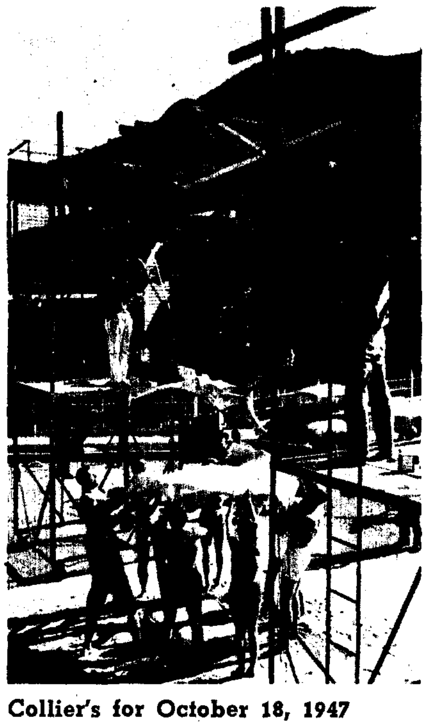
ROBERT M. LIGHTFOOT, JR., Ass't Librarian, Louisiana Polytechnic Institute

Incongrui eramus.

MAY B. SOHW!

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder where threatening reader "Hank O'Hare" (The Week's Mail, Sept. 6th) got his rather suspicious name. Do you think Hank could possibly be any relation to Mimi O'Graph, Mike R. O'Scope or Miss Fitt?

CHARLES FRANK BOND JUSTICE,
Betsy Layne, Ky.



BRADLEY'S BATTLE

DEAR EDITOR: Re Can General Bradley Win This One? (Aug. 30th): We are informed that 74 new veterans' hospitals have been authorized, of which only seven have been begun and only one completed. To complete the astounding picture of confusion, skulduggery, stupidity and waste, the writer should have listed the scores of splendid, large Army and Navy hospitals which were built during the war and now stand vacant all over the country. I know of one, within 25 miles of this point, substantially constructed of white brick at a cost of about $12,000,000 and designed to take care of 1,500 patients plus medical staff and other personnel. There are no doubt at least 74 other similar installations lying in idleness here and there across the country. All of them are, or recently were, completely equipped.

What is the answer? What are the alibis? I pose the question as a challenge from a John Q. Citizen whose respect for his potbellied, bureaucrat-infested government is running mighty low.

HENRY GORDON, Ogden, Utah

BANG! BANG!

DEAR SIRS: Poor little Eve! If Selwyn Jepson's heroine, in Man Running (Sept. 6th installment), fired that revolver as illustrated by Wendell Kling, she would really burn her left hand.

F. R. ANDERSON, Sierra Madre, Cal.

. . . How is it possible for the girl in the picture to be able to hold the barrel of the revolver in her hand as she fires it? A few of the fellows here would be greatly interested in your answer to that one.

CLARENCE S. STUBBS, Fort Sill, Okla.

Big-shot police authorities, consulted beforehand by Artist Kling, agreed the pose is nondangerous.

MAN OF NOTE

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for Condon's nostalgic Brother Jazz (Aug. 23d-Sept. 6th). How I wish Brother Jazz Condon could have lived in the deep South during the early twenties.

Peg Leg Johnson's band that traveled out of Memphis, Tennessee, was a band that was even better than the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. I have heard them play from nine in the evening until three o'clock in the morning, with "nary" a piece of music in sight. Interpolation that this group could conjure, aided and abetted by Arkansas white mule (corn whisky), was something! Likewise Phil Baxter and his group that played solely for the love of music and cold cash. Phil is still tops in my book for entertainment next to Ted Lewis.

I enjoy every issue of Collier's, having been a reader for about twenty-five years.

W. T. HUTCHINSON, Coleman, Tex.

IT'S A TOSSUP

DEAR SIR: Re the blanket tossing cover (Sept. 6th), there has been a long and heated discussion as to just how that picture was taken, among the people I work with.

Some say she was actually tossed up and the picture taken from above and others say she is placed on a glass with the men under her, taken as a still picture.

EDNA SCHWARTZ, Pontiac, Mich.

As to trickery, picture at left speaks for itself. Photographer Peskin is stationed atop bridge of special contraption the agreeable Warner Brothers constructed on their lot in collusion with Collier's. The even more agreeable Miss Vickers is doing one of her several backflops, without the use of plate glass, double exposure, or mirrors.

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So—unless you're one of those lucky people who sleep perfectly all the time—why don't you try Ovaltine yourself? Because refreshing sleep's a great thing—it makes you look and feel better—it's the world's best morning bracer. And if you're not getting the most from your sleep, Ovaltine may help you.

You see, a cup of hot Ovaltine at bedtime promotes relaxation—conditions you for sleep. So sleep can come more readily, more restfully. Besides, Ovaltine supplies specially-processed *food* to build up vitality for the morning. And as a plus, you get extra vitamins and minerals for buoyant health.

So why not give Ovaltine a trial? Sounder sleep, fresher mornings—you may find a new *YOU* that's really exciting!

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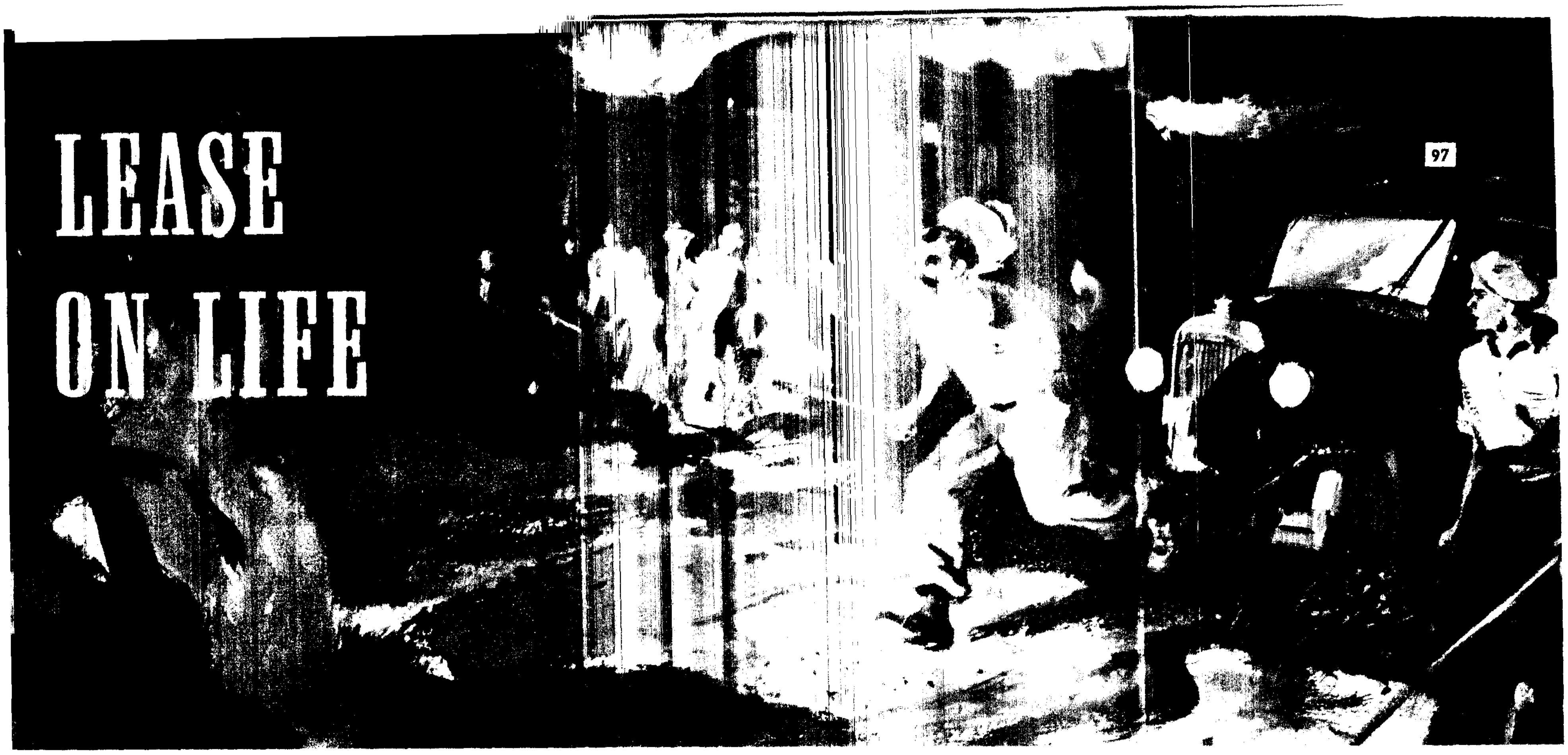
LEASE ON LIFE



There were a lot of people around, but they were afraid of the fire. Then a jalopy came tearing up and a little Italian jumped out and ran straight into the flames

BY ELIZABETH METCALF

ON a couple of benches inside the wire-fenced courts at the tennis club, four men sat down to rest in the middle of their match. Three were old friends. The fourth was a congenial new acquaintance, an energetic doubles partner.

The day was a lake of cool air under a splendent sun. The four men pulled on jackets, and as the lively stranger struggled into his sleeves he glanced up appreciatively at the sparkling sky and at the rolling green hills which surrounded the club. With a deep breath he relaxed, stretching his arms along the bench, eyes closed.

He was smiling. It was a smile more often seen on the open faces of eager boys than on the set faces of men in their thirties to whom the sun and the sky and the green hills and a good sweat have become matters of fact.

The other players, twisting about to fish cigarettes from their jacket pockets, glanced at the stranger. They looked at one another and grinned.

"Fine day," one said understandingly.

The man with his head back opened his eyes and straightened.

"You can drink that sun." He grinned back. And he reached for a proffered cigarette with a nod of thanks as he leaned forward with the others.

The man who had offered the cigarette held out a lighter.

"It's a fine day," he repeated. "And it's none of my damn' business, but I want to know how you can serve a tennis ball like that with about half a hand. How the hell do you hold a racket, man?"

The new man dragged on his cigarette and answered through the smoke.

"What you really want to know," he said, "is how I had the little finger and half the ring finger burned off my right hand." He stretched out his legs. "And why I have those graft scars on my legs. And why," holding his cigarette in his mouth, putting a forefinger on either side of his right knee and kicking the lower leg slowly, "why I had a silver pin through here." And he dropped his fingers to show a smooth, round nickel-sized scar on either side of the knee.

The other men moved awkwardly, but before a protest or an apology could be phrased the scarred man said quietly, "It doesn't matter. I'd want to know the same things if one of you'd been bashed up. I wouldn't be out on a tennis court in shorts if I were sensitive about my legs. And I wouldn't be holding a racket, either, if I hadn't been so crazy about tennis that after the accident I worked for years to develop a new grip with a thumb and two and a half fingers."

The other men relaxed.

"It was just another of those accidents that happen to too many college kids who drive too fast," the scarred man continued. "My roommate and I were coming back from a football game. I didn't see a train barreling down on a crossing—"

He took a deep drag on his cigarette and glanced up at the liquid sun.

"In the collision, my roommate was thrown clear of the car and was killed. I was trapped inside, the gasoline drenched me. Car caught fire."

The other three men shifted restlessly.

One spoke shortly, "How'd you get out?"

"I didn't, for a while," said the man, turning his hand and looking at the half a finger and the much narrowed palm. "I was stuck in there and I was on fire. I mean my clothes were on fire and my hair was blazing and my fingers were burning off and my legs were frying.

"There were a lot of people around, too, they told me later. It was a village crossing and a couple of dozen people ran out when they heard the crash, but they were afraid of the fire. They could see me in there, but I was practically unconscious and I guess they thought I might be dead."

He flipped the end of his cigarette toward the fence and looked out over the rolling hills for a moment. "Then," he said, "a car came tearing up. A jalopy. Came faster than hell, and a little Italian was out of it before it stopped and running straight into the flames. He jerked open the door, pulled me out and flopped me over on the grass. He threw himself on me, put me out before the others could help."

One of the tennis players absentmindedly put his own hand down on the burned hand.

Another leaned over to look at the scarred legs and the knee that turned on a silver spike.

The third man looked out through the wire fence at the rolling hills. And as he lifted his face to the sky his two friends and the scarred stranger lifted theirs, too, and all four drank in the miracle of the sun.

The man beside the stranger took his whole hand off the burned one. He laced his fingers between his knees as he leaned well forward and seemed to watch the taut, eager couples running back and forth across the courts.

"What's it like, Jim, to play a couple of sets of fast tennis and then sit in the sun and smoke a cigarette and tell that story? How does it feel," he went on deliberately, "to know that you'd be dead if one man hadn't had the glory in him to save it and give it all back to you?"

SOMEHOW the poetic words didn't seem at all strange on the lips of a middle-aged insurance man.

"Do you know where he is?" the insurance man pursued. "Have you kept in touch with him?"

"Sure," said Jim with a touch of surprise. "His name's Giuseppe Donato. I call him Joe. Giuseppe's Joe in Italian. He has a vineyard in upper New York State. My folks set him up with it, in fact."

"Fine," the others murmured.

"My folks came East when I was in such bad shape," Jim went on, "and they looked him up. They brought him to see me in the Boston hospital, a dark little undernourished Italian. When we tried to thank him he threw his hands out and said, 'Please! The boy hava fine life now. Thatsa glad for me. No thanksa *please!*'

"Dad wanted to give him money but he wouldn't take it, so the folks found out about him. Those were the bad years, and instead of selling apples on a street corner, Joe'd been bootlegging. Running wine down from Canada. He was on his way from the border when he found me.

"Repeal was in sight and he wanted a vineyard, so my old man fixed it up for him in that New York wine country. He wouldn't take the money, but he couldn't resist the vines. He has an Italian wife, a yardful of wonderful black-eyed kids—and his grapes. I've seen him there a couple of times."

Four other tennis players, tired and sweating, strolled off a center court, and the foursome on the benches began to peel jackets and gather up rackets and balls.

"I write to Joe every once in a while," said Jim, trying his strange strong grip on the handle of his racket, "and always when something happens. Like when I got married. And when our daughter was born. And when I set up my own business. And the first evening in our new home. Anything that's fine, I write and tell him what's happened to me because I'm alive."

The four men had started toward the empty court. They were enormously refreshed and the air invigorated them at every step.

"Does Joe answer?" one asked.

"Sure," said Jim, making a backhand chop with his racket and watching the swiftness of its shadow on the flat playing surface. "He always answers. Just a line or two, though. Like—he'd say it this way—'Dear Jim, Thatsa glad for you, thatsa glad for me. This year I make fine wine again. Best damn' wine you ever taste.' "

The insurance man faced his new tennis partner with the same smile that Jim had turned toward the sun.

" 'I was thirsty,' " he recalled wonderingly from the depths of memory, " 'and ye gave me drink.' "

Then he leaped the net like a boy and took up his position in the forecourt. "Your serve, Jim," he cried. "Ace him!"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

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Buy Spares..... They Stay Fresh

LOOK, STEPHANIE

Continued from page 11

right," he says. "If you won't teach her anything, I'll have to protect her myself. From now on she's to be in at ten o'clock every night. And she's not to go out unless Karen is along. And she's to get a job. Today!"

Mama goes on knitting, quite calmly. "What sort of job?" she asks. "Baby sitting? Being a movie actress? Or would you rather have her washing dishes someplace, or scrubbing floors? Stephanie's not equipped—"

Papa sits down heavy, like he had not thought of this. "Why," he says, "I don't know—maybe—dammit, there must be something she can do!"

Mama shrugs. She smiles. "You think so?" she asks. "What?"

I AM late for school then, so I do not hear the rest. There is not much more anyhow, because I hear Papa stamping down the stairs as I am going out the front door.

After school that day there is basketball practice, and then we all stop at Miller's for sodas, and the track team come in, and what with one thing and another, I am five minutes late for dinner.

"Well, Karen," Papa asks, "where have you been? Are you running the streets now, like your sister? No dessert."

"But, Papa," I say. "I was only—"

Papa glares. "And where is your sister?"

"Stephanie?"

"Have you got any other sisters?" Papa roars. "Where is she?"

"I don't know, Papa," I reply meekly.

"And you," Papa asks Mama. "Don't you know where she is either?"

Mama shakes her head.

"I told you not to let her go out without Karen!" Papa says.

"Karen was in school all day," Mama points out quietly. "And you told Stephanie to get a job. Is Karen supposed to traipse along after her older sister when she's out looking for work? You know that doesn't make sense. More carrots, dear?"

"A fine thing," Papa tells her. "Talking about carrots when your first-born is running the streets after dark, her dumb innocence exposed to heaven knows what perils—"

Mama laughs right out loud. "It's only six thirty. They're glazed just the way you like them, dear. The carrots, I mean."

My sister Stephanie slides into the dining room. She is wearing the tight yellow sweater, and her face is flushed. She is so beautiful with the color in her face that even Papa does not say anything for a minute, just looking at her.

Then she beats him to it. "I've got a job."

"A—job?" Papa sounds a little weak. He thinks for a minute. "Selling something, maybe?"

Stephanie smiles tolerantly. "I'm a private secretary."

Papa goggles. He chokes. "But you can't even type!"

"Everyone has to learn, don't they?" Stephanie asks reproachfully.

After a while, Papa recovers enough to ask for particulars. Stephanie gives them to him. She is currently employed as secretary to Mr. Thomas J. Briggs, president of the Kiddy-Krib Manufacturing Company, at 2213 Lincolnwood Drive. She works from nine to five daily, excluding Saturday, and receives the salary of forty dollars a week.

"*Forty dollars!*" Papa repeats it almost under his breath. "To think the manpower shortage has come to this!"

That evening, Stephanie breaks three dates. She tells them all the same thing, that she is through with the more frivolous things in life. From here on out, she is a career woman.

She spends most of the evening working on her hair and her nails and her clothes.

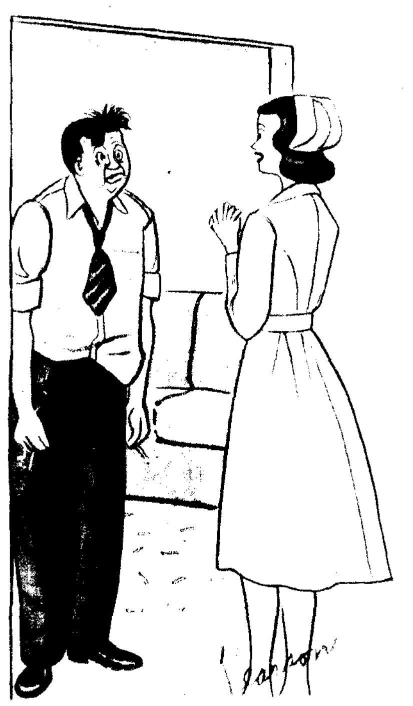
"For business," she tells us, and promptly at ten o'clock she gets into bed.

The next day she goes to work, comes home in time for dinner, and spends the evening the same way as last night. Except for a couple of times that she has to work overtime, the whole week is like that.

At the end of the week Stephanie still has the job of secretary to Thomas J. Briggs. Papa cannot understand it. He questions her about it almost every night.

"This Mr. Briggs," he says cautiously. "Is he old? Hard of hearing? Doesn't see very well, maybe?"

Stephanie wrinkles up her forehead with the effort of thinking. "Well, no, Papa," she says. "I wouldn't say he was that."



"Mr. Dionne—I mean Mr. Malone—I have great news for you"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

Papa tries again. "You do letters for him?"

"Of course, Papa."

"But you don't know shorthand! You can't type!"

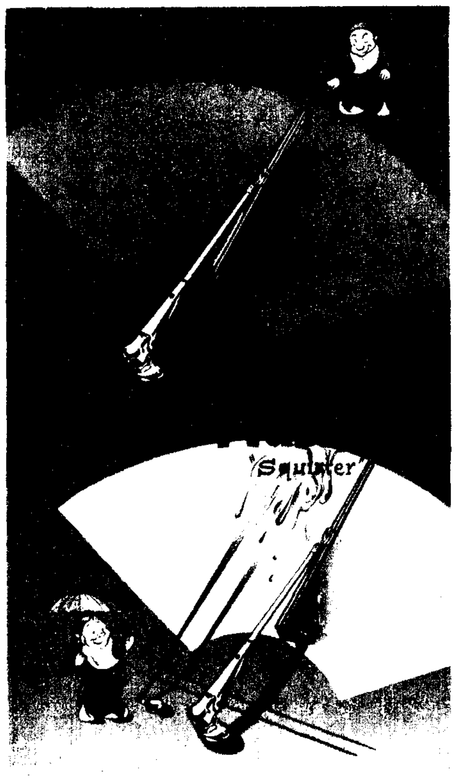
"Mr. Briggs," says Stephanie, "prefers to train his own girls."

Papa moans. "He sees the letters?"

"He signs them," Stephanie points out gently.

AT THE end of the second week, Stephanie gets a check for eighty-odd dollars, including overtime, which Papa makes her hurry right down to the bank with, for fear they will change their minds. Papa is very happy about Stephanie's earning the money. But also he is beginning to worry again. Because Stephanie is working overtime nearly every night now, and going to bed the other nights at ten o'clock, and refusing all dates.

"Look, Stephanie," Papa says, "you don't want to—overdo this, you know. Girls like you have to get married. You have to meet men and go out with them. With Karen along, of course."



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Stephanie's lovely eyebrows go up, just looking at me, and she says scornfully to Papa, "Wolves."

"Who?"

"Men."

Papa glares. "Who told you that?"

"Mama."

Papa decides it is time to put some coal on the furnace.

Things go on like this for another week. Stephanie works every night, almost, but the rest of the time she is around the house. She just sits, staring into space. She makes Papa nervous. She makes him so nervous that he takes to bringing home young men from his office, and from our church. My sister Stephanie will not look at any of them.

"Wolves," she explains.

And then one day she goes to work the same as usual and does not come home. Not just for dinner, or for the evening, but all night. She does not come home at all. Papa is frantic. He calls the police. He offers a reward. He tries to call the governor.

But the next morning my sister Stephanie comes home. A car stops in front of our house and a big brown-haired young man with a mustache lifts Stephanie out and kisses her. She kisses him back. She is wearing her polo coat, and under it something pink and trailing.

Papa just points at the pink thing. The sounds he makes are expressive, but they aren't words.

"It's all right, Papa," Stephanie tells him. "You said I could take presents if we were married. We are. This is Mr. Briggs. Mr. Thomas J. Briggs."

Papa looks at Mr. Briggs for a long moment. Mr. Briggs looks back, smiling. For the president of the Kiddy-Krib Company, Mr. Briggs is a nice-looking young man. He keeps on smiling at Papa. But Papa does not smile back. Papa sits down, heavy, as if he is thinking about things.

"I should have known," says Papa. "Forty dollars a week!"

He looks at Mr. Briggs some more. "Thomas J. Briggs—what does the J. stand for?"

There is a little silence. Stephanie opens her beautiful eyes very wide and leans over and kisses Papa. "Jack," she says.

FOR the first time in my life, I almost wonder about Stephanie's dumbness. Two pink negligees, both given her by men named Jack. . . . It is just a coincidence, of course. Looking at Stephanie's blank face, I am sure it has to be. Pretty sure. . . .

Papa is wondering about Stephanie's dumbness, too. He gets red. Very red. But just then Mama starts to cry, and then Stephanie does too. And afterward everybody has to kiss the bride, and Mama gets out a bottle of grandfather's red wine and for a while everything is all right.

It is only after Stephanie and Jack have gone that Papa begins to walk up and down and think about things.

"He probably just married her to get her out of the office," he says. "She couldn't have planned this. She's too dumb."

Mama has her knitting. She goes on knitting, sort of smiling to herself.

Papa pats me on the shoulder. "Anyhow, I have one intelligent daughter," he says.

Mama shakes her head, like she is worried about me. "Plain," she murmurs. "Definitely plain." She spreads out the wool and beckons to me. "Come over here, Karen. I want to measure. Sweaters aren't the thing for a trousseau, so this one will be for you. . . ."

Papa gets mad again, watching Mama. He stamps his foot. "A fine business!" he says. "Another poor fellow—"

"Yes, dear," Mama says, calmly. And she fits the sweater very tight.

THE END

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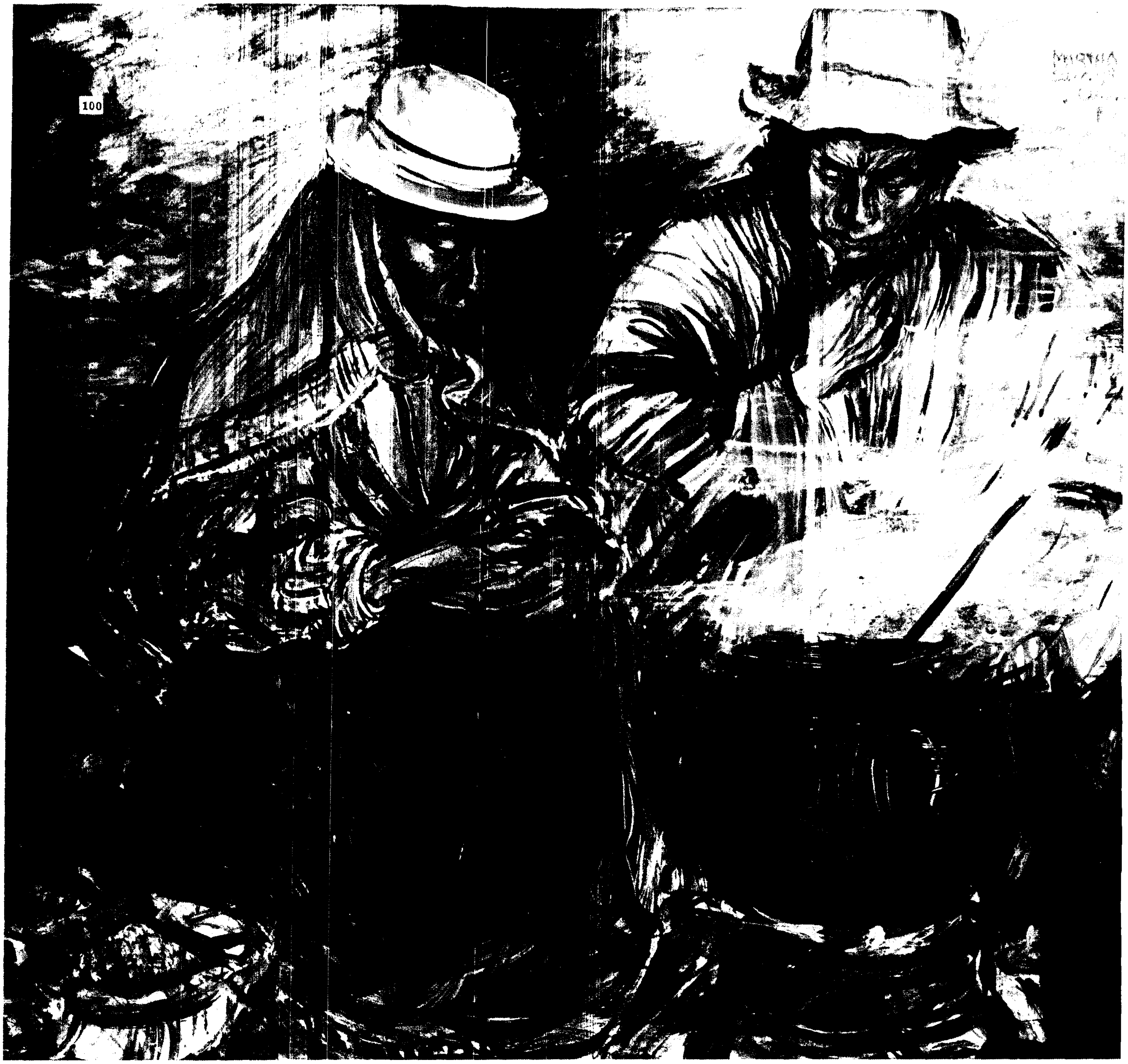


Marciolo Tacusa and Maria Mamani are a man-and-wife team of very successful humbugs operating in a little shack on the outskirts of Cuzco

MEDICINE MAN

BY MARTHA SAWYERS

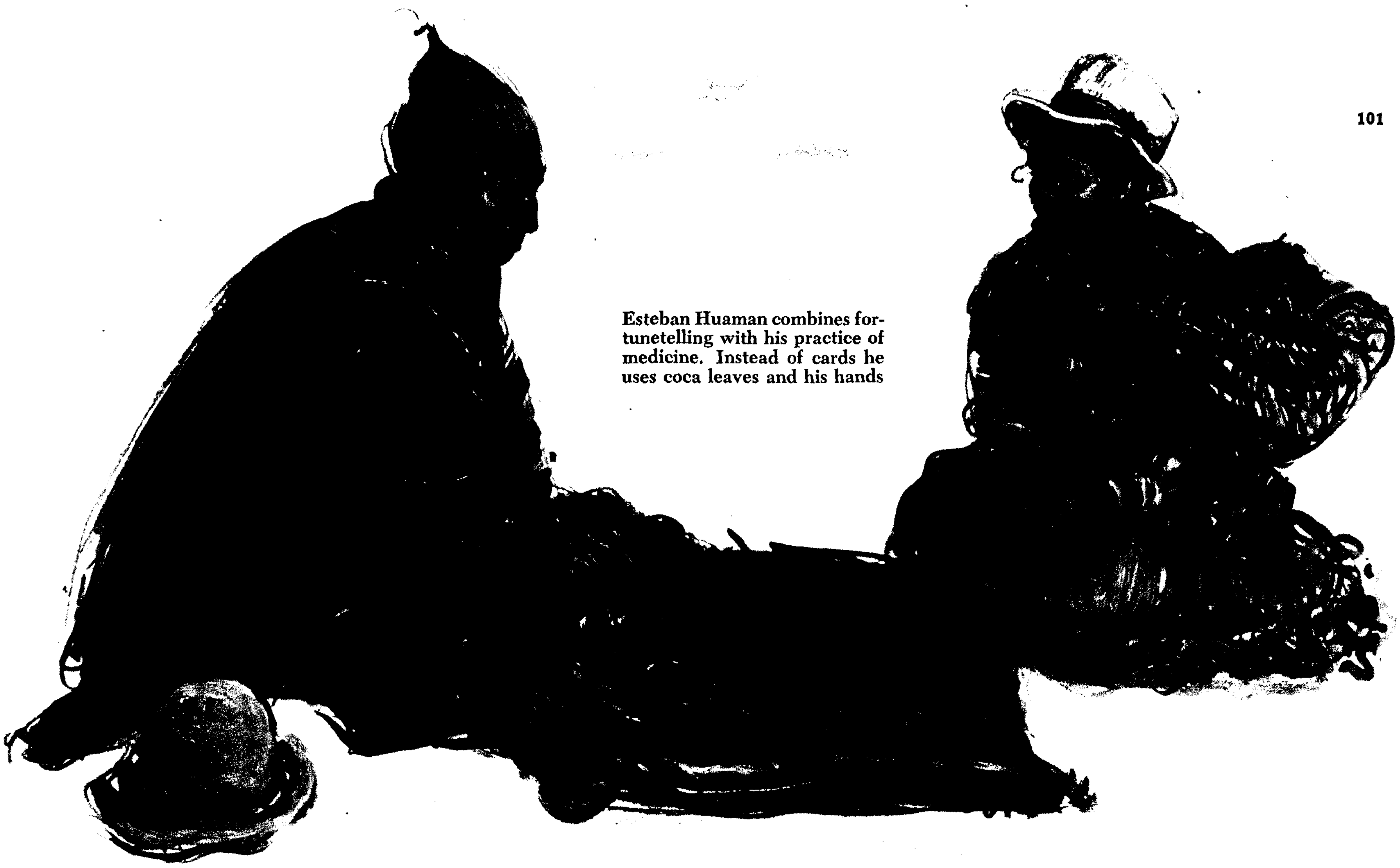
ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

Many South American Indians still rely on medicine men and witch doctors to cure their ailments, even when modern M.D.s are easily available

MY FRIEND, Doctor Hectór D. Munoz, clinic chief at a Buenos Aires hospital, helped me find, in the highlands of Peru, another doctor—Simon Ccana, a seventy-year-old Quechua Indian. Dr. Munoz uses his spare moments studying new methods in his profession. Doctor Ccana chews his coca leaves and follows the medicine-man technique handed down from his father, his father's father—*ad infinitum*. Both these men, contrasting practitioners, have the same aim in life: to alleviate human suffering.

My modern friend admits he is stymied in many cases because his profession has not yet discovered all the answers. My Indian friend admits only that there is a handful of ailments worth consideration—a hurt in the head, an ache in the stomach, a broken bone, and a thing called pneumonia. He treats these according to medicine-man "Hoyle," and, if the patient refuses to survive—then it's a matter for the gods to worry about.

Collier's for October 18, 1947



Esteban Huaman combines fortunetelling with his practice of medicine. Instead of cards he uses coca leaves and his hands

Many thousands of Indians today believe in their "medicine men" in preference to the modern, scientific version. But most of them can be classed as benevolent humbugs. They cure by suggestion as much as anything.

Marciolo Tacusa and Maria Mamani are a man-and-wife team of very successful humbugs operating in a little shack on the outskirts of Cuzcö. She specializes in "woman's sickness" and broken bones. He takes care of all the other human ailments. Here's what happens if you are an Indian suffering from a pain in the chest. You go to Marciolo and tell him about your trouble. He diagnoses it and sends you packing off to the market.

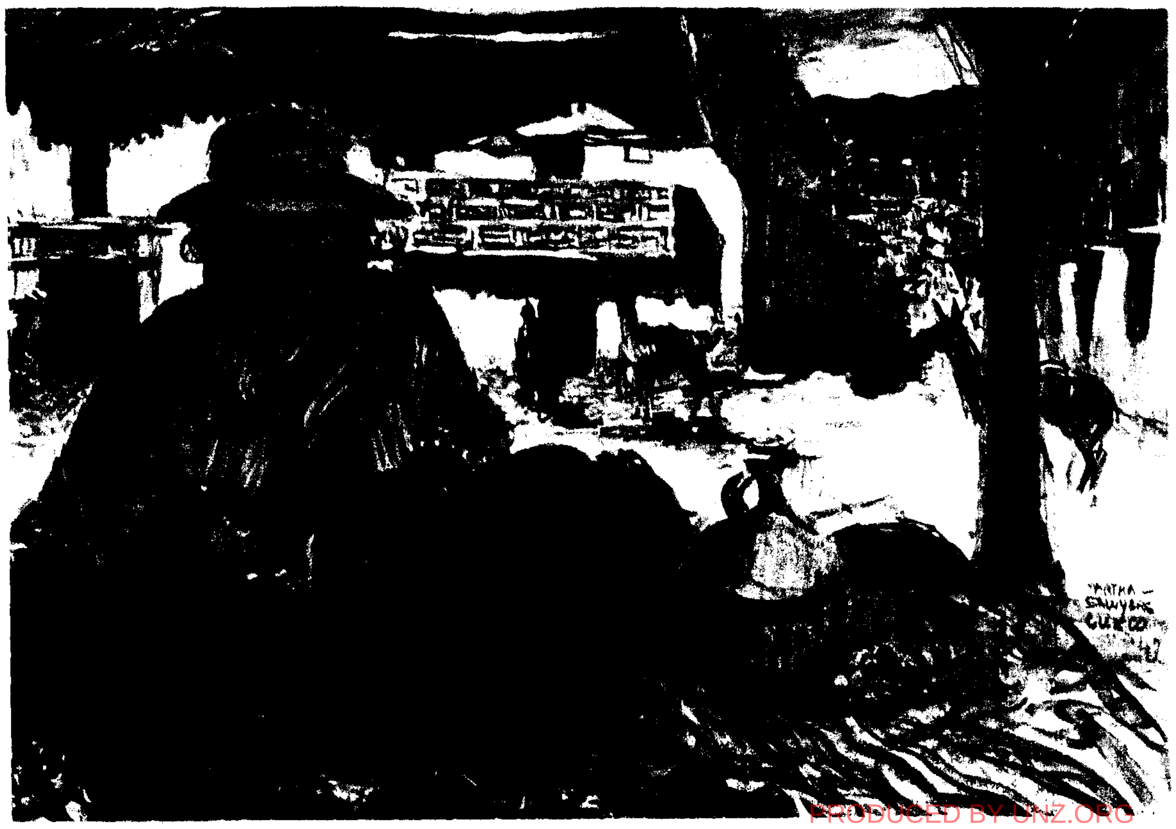
There you find Indian women sitting on the ground behind neat little piles of pharmaceutical supplies—ground-up bones, herbs, powdered unborn calf and human embryo, dried animal dung, colored strings, gunpowder and condor blood. You buy some "mato-pilo," the milk of a tree resembling rubber, and some "torrongil" leaves. The doc rubs your back with the "mato-pilo" and cooks up a potion of "torrongil" tea for you to drink. Then, if you're still alive after seven days, nature will break your fever and you will be okay anyway.

Some combine fortunetelling with their practice of medicine. Instead of cards Esteban Huaman uses coca leaves. Picking them up in his hands, he blows on them, turning toward the north, then east, south and west. After a bit of singsong chanting, he lets them fall through his fingers onto the poncho spread in front of him. He reads your fortune from the position of the leaves. "Outside this country, you have family. One of them is angry with you, and the others are quite well. Business will be good for you. You will make a lot of sols (Peruvian currency)."

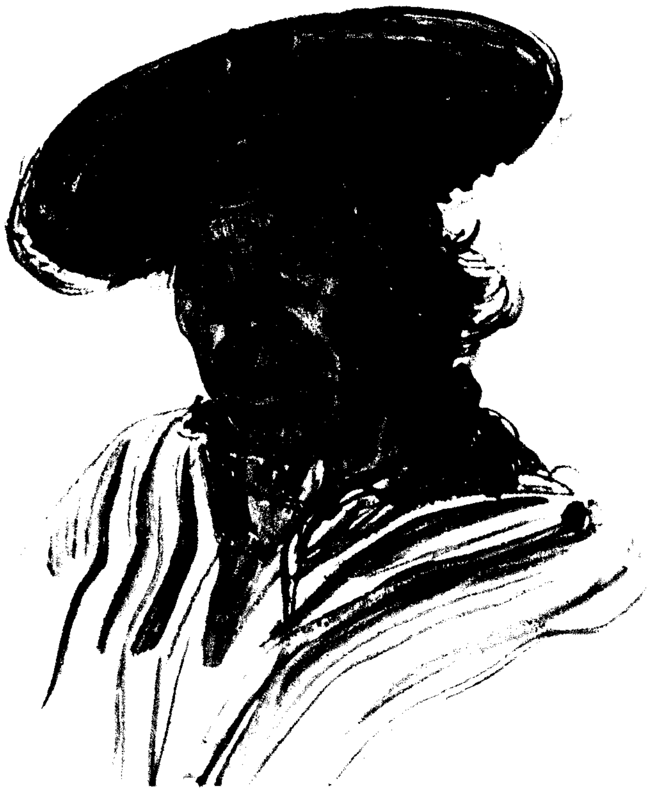
The medicine man has a blood brother called the "witch doctor," who deals with the spiritual side of life. One of his chief functions is to put a "hex" on people. If a man has an enemy he wishes to put out of the way for good, he goes to the witch doctor for bad. He must bring with him a piece of the man's clothing, or even a few strands of his hair, stolen preferably, without the enemy's knowledge. The doc builds them into a doll which is supposed to represent the poor fellow. Then a bit of gibberish is called for, pins are stuck into it, and the guy is as good as dead.

It is also possible to make the victim lose an arm or have ceaseless headaches by placing the pins in the desired parts. Occasionally, the "hexee" discovers that he is being put on the spot. Often then, he is able to buy back his life from the same witch doctor. If not, he goes to another, and will survive the ordeal if his "witch" is stronger than the other fellow's. My witch doctor, of course, denied ever having killed anybody by this means—but he knew a man who had done away with as many as twenty. ★★★

In the market place Indian women sit on the ground behind neat little piles of pharmaceutical supplies—ground-up bones, herbs, unborn calf and human embryo, dried animal dung and colored strings



Doctor Simon Ccana, 70-year-old Quechuâ Indian, chews his coca leaves and contemplates the past



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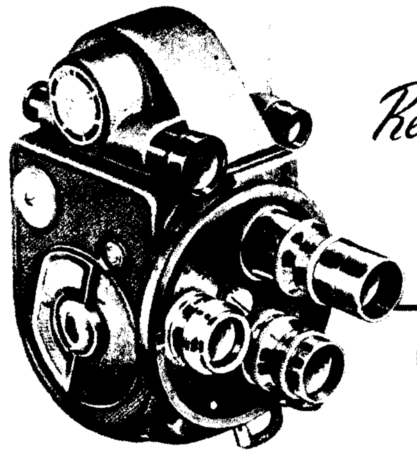

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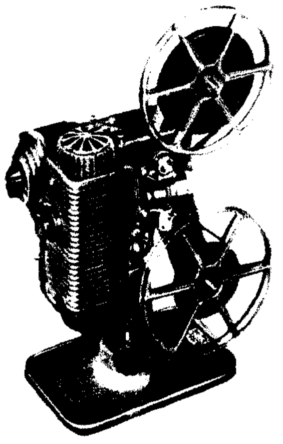

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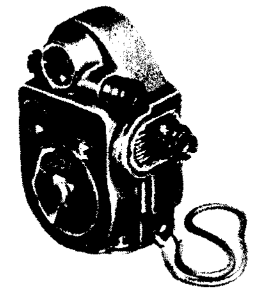

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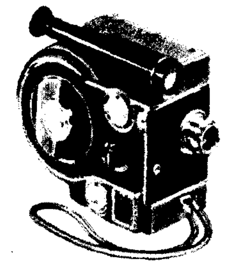

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HOW TO DOUBLE YOUR INCOME

Continued from page 25

How did we manage to get a home? In 1939 we built a house for $500 down plus an FHA loan. We sold it in 1944 when we moved to another town, and with the equity we had in it plus a little profit (it was just at the beginning of inflation) we had $2,000 to reinvest.

We bought a twenty-five-year-old house in the new town. It had been rented for seventeen years and was greatly in need of repair, which allowed us to buy it at a reasonable price. We had to sand and refinish the floors, redecorate the walls and woodwork, install new light fixtures, mend and paint screens, refinish the outside of the house, plant grass and shrubs, rebuild the fence, put new foundation under the garage and paint it, and trim the trees. We did all the work ourselves, but we were well repaid. When we sold it two years later, we made $1,500 profit. So now, with $1,500 savings, we have $5,000 cash to put into a new house.

This past year we moved to yet another town, and we want to build a house which would cost about $20,000 at present prices. Normally it would cost around $11,000 or $12,000. We have moved into a four-room-with-bath apartment which we rent for $50 a month and we shall stay in it until building prices go down.

But even when prices go down we do not intend to pay $12,000 for our house. We are collecting a group of friends and acquaintances who also are waiting to build until there is more of a buyer's market. There are nine families already in the pool, and we hope to get others before the actual building time comes. By contracting for materials in a group, we hope to save between 10 and 15 per cent at least on their cost.

Barter is going to be the means by which we eliminate other items of expense. We have drawn our own floor plans, and my husband is going to trade voice lessons for the making of the blueprints. He will landscape a friend's yard in exchange for the cabinetwork. We will do all of our own painting and decorating of the walls. And my husband will also help to do the carpentry as the house is being built.

Recently my young nephew, Bill, who is a sophomore in high school, got his first job, and his love of the money he received was something to behold. When his girl's birthday drew near, he approached his mother on the subject of donating some money to the cause of getting her a present. She reminded him, "Son, you're making your own money now, and you can use that for Marilee's gift."

"But, Mother," said Bill, his voice was hollow with agony, "I *worked* for that money."

Quality Merchandise Bought

Not quite to such an acute degree, that is the way we feel about our income, not about giving, but in spending it in general. Therefore we buy quality merchandise and take care of it. The children may not lean the dining-table leaves up against the piano to make an indoor slide, nor do they practice swan dives from the davenport to the big lounge chair.

We do not consider it wastefulness, though, to give gifts or to obtain the best in medical care. We believe that if there is any place where recklessness in spending is justified it is in buying something for someone we love or for obtaining the best possible care for him when he is sick. Hospitalization insurance helps us out in major illnesses.

Many rich people attribute their financial success at least partially to the fact that they were willing to sacrifice in order to save money until they got a start. We believe in this too. In the depths of the depression of the '30s we did without a lot of things that would have been nice to have in order to save about a third of each year's salary. Almost any big investment, like a car, an electric organ, or a home, takes some capital. And it saves a lot of money through the years to be able to pay cash for an item like a car and not have the expense of carrying charges.

Yet strict budgeting has never appealed to us. To earmark every cent for this or that would give us a terribly cramped feeling and unhappily emphasize in our minds the low state of the exchequer. At the beginning of the month we do take out the grocery money and pay the rent and such items as insurance and investments. The rest can be drawn out of the bank as needed. If I want to splurge a little on a "formal," or if my husband sees a sport coat that catches his eye, neither of us has to feel that he cannot possibly get it because the budget only allows us a certain amount for clothes this month.

As shown in the accompanying box, our budget has an item, which we call a Floating Fund, which gives the necessary flexibility. At present our Floating Fund amounts to $72, roughly one third of our salary. When we were first married, it amounted to one half our salary because we did not carry so much life insurance and did not have the two children. In the first two years, we saved enough for a car from the Floating Fund. In the next four years, we "managed" the electric organ.

FINANCIAL NOTE

There's no long greenery
In slot machinery;
Only a crackpot
Expects a jack pot.

—Frank Morris Midkiff

In the succeeding nine years, it has furnished our house, yielded the down payment for our home and the cash required for the new cars beyond the trade-in value of the old ones, and given us traveling expenses. In the future, it will yield money for the children's college expenses because many of the items that we use it for now will not have to be replaced.

Most of the $80 a year that we spend on books, records, concert tickets and magazines comes from the first one third of the Floating Fund. This past year we apportioned approximately thus: records $25, concert tickets $30, books $15, magazines $10. We spent less than usual on books because of the problem of storage space which our apartment presents. When we lived too far from a place where a concert course was given, we spent more for books and records.

For current best sellers we depend upon the public library and use our money for books of more than passing interest. Once, in a secondhand bookstore we obtained a leather-bound, gilt-edged set of Dickens (11 books) for $3.35 because A Tale of Two Cities was missing. Once we found leather-bound editions of Ibsen, De Maupassant, Poe and others on sale at a department store for 69 cents each. So by canny buying we have achieved a library of between 600 and 650 volumes.

Now that we have matured somewhat, we profit by a mistake that we made in the second year of our marriage. When we went to the Century of Progress in Chicago in 1933, we figured our expenses

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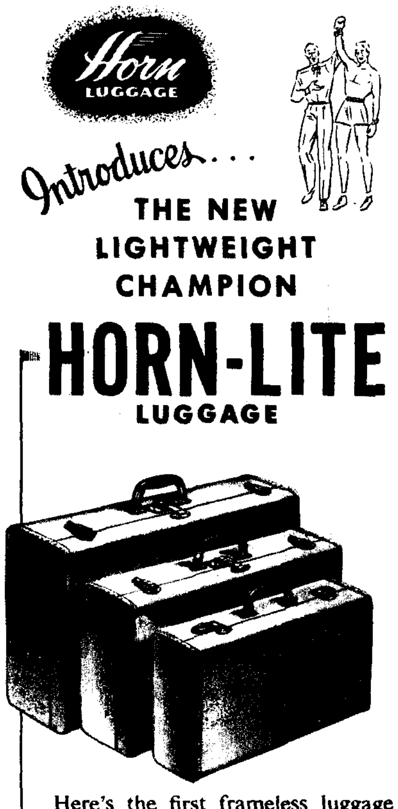

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so closely that when we had four tire punctures in one day on our way home, we had to drive 1,000 miles straight through because we had to spend our night's lodging money for tire repairs. We have since come to realize that not only in motoring does the unforeseen come to pass, and so we keep a backlog of savings.

Naturally any hermit could save money. But we enjoy having a lot of company. Entertaining, however, does involve expense, and this is how we manage to do a lot of it without wrecking the family finances.

At our dinner parties I stress attractiveness of the table setting, out-of-the-ordinary place cards, and interesting center pieces. In such a setting the food need not be expensive. I often have one main dish, a salad, and dessert, augmented by homemade rolls and a tray of relishes. A favorite dessert of ours is ice cream, for which I have concocted a recipe which costs about 35 cents for three quarts.

ICE CREAM

Scald one pint of milk. Add two tablespoons of gelatin that has been softened five minutes in one-half cup of water. Add one quart of cold milk, one cup of white corn sirup, three fourths of a cup of sugar, a dash of salt and flavoring. (For chocolate ice cream, add one third of a cup of cocoa to the scalded milk at the beginning of the process and one tablespoon of vanilla. For mint ice cream, add three drops of oil of peppermint and five drops of green or pink coloring. For lemon, vanilla, or pistachio ice cream, add one tablespoon of the desired flavoring.) Freeze in the refrigerator until solid. Whip in electric mixer until smooth and fold in 2 cups of cream, (taken from the tops of four bottles of milk) that has been whipped.

I serve the mint ice cream with chocolate sauce made as follows:

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

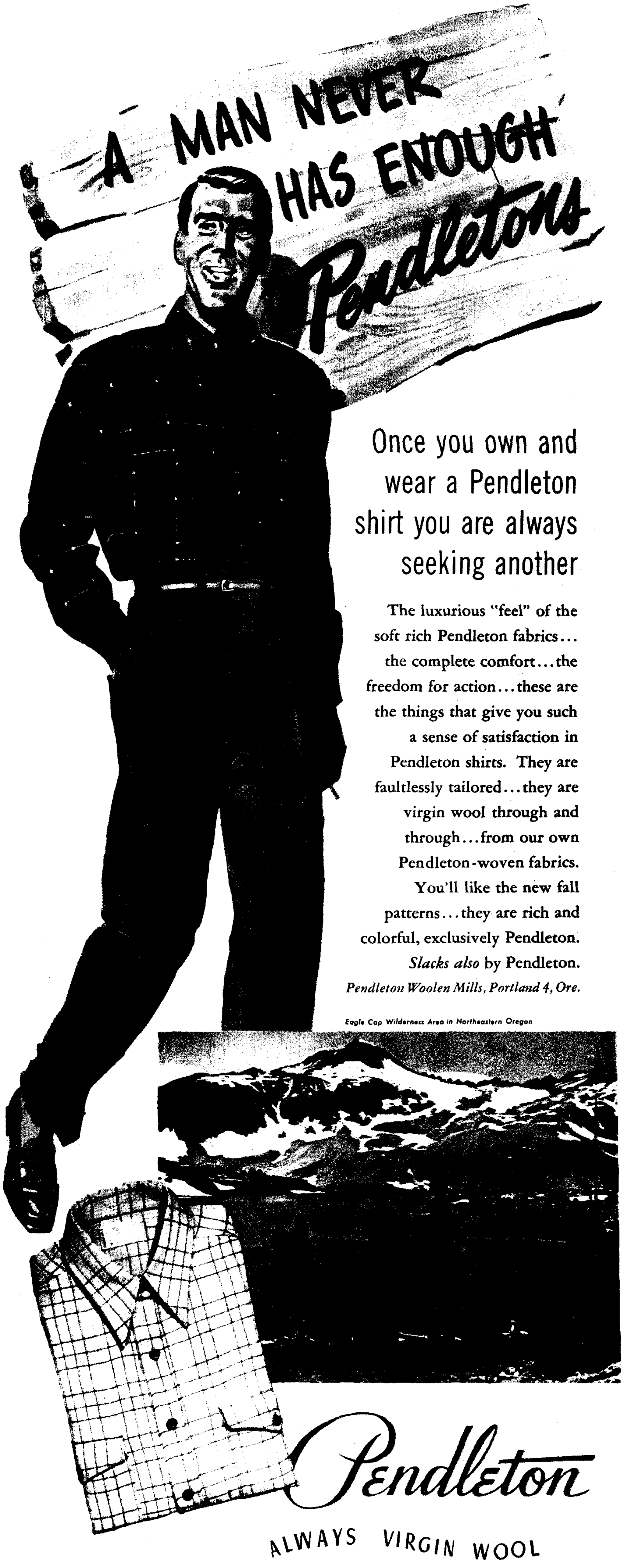
Cook one cup of sugar, half a cup of water, and one third of a cup of cocoa for two minutes. Remove from the stove and add one cup of white corn sirup and one tablespoon of vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

With the ice cream, we pass a tray of sirups and fruits, chopped nuts and marshmallow cream and let the guests make their own sundaes. Homemade cookies for afternoon tea, popcorn and apples for the casual evening caller, or, if it be summertime, homemade root beer provide the hospitable touch without straining the budget. And when Junior and Sissy bring home friends to meals, we just set on an extra plate or two.

Typically American, we like to go places. When spring rolls around and the train whistles blow, we get the wanderlust. And so we have been from coast to coast, and from Chicago to Florida. Chicago and New Orleans we have visited twice. Arkansas four times. We have roamed the Rocky Mountains up and down (vertically and horizontally). And when you travel as we do, you cannot afford to stay at home.

Often friends go with us who share car expenses, we lodge at modest-priced tourist courts or tourist homes, and we usually prepare our own meals. Breakfast and lunch generally consist of fruit and sandwiches and milk which we eat in the car as we drive along. It breaks the monotony of hours in the car and helps out on the mileage that we can make in a day. We are going to Europe someday, the children are going to college, if they want to, and when I am old I am going to have cut flowers from the florist in the winter time. We will have these things. I haven't a doubt of it. And we won't need to demand more salary to get them. It is a wonderful feeling to know that you can make your salary stretch.

THE END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BUT THE PATIENT DIED

Continued from page 15

that Mrs. Baron couldn't have been in more competent hands than Dr. Andrews."

The sophisticated-looking woman gave a short, brittle, bitter laugh. "That's an old one," she said. "The operation was successful, but the patient died."

"Mrs. Baron's death is just as mysterious as it is tragic," Dr. Coffee said. "Mr. Baron, will you give permission for an autopsy which may clear this up?"

Baron was sitting with his head in his hands. Without looking up, he said, "No. You've done plenty already. Let her alone now. Don't touch her."

"But, Mr. Baron, you consented to an operation. An autopsy is just another operation, in a way."

"No," the husband repeated.

Dr. Andrews said, "Margery, you want to know why your sister didn't pull through. Surely you'll consent."

The girl with the white scarf around her hair opened her lips but did not speak. She turned her blue eyes toward the sailor, as though seeking an answer in the jutting angle of his square, tanned jaw. Whatever she saw there seemed to frighten her. Her eyes widened. Then her lips closed again with some newfound strength. She was no longer plain-looking. She was suddenly mature, resolute, even beautiful; it was the beauty of character.

"If Jerry says no," she said quietly, "I think you should respect his wishes."

"In that case," said Dan Coffee, "I shall advise Dr. Andrews to refuse to sign the death certificate."

Baron's head bobbed up belligerently from his hands. "What does that mean?" he demanded.

"In event of unexplained death, the law of this state requires that the coroner be notified. The body cannot be released to you until the coroner is satisfied as to the cause of death. He will probably order an autopsy."

ON THE way back to the pathology laboratory, Dr. Coffee asked Dr. Andrews, "Who's the woman with the dead foxes and the ice cube? I've seen her somewhere before. Is she another sister?"

"Diana Price," Dr. Andrews replied, "is a girlhood chum. Went to some Eastern finishing school with Mrs. Baron. Career woman. When the Price family moved to California, Diana stayed here and opened her own real-estate agency. She's made quite a bit of money and evidently spends it all. Café society."

"Something's wrong with her," Dr. Coffee said. "Did you notice the skin around her eyes? And her lips?"

"I couldn't see beyond the beauty-parlor layer," said Dr. Andrews.

"What does Baron do for a living?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Stocks and bonds. Customers' man, I think. Dan, is the coroner going to do us any good?"

"I think so."

"Of all the coroners I ever knew," said Dr. Andrews, "about one in ten was capable of performing an intelligent autopsy."

"Make it one in twenty," said Dr. Coffee. "Our local boy is one of the other nineteen. Dr. Thomas Vane, Northbank County coroner, is just beginning to accept the idea that some diseases are caused by bacteria, and I doubt if he believes in viruses. But he has one great advantage: He's lazy."

"You mean he'll let you do the autopsy?"

"If I work it right," said Dr. Coffee.

Doris Hudson was lifting a steel rack of slides from a xylol bath as the two doctors entered the laboratory. She wiped her fingers on a towel, brushed a tendril of dark hair from her forehead and smiled. She was tall and slim and wore her white smock as though it had been custom-tailored.

"Your wife called, Dr. Coffee," she said. "Your Aunt Mary is coming for dinner. She said to tell you to be on time because she finally got her hands on some of those Delmonico cuts you've been demanding for so long."

"Thanks, Doris," Dr. Coffee said. "Will you call the police station for me? I want Lieutenant Max Ritter."

An instant later Dr. Coffee was speaking into the phone. "Hello, Max," he said. "Dan Coffee. We've got something here at the hospital which may be something for you, or it may be nothing. Anyway, I want to make a coroner's case of it. . . . Well, a woman died mysteriously after an operation, and the relatives refuse permission for an autopsy. Think the coroner will insist on doing the autopsy himself? . . . That's right, Max, it's Wednesday—the coroner's pinochle night. . . . The woman's name was Harriet Grey Baron. . . . Oh, you do, eh? . . . Sailor? Yes, there was a sailor here today. . . . Okay, Max, I'll be waiting."

DR. COFFEE grinned as he hung up. "Max is bringing the coroner personally—just to watch. The coroner won't stay long."

"What did he say about a sailor?" Dr. Andrews asked.

"Let me tell you about Ritter," said Dr. Coffee. "Max is a Northbank boy—son of a junk dealer. He had to leave high school in his third year—father died and he had a mother and sister to support—but he's smart. Worked up to be youngest lieutenant in the detective bureau."

"And the sailor?"

"I'm coming to that. Max says he went to high school with a boy named Steve Forest who was engaged to marry Harriet Grey when he went to war—in the Pacific for three years. Max says Steve Forest just came home a few days ago."

"And he found his fiancée married to Mr. Jerry Baron?"

Dan Coffee nodded.

Coroner Thomas Vane, a large, florid, triple-chinned gentleman, entered the white-tiled autopsy room. He was a head shorter and two paunches thicker than the slight, dark, curly-haired lieutenant of detectives who accompanied him. The coroner shook hands with Dr. Andrews, then waved away the white gown and rubber gloves that were offered him.

"This is your party, Coffee," he said. "And what's the idea, anyhow, of calling me in, when you've got a whole hospital full of doctors to sign the certificate?"

"Unexplained death, Coroner," said Dr. Coffee. "You authorize me to go ahead?"

"Sure, go ahead." The coroner's bald pate gleamed rosily as he nodded. "But I think you're wasting your time."

Dr. Coffee said nothing, but his under lip protruded. He glanced at the golden hair cascading over one end of the stainless-steel table in a frozen torrent. Then he picked up his scalpel.

"Great stars!" he said a moment later. "Look at this."

Dr. Andrews grimaced. "Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "The poor girl bled to death internally."

"Just as I thought," said the coroner. "Surgical shock and internal hemorrhage." He winked at Dr. Coffee. "Nothing criminal here. Nobody to blame. I'll just sign the death certificate."

"Don't you want to wait till I've finished?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Not necessary," said the coroner. "I'll leave the certificate with you. I've got to

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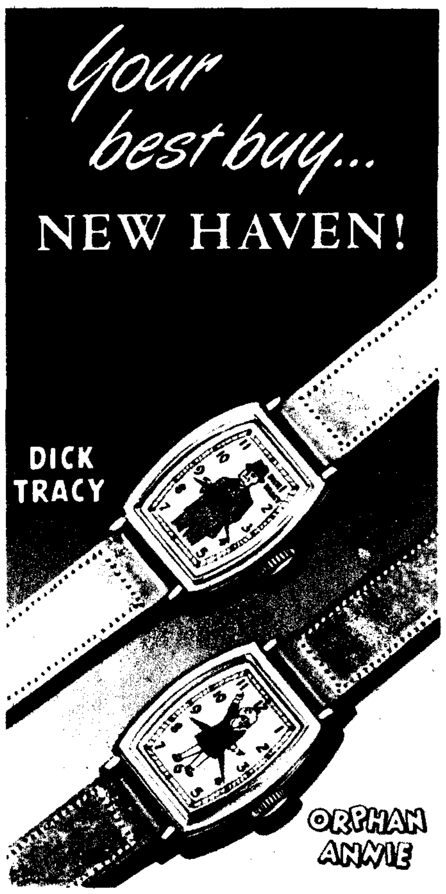
"It is the clear responsibility of every state and local official, and every citizen, to aggressively support this national war against the growing menace of fire."

Harry Truman



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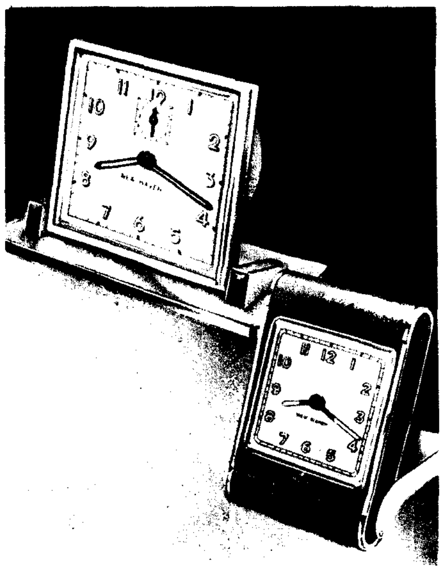

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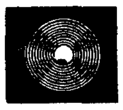

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run along. Glad to've met you, Andrews."

When the coroner had gone, Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter asked, "Why did she bleed to death, Doc?"

"I won't know for a few hours yet," Dan Coffee said. "I've got to take samples of the blood to my lab. But it's homicide, Max."

"Why, Doc?"

"Lab tests showed Mrs. Baron in good physical shape this morning," Dan Coffee said. "Her blood clotted in the normal time of three minutes. A few hours later her blood just wouldn't clot at all, so that she bled to death despite a technically perfect operation. I've got to find out what happened to her in those few hours. It—may have simply been a nurse's error with a hypodermic."

"You can rule out the nurse's error," said Dr. Andrews. "I gave her the preoperative morphine myself. I'm sure it was correct."

"Look, Doc," said Max Ritter. "Why don't I do a little leg work while you make with the test tubes? Maybe Doc Andrews can give me a list of people who saw Mrs. Baron today."

Dr. Andrews obliged with the names of the nurses, an intern, Jerry Baron, Margery Grey and Diana Price. He did not know the name of the sailor, but Ritter said it was Steve Forest.

"How late do you think you'll be cooking with the Bunsen burner tonight, Doc?" Ritter asked.

"Probably until around midnight," said Dr. Coffee.

"I'll drop in," said the detective.

THE hush of night had settled over the surgical wing of Pasteur Hospital. An occasional nurse moved silently down the corridor in response to the mute appeal of a red call light. Behind some closed door a patient moaned in his sleep.

Inside the laboratory there was no sound except the sibilant breath of the Bunsen burner and the faint tinkle of thin glass as Dr. Coffee replaced a test tube of pinkish liquid in its rack and took up another tube. He added a colorless solution, drop by drop, counting the drops. He shook the tube and chuckled to himself. Then he said aloud, "It checks. I was right. It checks."

"What checks, Doctor?" said a pleasant feminine voice behind him.

Dan Coffee turned, startled. "Oh, hello, Doris," he said. "Why aren't you home in bed?"

Doris Hudson placed a paper bag and a cardboard container on the pathologist's workbench. "I thought you could use a trained lab technician," she said, "and also some coffee and a sandwich. You always forget to eat—even when there's steak for dinner."

"Great stars!" Dr. Coffee looked at his watch. "I was supposed to go home for dinner tonight, wasn't I?"

"I phoned your wife," Doris said. "I told her you'd been detained by an important autopsy."

"Thanks, Doris. Was she furious?"

"She was as sweet and resigned as usual, and a little wistful over the prospect of entertaining your Aunt Mary for a whole evening."

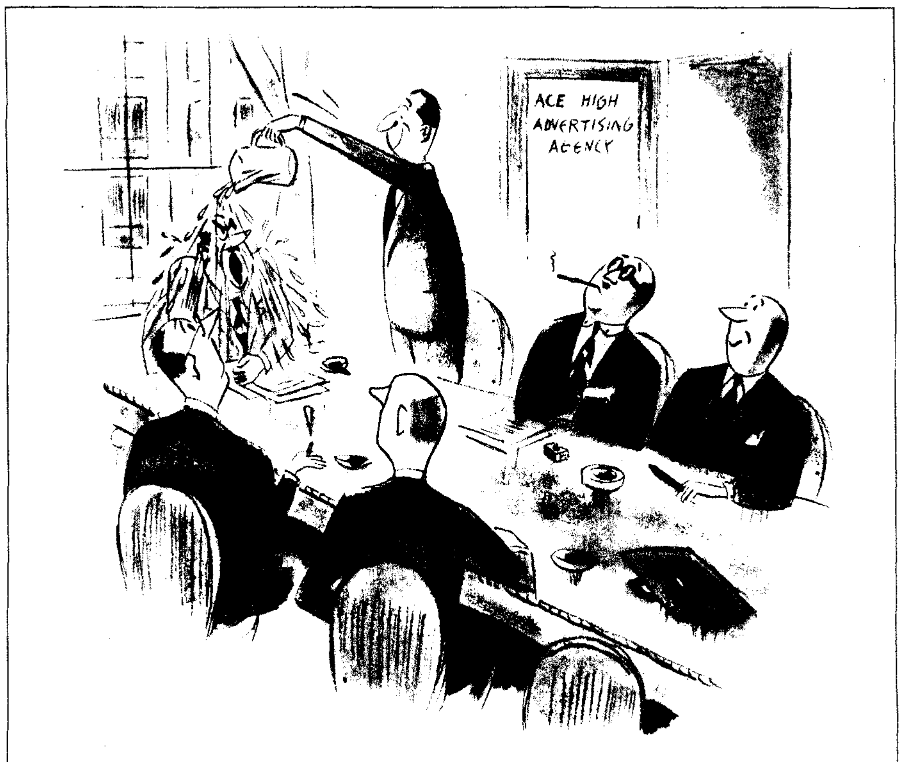
"I've spent my evening titrating against Mrs. Baron's blood with protamine sulphate," said Dr. Coffee. "I've found heparin."

"Heparin? Isn't that what they use in blood transfusions?"

"Sometimes, to prevent clotting. Heparin is a powerful anticlotting agent."

Dr. Coffee was unwrapping his sandwich when the door opened, and Margery Grey came in. She was dressed in black. The bloom was gone from her cheeks. She was very pale and seemed much older. She leaned against the doorjamb, breathing rapidly.

"They've arrested Steve Forest," she said when she had caught her breath. "Nobody will tell me where he is. I've got to find him. Where's Lieutenant Ritter?"



COLLIER'S "I don't care what Clark Gable did! You're fired!" ROBERT KRAUS

Dr. Coffee shook his head. "Why do you come here, Miss Grey?"

"I've looked everywhere else. Anyhow, you started all this. You brought in the police. Why did you do it, Doctor? Why?"

"Because your sister was murdered, Miss Grey," said Dr. Coffee. "Deliberately, cleverly and diabolically murdered."

"But how, Doctor?"

"With an injection of heparin that made her bleed to death after her operation."

"Steve Forest didn't do it." Margery Grey looked Dan Coffee squarely in the eye.

"Did Lieutenant Ritter arrest him for murder?"

"No, he— Lieutenant Ritter said he was arresting Steve for obstructing justice and destroying evidence."

"What evidence, Miss Grey?"

"Well, when Lieutenant Ritter came to our house, Steve and I were going through poor Harriet's things. We were tearing up some old letters Steve wrote to Harriet from the Pacific. The lieutenant said we were destroying incriminating evidence. Maybe some of the letters did *seem* incriminating—"

"Did Steve ever threaten your sister?"

"Well, in one letter, the one he wrote just after Harriet threw him over to marry Jerry, Steve said he'd strangle Harriet with his bare hands if he ever saw her again—but that was a year ago, and— Oh, I don't know, Doctor, but if *I* wanted to kill somebody I hated for hurting me . . . Well, I think I'd want them to know I was doing it, to hear what I had to say. But the way you explain it, whoever killed Harriet planned it carefully so he'd never be found out. It just couldn't have been Steve. It couldn't."

"How can you be so positive, Miss Grey?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Because . . ." The girl's voice faded almost to a whisper. "Well, because Steve didn't love Harriet any more. He told me so. When he came back and saw her again, he knew it was all over."

"And he loves you now?" suggested Dr. Coffee.

Margery Grey blushed. "I can't answer that. I don't know—truly. But I do know that I love Steve—I've always loved him, even when he was in love with Harriet, before he went to war, when I was just the dirty-nosed kid sister. And I've got to help Steve. Where is he?"

"You'll have to ask the police," said Dr. Coffee. "My only function in this matter is to report scientific facts. If your friend Steve— Oh, here's Lieutenant Ritter now."

Max Ritter kicked the door shut behind him with his heel. He pushed his gray felt hat to the back of his head and sat on the edge of a desk. "Hello, beautiful," he said. "Why don't you make yourself very scarce and invisible? I want to talk to Doc Coffee."

"If it's about Steve Forest, I'm not leaving," Margery said.

"Let her stay," said the pathologist.

"Okay." Ritter shrugged. "What's the score now, Doc? Did you find out what hit the lady?"

"Yes," said Dr. Coffee. "It was heparin."

"Could she swallow heparin without tasting it?"

"She didn't swallow it, Max. It must have been injected, because heparin disintegrates in the stomach. As a matter of fact, I found three needle marks in Mrs. Baron's arm. One was obviously the point at which blood was taken for lab tests this morning. The second was made by the preoperative opiate. The third must have been the heparin. Ten c.c.'s of heparin, no matter where or how it was injected, would completely destroy the power of the blood to form clots after about half an hour. Moreover, the surgeon wouldn't notice it during the operation, because he would clamp hemostats on the blood vessels before they even started to bleed. But afterward, when the incision was closed . . ."

"Steve Forest," said Max, "was a pharmacist's mate, first class, in the Navy. He'd know about heparin and how to handle a hypodermic. And listen to this, Doc." Ritter took some letters from his pocket.

"I told Dr. Coffee about the letters," said Margery.

"Here's one they didn't get to tear up," the detective continued. "'And if I were in Northbank tonight, instead of out here on the other side of the world, I'd like nothing better than killing you with my own hands. Yes, you and that hairless lap dog you say you love so much.' Looks like Steve wasn't fooling."

"Steve hadn't the chance to do anything to Harriet, even if he'd wanted to," Margery said. "He came to the hospital with me."

"Now, beautiful, don't try to change your story. You told me he brought

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flowers and you left your sister's room to get a vase. So Steve was alone with your sister for at least three minutes."

"He did have the opportunity, then," said Dr. Coffee.

"Opportunity," said Ritter, *"and* a hypodermic. Look what I found in the pocket of his pea jacket." There was a gleam of glass and chromium as the detective produced a syringe from a Manila envelope. The syringe was empty, and the needle was snapped off. "Any way of telling what was in this baby?"

"Certainly," said Dr. Coffee. "Doris will make a solution from inside the barrel, and we'll titrate for heparin. Hello! This is one of our hypos. See? The name of the hospital is stamped in the ring at the top. Maybe I'd better see if I can find something on the outside, too."

Carefully the pathologist ran the tip of a tiny brush around the circular crevices between the metal mountings and the glass cylinder of the syringe. With infinite pains he dusted the grooves onto a thin rectangle of glass the size of two postage stamps. He slipped a thinner and smaller square of glass on top of the first. Then he stepped to his microscope and sat down. For two silent minutes he twisted the focusing knob.

"Max," said Dr. Coffee at last, "what did Steve Forest say when you found the syringe in his pea jacket?"

"He couldn't explain how it got there. He said he didn't even know it was in his pocket." Ritter sighed. "Doc, it's no fun putting the pinch on a guy I went to school with, particularly when I'll probably catch hell from my chief for sticking my long eagle beak into something that ain't even officially a crime. Wait till Captain Hall reads the coroner's report on this. Boy, boy!"

There was another long silence while Dr. Coffee shifted the glass slide under the microscope. Then he asked:

"Max, are there swans in the islands of the Pacific?"

The detective cocked his head to one side and stared at the pathologist as if questioning his sobriety.

Dr. Coffee continued to squint into his microscope.

AT NINE-THIRTY next morning Dr. Dan Coffee paused opposite the blackboard in the main corridor of the surgical wing to read the list of operations chalked up for the day. A dull day was in prospect for the pathology lab: routine tests. He proceeded to his laboratory around a jog in the corridor. He said good morning to Doris Hudson, took off his jacket, and had one arm into his white coat before he saw Lieutenant Max Ritter sitting on his desk, smoking a cigarette.

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said. "You're late."

"I stopped off at Northbank College on my way down," said Dr. Coffee. "I wanted to talk to the professor of ornithology—about swans."

"Swans!" the detective echoed. "Say, what the hell is all this bird talk, Doc?"

"Maybe nothing," said Dr. Coffee. "Anything new, Max?"

"Plenty," Ritter replied. "Last night while I was working on Steve Forest, a couple of my boys were keeping tabs on the widower Baron. They waited outside the Midtown Mortuary Chapel while he was fixing up a nice funeral for his wife. They followed him to a Southside bar where he met the lush and lovely Diana Price. Mr. Baron and Miss Price drowned their sorrow for a while and then departed, with my boys right behind. The bereaved husband drove the sorrowing Miss Price to her home on the Heights. They went in and turned on a light. My boys say that after one minute and twenty seconds of the first round, Miss Price broke the clinch, went to her own corner, and pulled down the shade."

"Very interesting," said Dr. Coffee. "Particularly for Steve Forest."

"I don't say this gives Steve an out," Ritter said, "but a grief-stricken widower who makes like a tomcat on the night his beloved wife conks out sure as hell better think up some good answers. Look, Doc, I asked the boys to bring Jerry Baron up here. Also the Price dame, Margery Grey and Steve Forest, but separate. I hate moving in on you like this, Doc, but—"

"I guess I invited you to this one," Dan Coffee said.

"If that tightwad City Council would come through with a few nickels for a police lab, I wouldn't have to bother you," the detective continued. "There's nothing like a little high-class science to scare hell out of a wrong guy."

"Let's get Dr. Andrews in on this, too," said the pathologist. "After all, it was his patient."

"Sure, get Doc Andrews, if he'll help bust this open in a hurry," Ritter said. "Because—well, to tell the truth, Doc, I ain't on this case officially any more. In fact, I was yanked off it this morning with pin wheels and Roman candles. Captain Hall says, 'The case is closed. It shouldn't never of been opened. The coroner says the Baron dame died from surgical shock.' So I says, 'But Doc Coffee claims it's a plain case of homicide.' Then the captain blows his top. 'Listen,' he says. 'Are you taking orders from me or from that quack up at Pasteur Hospital? Now lay off!' They're all afraid of hurting the coroner's feelings, specially in an election year. The chief is a political buddy of the coroner's."

DR. COFFEE frowned. "But if you're off this case, Max—"

"Look, Doc, today's my day off." Max Ritter grinned. "I'm on my own time. Nobody can say anything as long as I use your lab for headquarters, and as long as I can prove the coroner wrong." The grin vanished. "Say, Doc, you ain't going to let me down?"

"I'm sure we're right, Max," Dr. Coffee said.

The little laboratory was crowded. *Doris Hudson was as busy as a bird dog* in an aviary, shooing plain-clothes men off the centrifuge, the microtome, and the electric oven in which she was melting paraffin.

Dr. Coffee was reappraising the four people he had met in the waiting room the evening before. He was contrasting the bland, smiling, freshly shaven Jerry Baron with the touseled and bewhiskered Steve Forest who had slept in his clothes at the police station and looked it. Margery Grey seemed not to have slept at all. Diana Price looked impeccable and imperturbable. Dr. Coffee glanced at her suède handbag, and then at the smaller bag of woolen broadcloth in Margery's lap. He wondered if Max was going to crack this alone, or if science would have to step in.

Max Ritter spoke briefly and somewhat ungrammatically about the miracles of science in crime detection. He asked Dr. Coffee to explain how he had discovered that Harriet Baron had bled to death as the result of an injection of heparin.

"So you see, folks," Ritter said when the pathologist had concluded, "it ain't possible to hide anything from the doctor. Does anybody want to come clean now, or do we have to sweat it out?"

There was no response.

"Okay, so we get to work," said Ritter. "When your father died last year, Miss Grey, you and your sister Harriet came into quite a piece of change, didn't you?"

"Father left us a considerable estate, yes," Margery said.

"Who gets Harriet's share now? Jerry Baron?"

"Unless my sister changed her will in the last month or so," Margery replied, looking at the floor, "the estate was to go into a trust fund. Jerry was to get the income from it so long as he didn't remarry."

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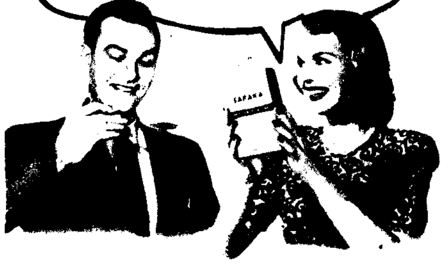

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Dr. Coffee was watching Diana Price. He saw her pause in the act of lighting a cigarette. She stared hard at Jerry Baron across the flame of her lighter.

Dr. Coffee leaned forward suddenly to whisper to Doris Hudson, "Doris, go ask the head nurse to come in here."

"Miss Grey," Max Ritter went on, "did your sister know that Jerry Baron was two-timing her with Diana Price?"

"Now, see here," Baron interrupted. "This is all a lot of nonsense. Diana and I are very old friends."

"Not so old you don't have young ideas," Ritter said. "What were you two up to last night?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Baron blandly.

"Oh, come, Jerry," said Diana Price. "Let's not go through the motions of protecting my reputation. I told you we were being followed last night."

"Ain't it true, Baron," Ritter pursued, "that you wanted to get rid of your wife so you could marry Miss Price?"

"Of course it's not true."

"Didn't you ask your wife for a divorce? And didn't she refuse to give it to you?"

"I never asked Harriet for a divorce," Baron said. "I didn't want a divorce. I loved Harriet."

"But now that you're a free man, I guess you figure on marrying Diana Price, don't you, Baron?"

"Why, no," said Baron. He smiled. "I have no intention of remarrying."

DR. COFFEE was watching Diana Price again. He saw a faint ripple run along her pointed jaw. Her eyes changed expression.

"One more question, Baron," said Ritter. "Were you alone with your wife yesterday, shortly before the operation?"

"No," said Baron.

"Why, Jerry darling, you forget," said Diana. Her voice, too, had changed. It was metallic now, higher pitched, almost shrill. "You were alone with Harriet when I arrived. Remember?"

"That's right, I guess I was," Baron admitted. "I was with Harriet when Dr. Andrews gave her a hypo. When he left, I stayed alone with Harriet until Diana came. By that time Harriet was getting pretty dopey, so Diana and I went to the waiting room. Diana went to the powder room on the way, but she joined me a couple of minutes later."

"So you had plenty of time, Baron, to give your wife a shot of heparin before Diana arrived," Ritter said. "And while she was in the powder room, you slipped the hypo in the pocket of Steve Forest's pea jacket in the waiting room."

"I did nothing of the kind," Baron protested.

"Okay, clam," said Ritter. "I guess Doc Coffee has ways of getting the truth out of you. What about it, Doc?"

"I think it would help to clear up matters," said Dr. Coffee, "if Miss Price would submit to an A-Z test."

Diana Price stiffened in her chair. "I? An A-Z test? Why?" she demanded.

"To confirm—or disprove—what the naked eye seems to tell me about you," said Dr. Coffee. "From certain external symptoms which are not completely reliable, I should say you were about two months pregnant, Miss Price. Shall we make a test?"

"Decidedly not." Diana spoke through lips that were tight against her teeth. "Not only is your proposal insulting, but I can't see that it has any bearing on poor Harriet's death."

"I can," said Dr. Coffee. "If the father of your unborn child was in no hurry to divorce his wife to marry you, you may have taken other steps to secure his freedom. Oh, hello, Miss Green."

Doris Hudson had just returned to the laboratory with the head nurse. Dr. Coffee addressed the buxom woman in white: "Miss Green, you know Miss Price, don't you?"

The head nurse nodded pleasantly. "Indeed I do. Miss Price was one of our most faithful nurses' aids during the war. She hasn't been quite so faithful recently, although she did come in again last week."

"Last week? In uniform? On a regular tour of duty?"

"She put in a full afternoon. Miss Price has always shown a great interest in her work," said the head nurse. "Are we going to see you more often now, Miss Price?"

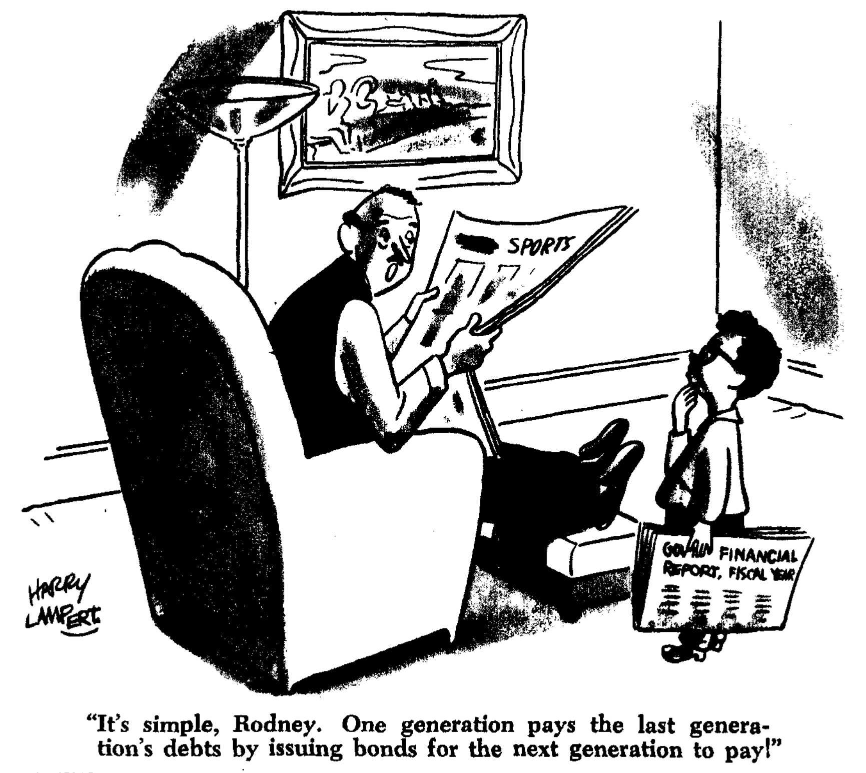
Diana's only reply was a slight contraction of her nostrils.

"Did Miss Price ever assist at a blood transfusion," Dr. Coffee asked, "one at which heparin was used?"

"Let me see.... Yes, I believe she did."

"So she would have access to the hospital's heparin and hypodermic syringes," Dr. Coffee said. "Dr. Andrews, do you remember when Mrs. Baron made up her mind to be operated?"

"I'd been urging the operation for the past month, after she'd had a slight flare-up of a chronic condition," Dr. Andrews said. "But she made her decision



SPORTS
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HARRY LAMPERT

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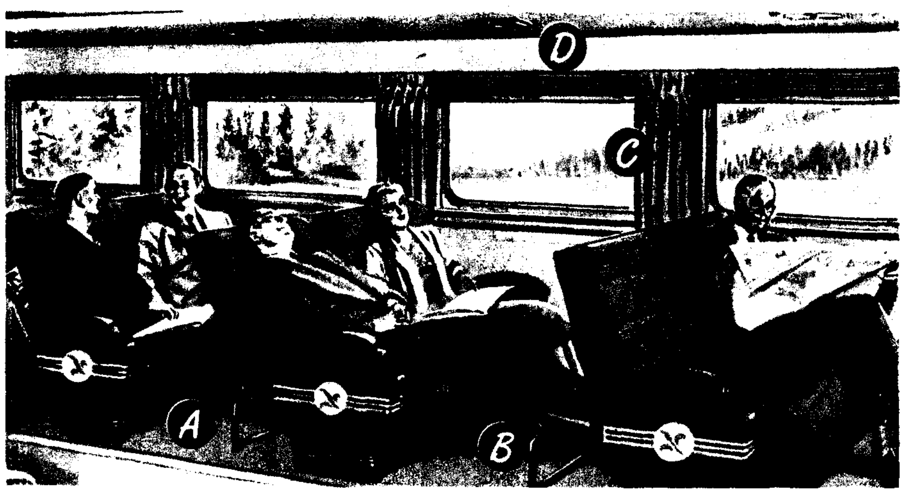
COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT



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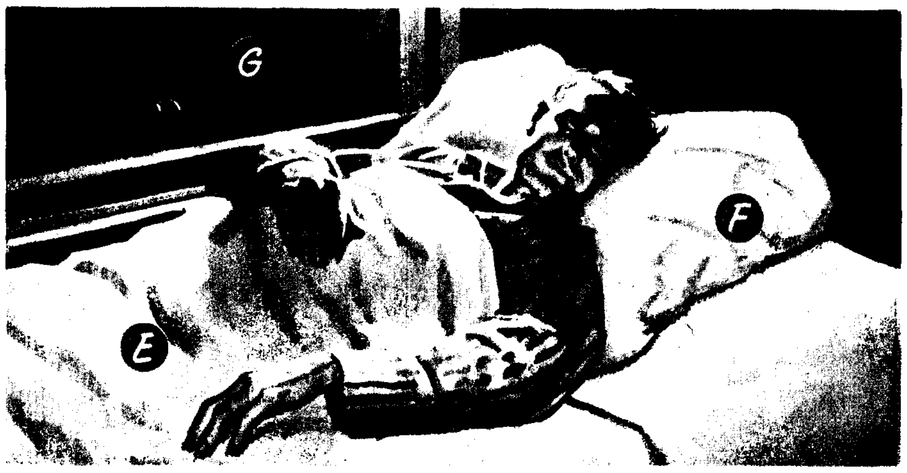

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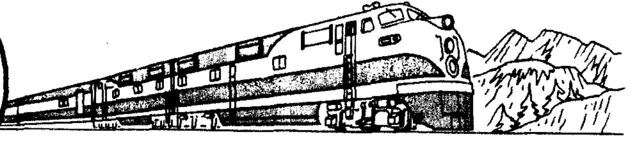

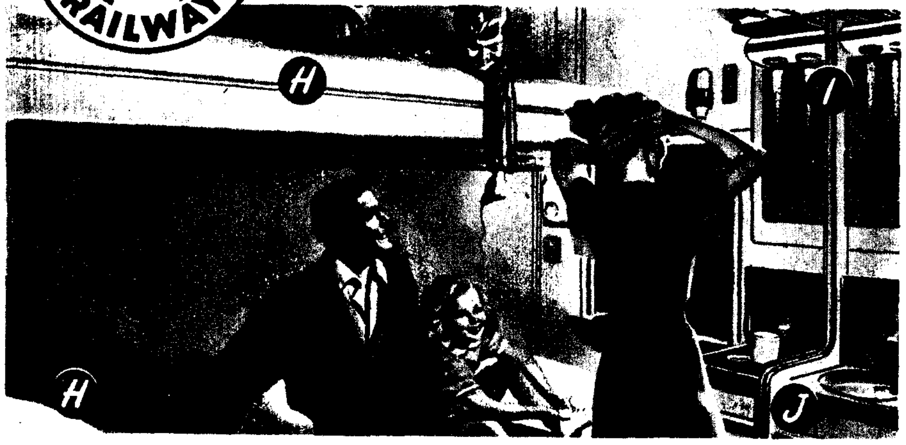

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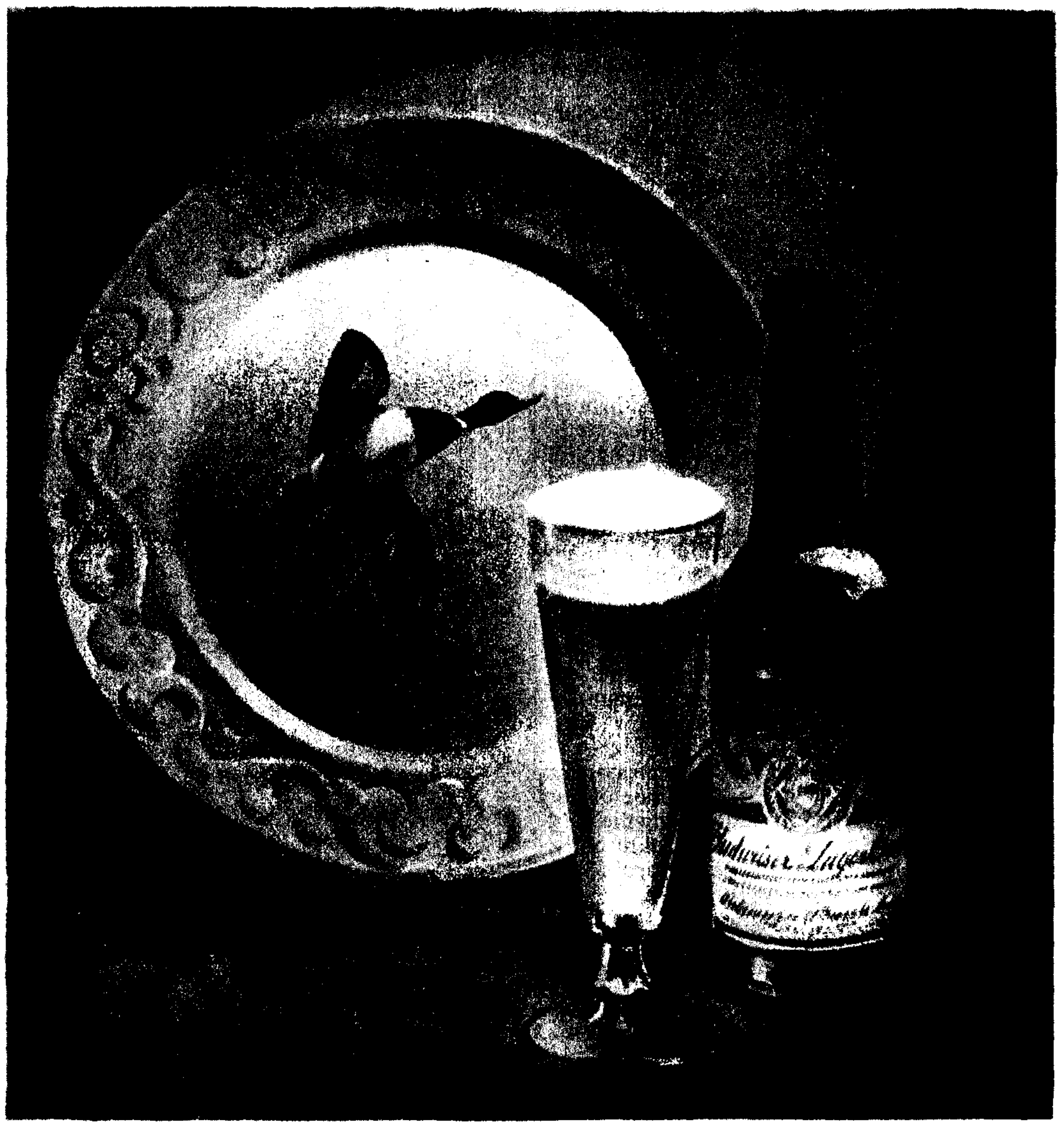

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only ten days ago. She came to my office with Miss Price and told me she'd talked things over with her husband and decided to have the appendix out."

"Ten days ago. And three days later, Miss Price came to the hospital in her old role of nurses' aid to filch a syringe full of heparin." Dr. Coffee turned abruptly to Diana. "Miss Price, you didn't go to the powder room when you left Mr. Baron for a moment yesterday afternoon. You returned to Mrs. Baron's room, because you knew she was alone and so drowsy from drugs that she would not realize that you were injecting heparin into her arm."

"Oh, stop it, Doctor." Diana was desperately jocular, but her smile stuck to her teeth. "Lieutenant Ritter just said it was Jerry who put the hypodermic in poor Steve's pocket."

"Max was mistaken," said Dr. Coffee gravely. "I have evidence to show that the hypodermic was carried in a woman's handbag before it went into Steve Forest's pocket. Max, would you please confiscate Miss Grey's handbag—and Miss Price's? I want the compacts—and the powder puffs."

MAX RITTER pounced on the two handbags, and Dr. Coffee held his breath. If the powder puffs were alike, he was sunk.

Margery Grey's compact was small and square. The powder puff was a tiny pad of plush. Diana Price's big round tortoise-shell compact contained a large feathery puff. Dr. Coffee breathed again. He said:

"Last night I made a microscopic examination of the dustings from under the metal parts of the syringe found in Steve's pocket. I found particles of rice powder and feather fragments. The feather fragments have been positively identified as swan's-down. The best powder puffs, like Miss Price's, are made of swan's-down.

"Max, I guess you can consider that fragment of swan's-down as a feather in your cap. You can count on my testimony later, but right now I've got all of yesterday's operations to diagnose. So if you could move your three-ring circus out of my lab . . ."

For several seconds no one spoke. The only sound in the laboratory was a long sigh as Margery Grey buried her face in the rumpled bosom of Steve Forest's jumper. Then Max Ritter put his hand on Diana's shoulder.

"Diana baby," he said, "let's us go down to the detective bureau and watch Captain Hall's face when we tell him how you and the coroner both slipped up on a few drops of blood."

A moment later Dr. Andrews said, "Dan, I can't begin to thank you. I'm sorry it turned out to be such nasty business. You know, for a minute I was almost sorry for Diana Price—when she first realized she'd planned the nearly perfect crime for nothing, that her poor dumb playboy wasn't going to marry her anyhow, and she tried to pin it all on the handsome brute."

"I might have been sorry," said Dr. Coffee, "if she hadn't tried to involve the sailor."

The phone rang and Doris Hudson answered.

"There's one thing I'd like to ask," said Dr. Andrews. "About those visual symptoms of second-month pregnancy—just what are they, Dan?"

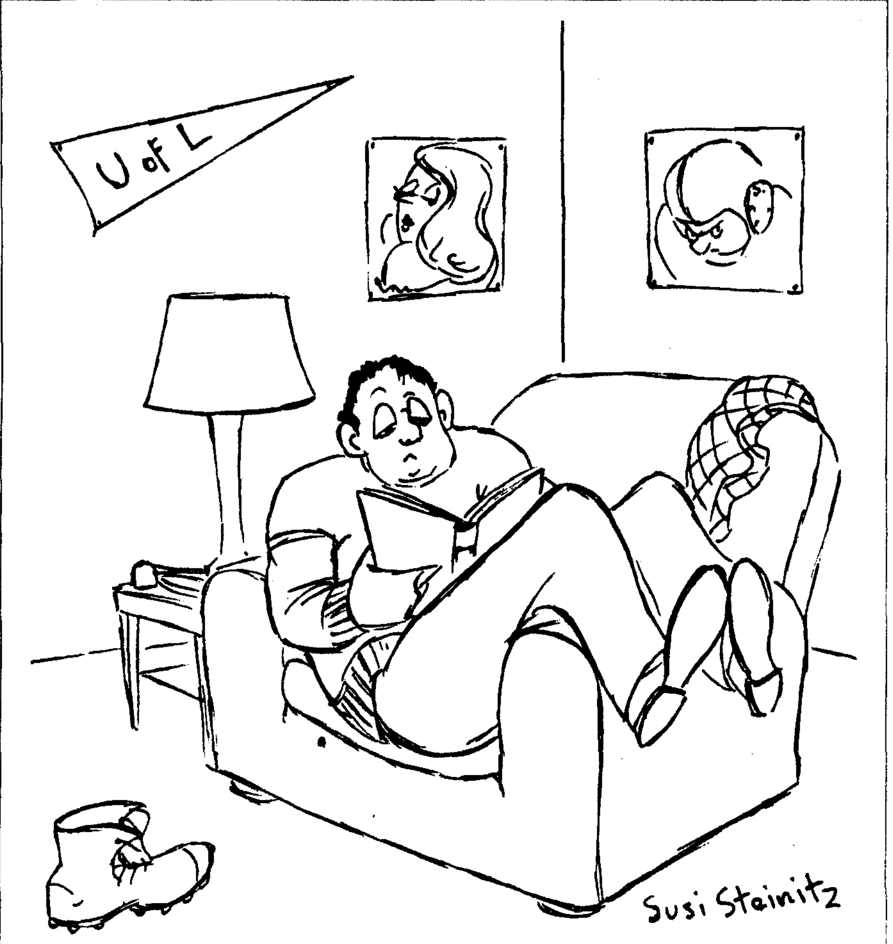
Dr. Coffee laughed. "Unless you take the lady's clothes off," he said, "there aren't any, except occasionally a slight thickening of the lips, the nostrils, and the skin around the eyes. But you know as well as I do that's nothing to go on. I just made up that part to get Diana's reaction. What is it, Doris?"

"Your wife just called," Doris Hudson said. "She wanted to know if you'd be home for dinner. She has a duck."

"Great stars! It's nearly noon and look at that stack of slides. I'll be here till Christmas."

"Roast duck, stuffed with wild rice, and basted with brandy and bitter-orange peel. Your favorite duck, Mrs. Coffee says. I told her you'd be home for dinner," said Doris. She sat down beside the microscope and opened her notebook.

THE END



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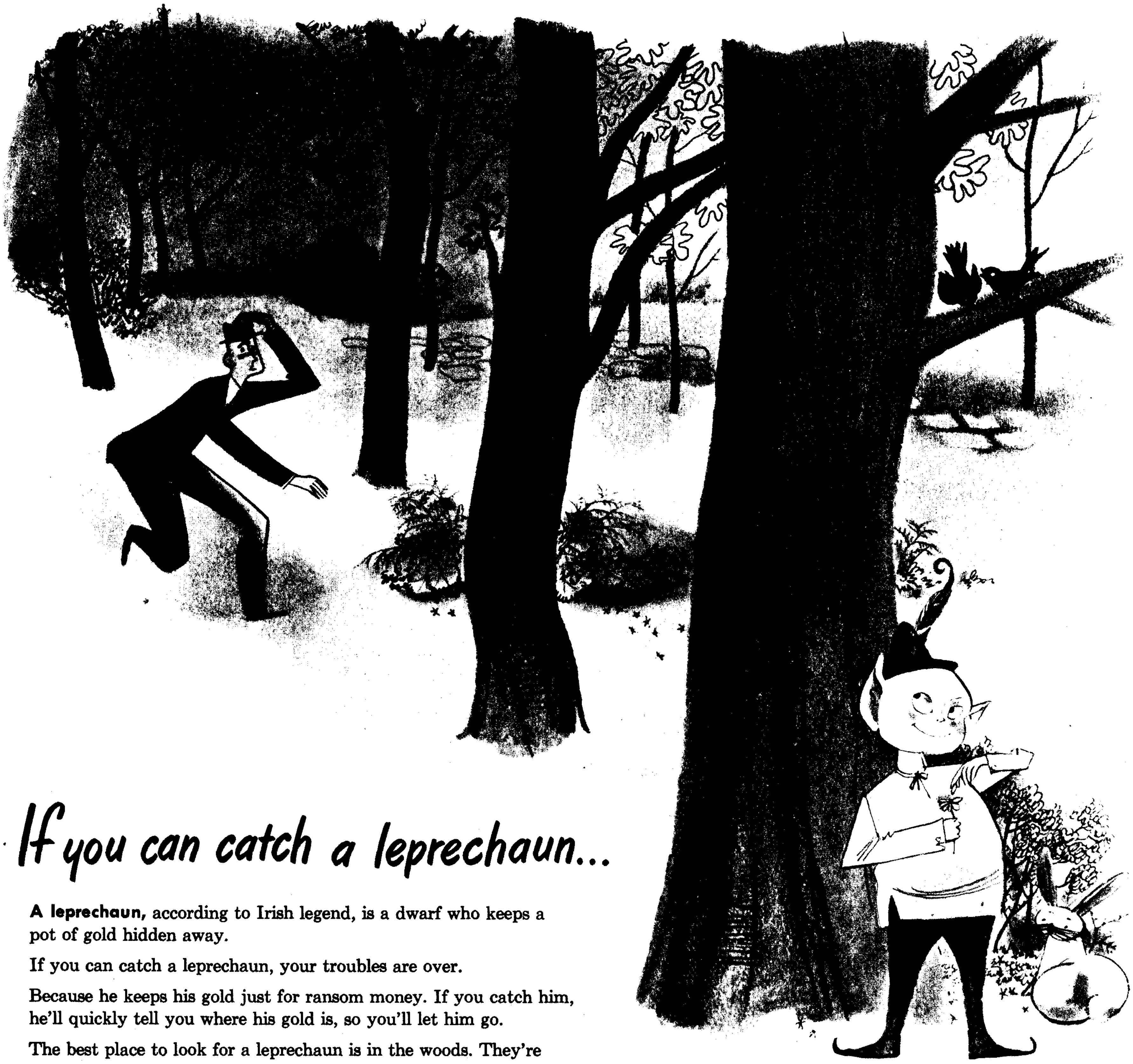

If you can catch a leprechaun...

A leprechaun, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

If you can catch a leprechaun, your troubles are over.

Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

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Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows. A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches *you.*

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HIS HARD-ROCK HONOR

BY JIM MARSHALL

George Watson, mayor and total population of Romantic Alta, Utah, one hop from heaven, explains what's wrong with America

WE WERE sitting in the main tunnel of the Great American Prospectors' Association headquarters, under 12 feet of snow in Romantic Alta, an old mining camp 8,500 feet up in the middle of the Wasatch Range southeast of Salt Lake City. The only way to get into the building was down a ladder spiked to the side of a 12-foot shaft, the top of which was level with the snow surface.

Twice in its lifetime Alta was a rip-roaring camp; millions of dollars' worth of silver came from its mines. Hard-rock men died in droves to the shout of a .44 and the echoes from the peaks gleaming high and chill in the moonlight. Once a railroad fought its way up there.

But Alta died—as did many a mining camp in the Rockies. Today no one lives there, except one of the happiest guys on earth who still knows the old camp will come back—and make him millions. George Henry Watson.

"I'll tell you what is wrong with America," said blue-eyed, white-haired, craggy-faced George Henry, a veteran hard-rock miner who is Chief Scribe of the Prospectors. "But first let me do the honors as mayor of Romantic Alta. Come into City Hall."

We ducked into City Hall through a low doorway into a room lined, walls and ceiling, with magazine covers, match folders, pictures of movie stars inscribed with some warmth to Mr. Watson, and assorted newspaper clippings. The mayor doffed a miner's helmet, with an acetylene lamp in front, he had been wearing as Chief Scribe, and donned an even dingier number bearing campaign buttons dating back to the McKinley era and promising "a Full Dinner Pail."

He gave us the old prospectors' grip: hands shoulder-high and thumbs waggling like a burro's ears.

"Welcome to Romantic Alta," said Mayor Watson. "I would give you the key to the city, only some pilgrim, affected by the altitude here, threw it into Cottonwood Creek nine years ago and the city council, after due deliberation, said the hell with it. And now, having received our official city welcome, come into my home and let me greet you informally."

He stepped through another low doorway and sidled into a room almost full of empty bottles, the labels of which proclaimed them as having, during the past fifty years, been filled with every brand of liquor produced in the Western Hemisphere.

"I figure," said Mayor Watson, "that in five years the place will be chock-a-block with bottles and I'll have to build an annex. Being under twenty feet of snow like we are ten months a year, you can't toss the bottles out of a window. Along in August, when the snow sometimes gets down below window level, it's too nice outside to waste time in bottle-chucking. Let me mix you an Alta Pine Snow Special."

An Alta Pine Snow Special is made by stuffing a pint mug with pine needles, filling the mug with snow and then pouring in straight bourbon. The mugs Mayor Watson uses are of tin, and were widely sold in Utah in 1897, a year marking the fiftieth anniversary of the advent of Brigham Young and his Mormons into Salt Lake Valley. Vigorous scenes in Mormon history are shown on the mug.

Sticking a small pine bough into the Special for garnishing, and handing it to us, the mayor said, "And now let me tell you what is wrong with America.

"But before we go into that," he

Mayor Watson clears a path to the entrance of his city hall, one of the world's unique municipal buildings

CLYDE ANDERSON

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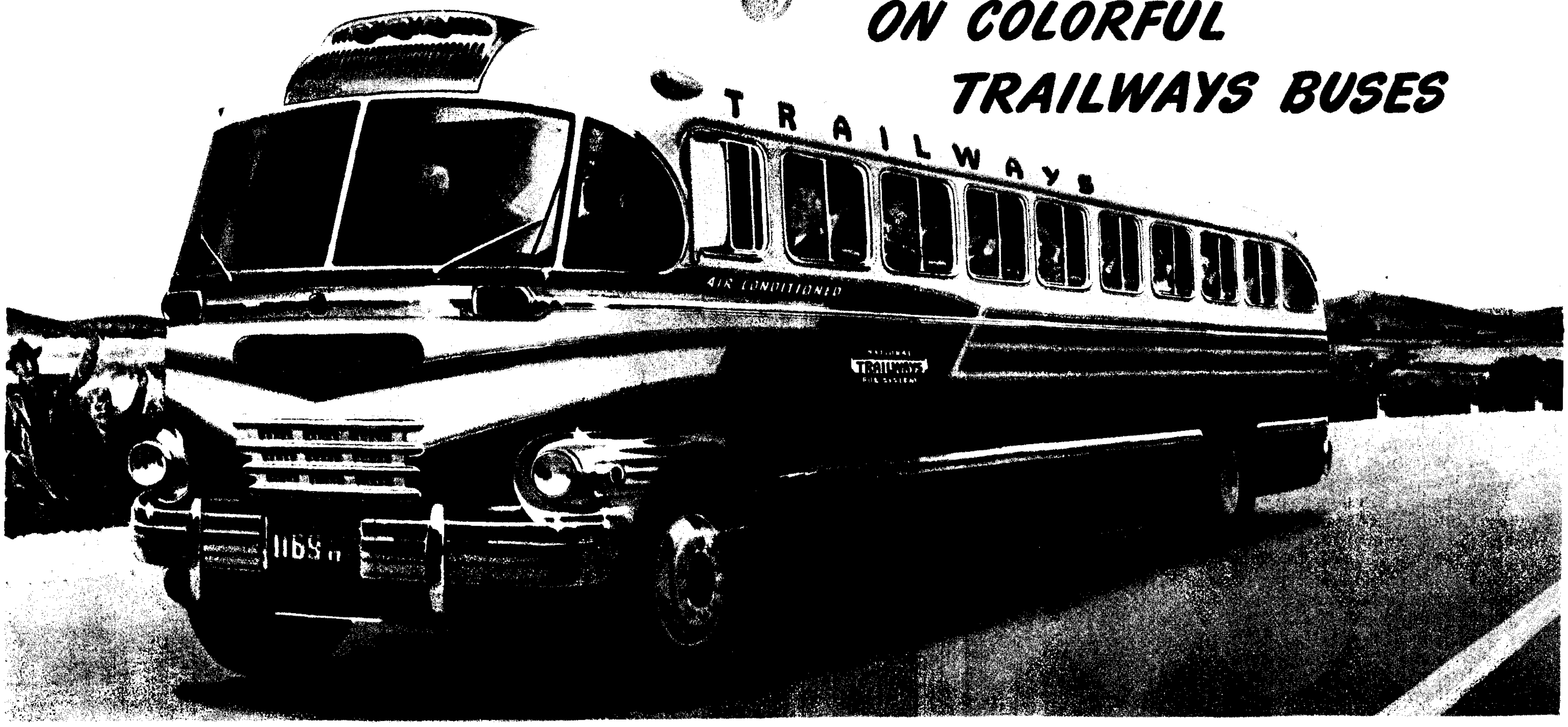

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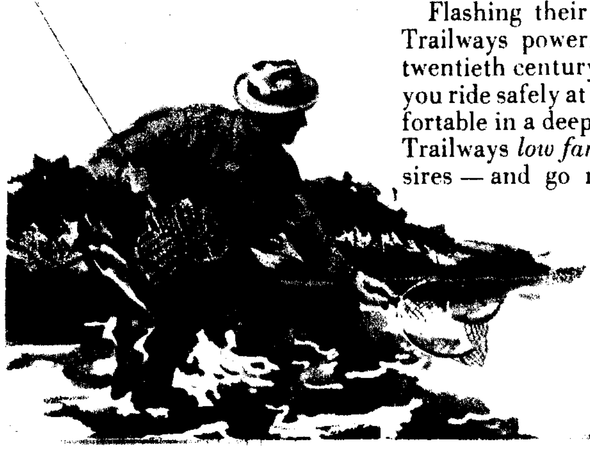

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went on, "you may be interested in our plans for the development of Romantic Alta as a city of homes, wealth and beauty. Come into the map room."

He donned a pair of glasses, stuck a pencil behind his ear and led the way through still another low doorway. Tables were spread with maps showing a plat of the future Alta, with generous blocks of territory reserved for a civic auditorium, schools, a de luxe hotel, motor courts, a stadium and theater. A section reserved for residences was marked Clementine Vista. The contour lines figured it at 9,200 feet altitude, under 25 feet of snow and accessible at present only to mountain goats and mad helicopter operators.

"Only needs a road and few months' work with bulldozers to make it the garden spot of Utah and one hop from heaven," said City Planner Watson. "How about another Alta Special? Pine needles all right, or would you like a fir cone or two instead?"

"How about the matter with America?" we asked.

Sizzling Reindeer Steaks

"After we have a smidgen of food," the mayor promised. He went to the kitchen, fired up the oldest range in the world, and produced sizzling steaks.

"Reindeer," he explained. "We had a New York writer, a Walter Davenport, up here some years ago and fed him chicken-salad sandwiches, which he thought were sissy for hard-rock men. Since then we have fed all writers reindeer steaks."

"The trouble with America?" we asked, when we were once more back in the headquarters of the Great American Prospectors' Association.

"The trouble with America," he said, "is there aren't any old prospectors any more. No prospectors, no new ore, no discoveries. No new ore, no metal. No metal, no civilization. The prospector is the founder of civilization. Let us toast him."

We raised our mugs and Mr. Watson played a few bars of My Darling Clementine on the mouth harp.

"Now," said Scribe Watson, "there will be prospecting again in this depression we're running into. It's a depression industry. No jobs, so people who know something about geology and where to look for ore will go out into the hills and start looking."

As a matter of fact, he admitted, about half the great strikes in the Rocky Mountain region from Montana to Mexico have been made not by prospectors, but by burros and mules, and occasionally a horse. Very often the prospector's burros wandered away at night, and he had to tramp after them in the morning. Upon sighting the strays, it was the custom to pick up float rock and heave at the animals. This brought specimens of the local minerals to the prospector's attention, and he frequently located ore bodies that way.

Every mining camp has its story of this sort of thing. "Dutch Jake" Goetz' wandering mule kicked the Coeur d'Alenes into fame. A rock-throwing prospector made the $2,000,000 American Fork strike in Utah. In 1900, Jim Bishop made a million-dollar strike near Tonopah, Nevada, while chasing a stray burro.

The Great American Prospectors' Association aims to get people prospecting in the mountains again, with burros. The organization was formed some years ago and now includes some 1,800 writers, businessmen, editors, engineers, mining experts—and even a few authentic prospectors.

The association is practically the only body that still fights for the free and unlimited coinage of silver in the ratio of sixteen to one with gold. Most people now have forgotten that up to the 1870s the world was on a bimetallic money standard. But in 1873, under British pressure, Congress destroyed silver values by setting up gold as the only monetary standard. At a ratio of sixteen to one, silver would now be worth around $2.20 an ounce and it would pay to mine it.

George Watson was born in 1883 in Hancock, a copper town in northern Michigan. He became a hard-rock miner at five years and four months, when he was given a hammer and chisel and lowered by rope into the upper workings of a local mine and shown how to whack off specimens of native copper and silver ore, by candlelight, for the tourist trade. This work, carried on later during school vacations, gave him spending money and taught him most of what there is to know about mining.

There was considerable mining excitement in Utah around the turn of the century and several of the Hancock boys proposed to immigrate to the Salt Lake country. They hadn't enough money, however, and pooled their cash, drawing straws to see who would go. It turned out to be George. He got to the mining country around Park City in 1903.

He came up over Grizzly Pass one day on a prospecting trip and looked down into the Alta Basin in the Wasatch. The old town, which had boomed to 5,000 people in the seventies, was almost deserted. A black hole and a gray dump were all that remained of the famous Emma mine.

Few people now remember the Emma, but in its day it almost started war between England and America. It was located late in '68 by a prospector's wife going after a bucket of water from Cottonwood Creek. She picked up a piece of float and on the strength of this four miners sank a shaft. They went through 93 feet of blasting rock before they hit the silver vein. But *when* they hit it!

The first 4,000 tons of Emma ore were rawhided down the canyon by mule teams. The Mormons drove beef cattle up to the diggin's, where they were slaughtered for food. The hides were then filled with ore, sewn shut and dragged down the 12 miles of gulch to the flat for wagoning. By long, slow transportation the ore finally arrived at Swansea, in Wales, for smelting.

In 1869, the Emma could have been bought for $6,000. A year later one-sixth share in it cost $30,000. A year after that a half interest brought $750,000. A few months later shares were selling for $150 apiece—and then trouble exploded.

British Capital is Invested

The first shipments to Swansea yielded such high returns that British capital became interested. The British peerage and finally the royal family got in on the bonanza.

English operators took over management of the property and began to gut it. They did little exploration work—and one day the vein suddenly disappeared. It had faulted—and where it might start again no one knew.

On the London exchange the stock crashed to nothing, and the noble stockholders at once set up a cry of "Swindle!" Hotheads called for war against the Yankee crooks. The British royal family called off a world trip it had been planning on the potential Emma dividends. Boatloads of lawyers came over and Congress held an investigation which, in the end, disproved the swindle charge.

When George Watson came down Grizzly Gulch into Alta in 1903, he decided that was the place. He's been there ever since, making a strike now and then and building a modest fortune. He took his profits from various mines like the Alta Quincy and started buying up abandoned holes. By 1913 he had made good. The town of Alta had been rebuilt, 700 men were working and ore was flowing down the canyon from 21 Watson mines.

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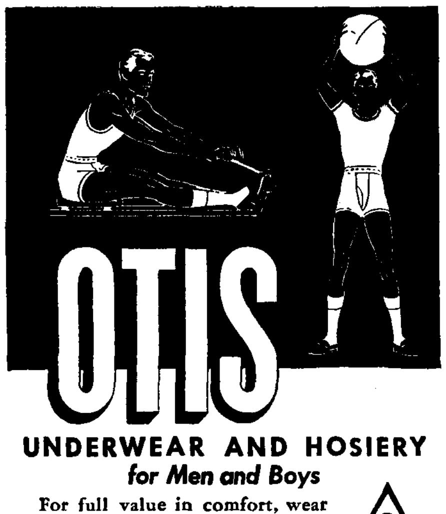

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Slumps and booms came along, but the big crash in 1929 almost finished Alta. Metal prices dropped—silver to 24 cents, copper to five cents, zinc to four cents. The miners drifted away and one day George found himself the sole survivor; owner of 34 working mines, 120 miles of ore tunnels—and no market. He dug in, down in the canyon.

Slowly the winter snows crushed the town. Some shacks burned. The store fell down. The saloons sagged and crumbled. The post office collapsed. When the population was down to one, George held an election, voted himself in as mayor and moved into City Hall. Painstakingly he dragged over other shacks until he had five or six spiked together.

George consolidated his 34 mines into one concern, did a mite of prospecting to locate new ore bodies and sat down to tough it out until metal prices came back. For a quarter of a century, winters, he had been getting about on skis, which he regarded as a tough and ornery system of transportation, fit only for prospectors. During one long winter in his snow-buried shack he came across a magazine and was astounded to discover that some people—obviously deranged—regarded skiing as a sport. He dismissed the thing as another example of the softening of the human race.

But each succeeding winter he read more and more about the "sport," and in 1937 sat down and wrote a letter to Roger Langley, president of the National Ski Association, asking if it were true. Yes, replied Mr. Langley, several hundred thousand Americans regarded skiing as a sport. He sent George the names of 200 ski experts all over the world.

Mr. Watson, still skeptical, wrote 200 letters, asking for all the dope on this strange pastime. In each letter he enclosed a dollar bill and, thus encouraged, most of the 200 experts wrote long letters describing skiing, ski bowls, slaloms, *Sitzmarks* and what to do about skiers who broke arms and legs coming down at 90 miles an hour.

Digesting all this literature, Mayor Watson one day climbed up the shaft from his home, looked around and discovered he was living in the middle of not one, but three ski bowls—and that, furthermore he owned 2,100 acres of them. He went down the canyon and began to talk skiing in Salt Lake. Some of the boys there got together and formed the Salt Lake City Winter Sports Association to develop Alta.

George then gave away, free, more than 1,800 acres, turning it over to the Forest Service for development as a ski area. He cannily reserved the mineral rights, and so did Bill O'Conner, whose U.S. Smelting and Refining Company also gave some land. After all, the old-timers thought, this ski stuff might be a passing fad—and they might want to go back to hard-rocking again someday.

Anyway, the sports association built lodges and ski lifts and every year more and more people went to Alta. Last season, over 100,000 of them drove up the long paved highway, built over the old railroad right of way, to ski in the Basin.

Free Prospecting Classes

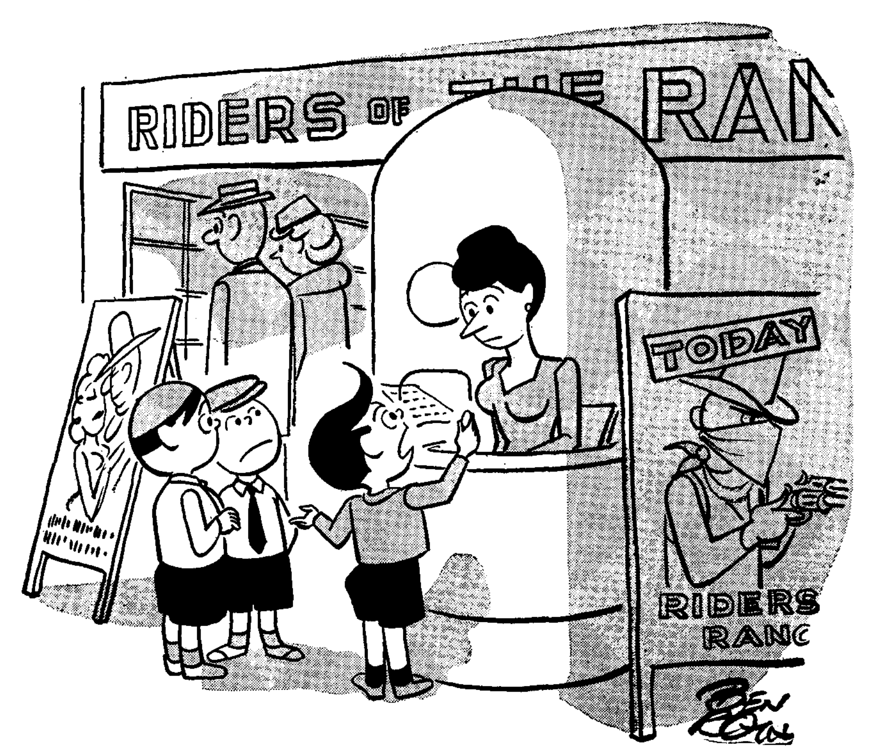
In 1932, early in the Long Depression, Mayor Watson realized there were few prospectors and hard-rock men any more. So he went down to Salt Lake and started free prospecting classes for kids. Eighty people joined at once, and at one time more than 300 were learning how to judge float rock, run prospect holes and chase burros. The mayor put heavy stress on the necessity for chasing burros.

"I guess about 90 per cent of my students are serious about it," the mayor said. "The rest are doctors, dentists, merchants—they wanted a hobby. Anyway, we've turned out a few hundred potential prospectors—and you'll see them all through the mountains when jobs get scarce in cities."

The embryo prospectors go out into the mountains on ore hunting trips, and although none has as yet struck it rich they've all got that old mining fever: You never know whether you're a foot from a million dollars—or a million feet from one dollar.

Always abreast of the times, Mayor Watson has also given some thought to the possibility of atom-bomb warfare, and has set aside his 120 miles of abandoned mine tunnels for the benefit of Safe-T-Kaves, a nonprofit organization conceived by a man named Dale Armstrong, of Los Angeles. The tunnels are to be reserved for members of the Great American Prospectors' Association. Thus, after the war is over, there will be a residue of prospectors to find and develop minerals upon which to start a new civilization.

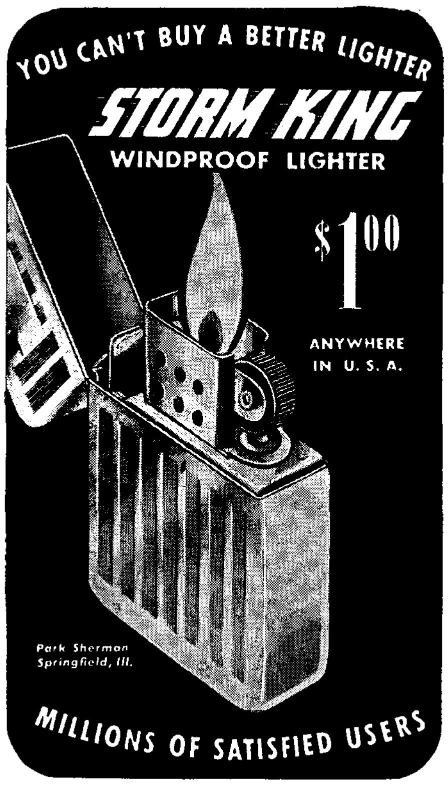
THE END



"Instead of me seeing it three times can we all see it once each on the same ticket?"

COLLIER'S

BEN ROTH



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THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHARLIE

Continued from page 21

"bringing salvation in a hurry." His only accident occurred when he ran the car into a post, hit the windshield with his head and busted it. The windshield.

When he gets a penalty in a game he always explains it afterward by saying, "I didn't mean to hold, Coacher; they made me."

He also has advice for the coaches on how he should be handled. "You see me come out of that huddle and I ain't dancing up to that line, take me out till I get my breath."

There was some concern lest irreverent opponents take the Lord's name in vain in an endeavor to upset Charlie, but he isn't worried. "I just don't hear 'em; I don't hear anything when I'm a-playin'."

Without making a paragon of Charlie, it must be added that he has humor along with his seriousness. When asked about his experiences in Germany he said, "I went to Heidelberg." Then he paused and added solemnly, "Football coaching school."

His opinion of some of his comrades in his outfit is less than laudatory. "When they got too bad," he reports, "we sent 'em back to O.C.S. (Officers Candidate School)." He was wounded in action but his luck in other respects was good. "Me, trench feet? Never had time for it," he explains. "I was always back gettin' the grub."

Harry Gilmer Will Be Back

The Alabama boys are pretty heated up about the present football season. Harold (Red) Drew is the new head coach because Frank Thomas has now ascended to the throne of athletic director and they have the fabulous Harry Gilmer back to pass the opposition dizzy.

They insist the fates were against them last year when they lost four games, getting every bad break in football, but they claim Gilmer never was better and this year will be another matter.

They had spring practice in which Charlie bumped the lads about gaily and a later summer session for the freshmen who will be eligible for the team. There will be sad hearts on the Warrior if they don't fight their way into some bowl game.

Charlie has a Biblical text that explains his football playing. It goes: "This one thing I do. Forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before. I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." This is from Philippians, chapter three, verses thirteen and fourteen. There is also a reference in Hebrews, chapter twelve, verse one, which we haven't looked up but which also contains Charlie's thoughts in the matter.

We may close on a note about Charlie's qualifications as a preacher.

"I don't believe in that whoopin' and hollerin' and stompin' about God," he says. "I just talk to them practical. I take the gospel and then I bring it right down to right now. We all of us got plenty of troubles of our own and that's what I talk to them about. If I can help that feller over there or this lady here—that's what I call bringing God to them."

The only exceptions to this are quarterbacks about to pass, halfbacks trying off-tackle slants and foolhardy fullbacks trying power drives through Mr. Compton. These will not be helped.

THE END

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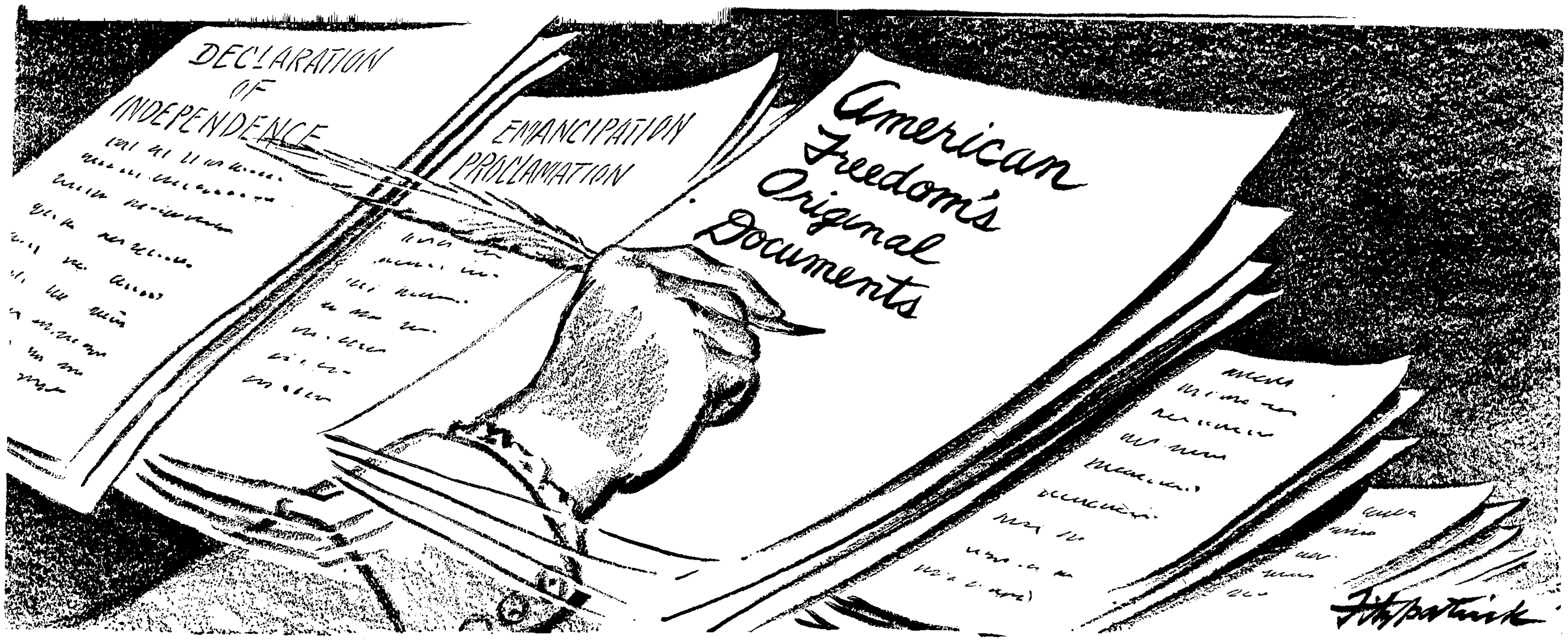
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION
American Freedom's Original Documents
Fitzpatrick

DON'T MISS THE FREEDOM TRAIN

ONE of the greatest shows in the history of the United States, and all free, is now getting under way. You are urgently advised not to miss it.

We refer to the Freedom Train.

This caravan of American history is to visit some 200 cities and towns in a year, starting this month. The tour, and the elaborate patriotic program surrounding it, are sponsored by the American Heritage Foundation. The idea was Attorney General Tom Clark's to begin with, and the Advertising Council, which did such a notable job of public enlightenment during the recent war, took it up as a most valuable and worth-while peacetime project.

The fact which inspired the Freedom Train is this: Most of us have been hearing all our lives about the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and various other paper landmarks in U.S. history, and many of us have read printed copies of them, but few ever have seen the originals.

Aboard the Freedom Train, for all comers to look at, are these originals. Among them are the Declaration, a draft of the Constitution with annotations by George Washington; the 1783 Treaty of Paris, which wound up the American Revolution; the Bill of Rights (first 10 amendments to the Constitution), and President Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation of January 1, 1863, declaring all slaves in the United States free as of that date.

Among later documents riding the Freedom Train are to be the German surrender papers of May, 1945, Emperor Hirohito's famous August 14, 1945, masterpiece of understatement in which he told the Japanese people that the war had turned slightly against Japan and therefore he was calling it off, and the Declaration of the United Nations.

All told, about 100 original documents of top historical importance and interest will be on view on the Freedom Train.

The train's visit to each community is to be emphasized and pointed up by a celebration of a Community Rededication Week, so called. In these observances, newspapers, radio stations, advertisers, veterans' groups, labor and religious organizations, etc., etc., are to do a lot of energetic explaining of what American liberty and democracy really mean, and why we'd be a lot worse off than we've ever yet been if we should trade them in for some kind of totalitarianism.

Along with these local community programs will go a big national publicity campaign conducted by the Advertising Council.

The main thing, though, we'd say, is for every American who can possibly do so to take a personal trip through the Freedom Train and have a longish look at these originals of the most important documents in our history as a nation. To see the actual paper on which John Hancock or Abraham Lincoln planted his own signature with his own hand is a far different and more exciting experience than reading the same set of words in a book, and gives you a much more intimate and informed feeling about the great story of your own country.

To repeat: Catch the Freedom Train if you possibly can. We don't think you'll ever see a more inspiring exhibit.

BETTER THAN BOMBS

WE'RE duly impressed by the U.S. Forest Service's current and promising experiments in fighting forest fires with water- or chemical-filled bombs or auxiliary fuel tanks carrying proximity fuses to make them discharge their loads at treetop level. It's a most interesting peacetime use of one of the more dramatic and deadly devices developed in the recent war. We would suggest, though, that a still better way to cut down this country's enormous annual forest-fire damage would be simply to have fewer fires.

That can be best accomplished by a combination of education of the woods-roving part of the public in fire prevention and jail sentences or fines rigorously dealt out to all persons who can be convicted of negligently or deliberately setting the woods ablaze anywhere.

Let's not snoot anything science has to offer in this line; but let's not drop the education and prosecution methods, either. Science can't do the work all by itself.

IT'S JUST NOT SMART, BOYS

FAR be it from us to decry efforts of labor leaders and union members to have the Taft-Hartley labor-curb law modified or repealed, so long as they go about it peaceably and with due regard to the rest of the laws.

We do think, though, that some of the boys are being pretty stupid and ineffectual when they refuse to file sworn statements that they have no Communists as union officials. The Communists are in very bad odor with Americans nowadays, for the more than sufficient reason that they are loyal to a foreign power instead of to the nation from which they get their livings and their liberties.

When a labor organization refuses to file a non-Communist affidavit, it lays itself open to the suspicion that it is run by Reds. Maybe it isn't, but the suspicion remains, and can only hurt the union and make its members uncomfortable, if nothing worse, in their communities.

Let's have some sense and shrewdness in these attacks on the Taft-Hartley Act. Foolish, small-boy tactics currently being displayed will only kick back at the unions.

GOODBY, PLEASE, "MUTT"

WE MOVE that the word "mutt," to designate a dog, be dropped from the American slang vocabulary.

"Mutt" isn't funny, for one thing. For another, it is a contemptuous term, deriving from "mutton-head," and therefore it is an ungrateful and inappropriate word to throw at these animals who guard homes and children, frequently perform deeds of the highest heroism and selflessness, have more sense than many a person, helped importantly in winning the late war, and most flatteringly regard the human race as a tribe of gods.

Let's tie the can to "mutt," and find a pleasanter, more fitting slang term, if "dog" is too trite for Americans with their love of picturesque speech. And, incidentally, if anybody wants to quit calling female dogs bitches, that will be very satisfactory to us, too.

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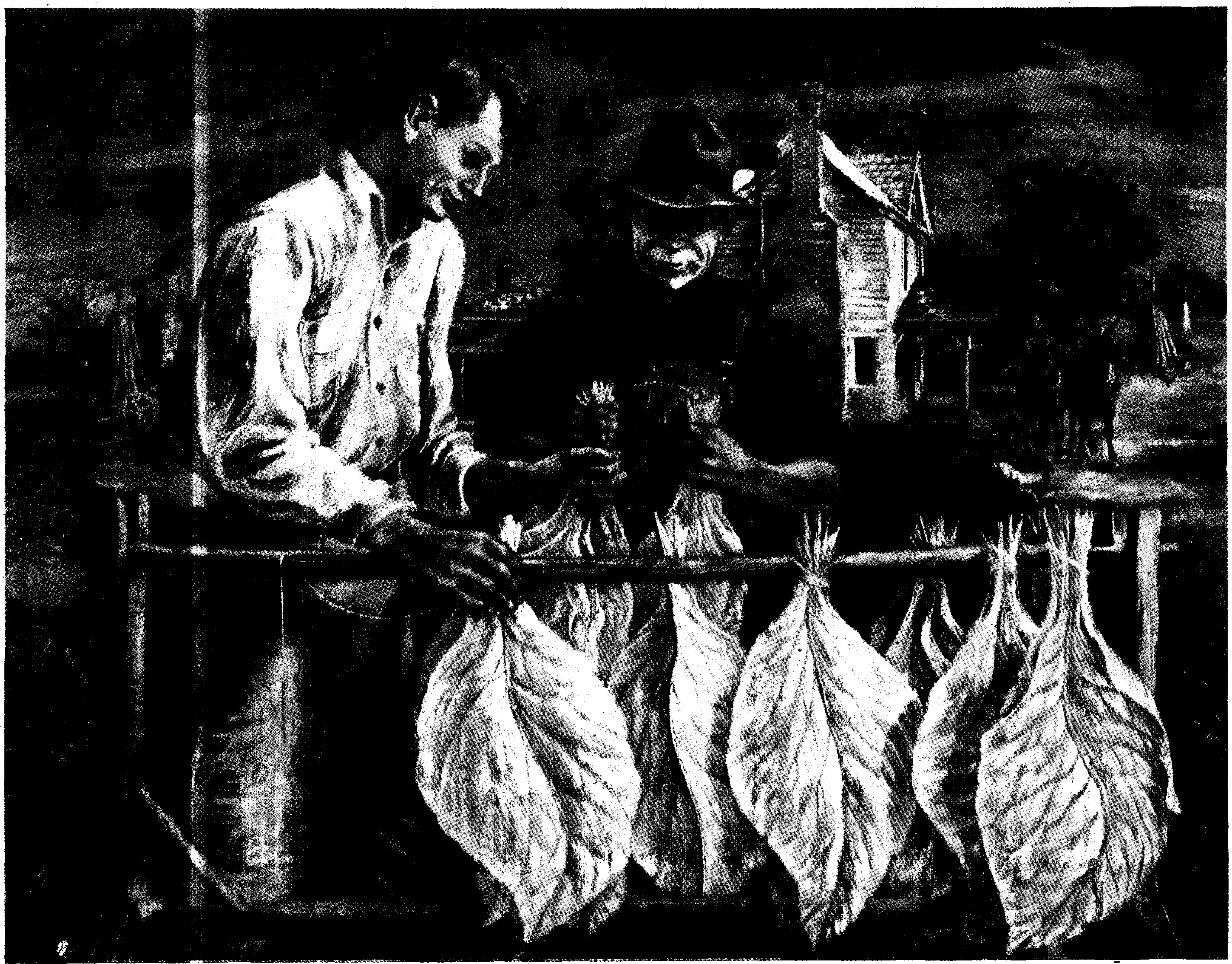

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